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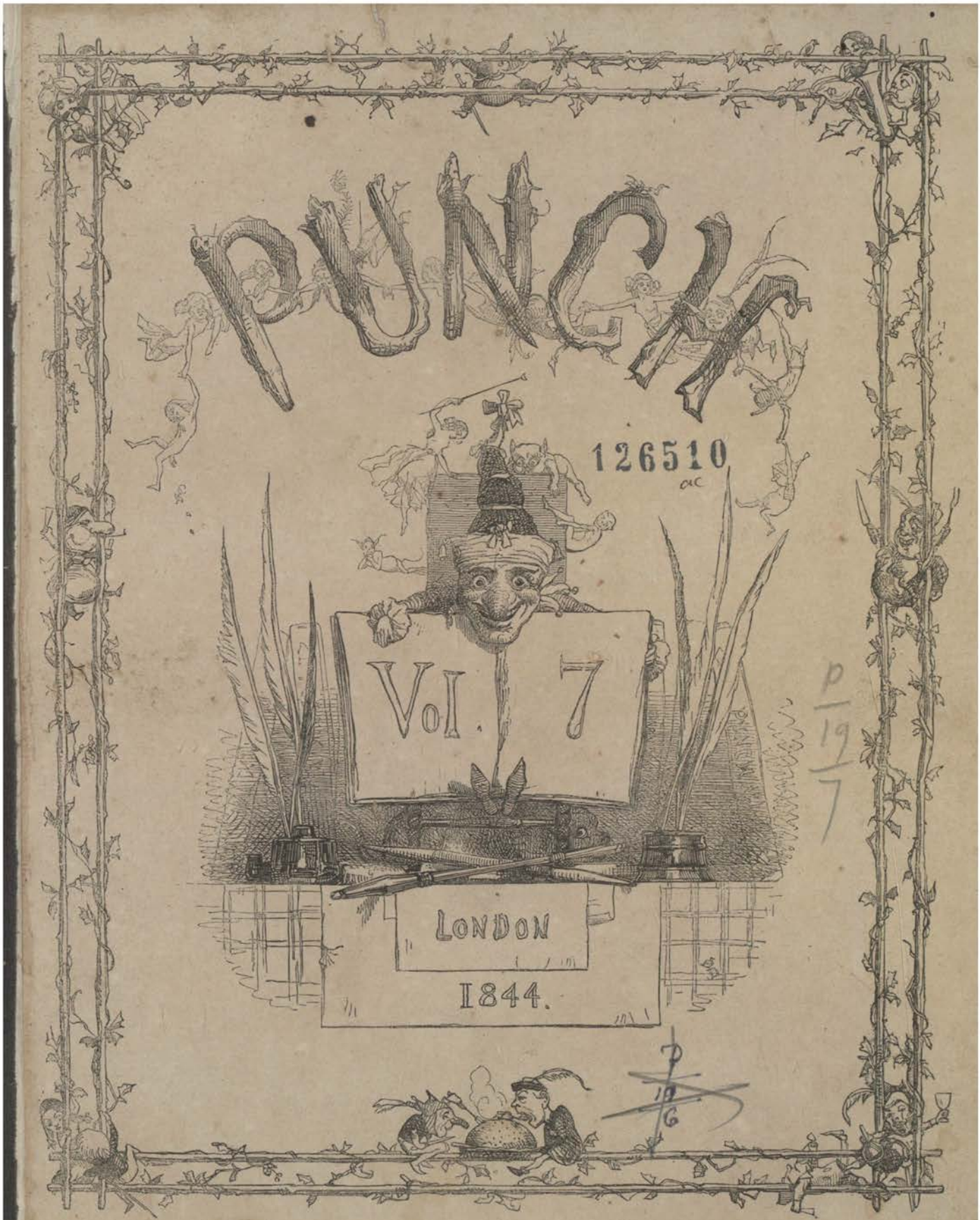


LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 194, STRAND.

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

00126510

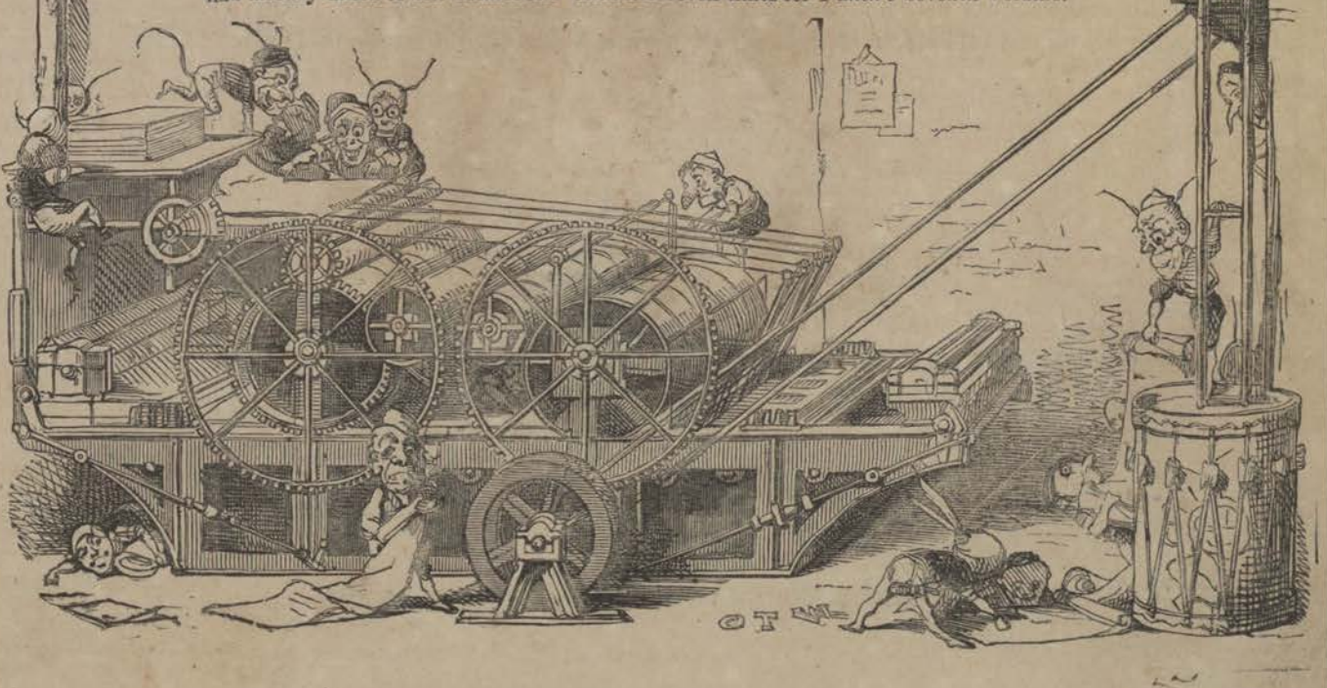
THIS Volume is VOLUME SEVEN!

Now *Punch* has the belief beating in his heart, that he is about to add another proof—to the many millions already published—of his surpassing philosophy. The proof is this; he utterly eschews any attempt to make a market-penny on the mystic number Seven. Were he not a philosopher, he would do otherwise. Yes, he would discourse of the Seven Wise Men—only, perhaps, to make Seven Sleepers. He would be very learned on the Seven Dials,—(for he has a *Cyclopædia* upon his shelf, and can be so,)—the Seven Champions, and the many other Sevens that—cheap as Sevens to the pound—have already illuminated the darkness of biped existence. But no: he waves from him, with a high-minded smile, the small suggestion and will not present this his Seventh Preface, as a piece of erudition made easy. He scorns it.

Otherwise, how might he play upon Seven, yea, as upon a Seven-stringed lute!

He might refuse to sport at anything Under Seven or Over Seven, but on Seven only!

He might—were he vain—declare to the world that the Sultan, now of Constantinople, had already asked of SIR STRATFORD CANNING Seven times for *Punch's* Seventh Volume.



He might—also to please his vanity—avow that the Emperor of Russia has Seven times inquired whether *Punch* would come to St. Petersburgh; in which case, it was the imperial intention to bestow upon him at least Seven knouts, and all going at more than Seven knots an hour!

Were *Punch* vain-glorious, he could relate how Louis Philippe, with Seven of his best smiles, congratulated our Sovereign Lady Victoria on the possession of such a subject as *Punch*, whilst the Queen, Prince Albert, and all the Royal Infants (the Prince Alfred shaking his coral bells the while), with Seven times Seven phrases of delight, cried "*Io Punch!*"

Punch might also—if he would—display very fine engravings of the Seven Gold-branched Candelabra which he has received from the King of Prussia—the Seven Superfine Waistcoats from the King of Saxony—the Seven False Collars from the Duke of Saxe-Coburg—the Seven Watch Ribands from the King of the Belgians—to say nothing of the Seven Penny Pocket-handkerchiefs from the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz! *Punch* could do this; but then to do so, would be vanity—gross vanity, and therefore, *Punch* forbears it.

And thus what secrets might he divulge, and all turning on the cabalistic Number Seven! But is *Punch* the person to divulge a secret? Oh, no: therefore his lips are close—"close as oak;" otherwise he would with vain-gloriousness relate unto the reader how Brougham is wont, in Parliamentary sittings, to come to him Seven times a day for good counsel—and how Brougham Seven times a day at least forgets it.

Punch might print the Seven Invitation Cards per week he has from Peel to take a quiet chop with him, and advise him for the best.

Punch might also enumerate the Seven Letters he has per post—and remember it is now hourly—from the Laurie, and the Lennoxes, and the Gibbses, and the Buckinghams—and the Moons—and (poor little fellows!) the George Joneses—and such very twinkling obscurities—all such letters prayers for mercy, promising amendment, reformation, conscience-money to an injured world, and all that; but——

Punch disdains to do it!

No: although this be *Punch's* Seventh Volume, he will say nothing of Number Seven; he knows enough of the world to keep unflinchingly to Number One!

The foolish folks of the earth have thrown it in his teeth, that *Punch* is made of wood. *Punch* accepts the odium, and will glorify himself by it.

He is made of wood: of the like wood that composed the Cremona and Amati fiddles. A wood that with every year receives a strengthening power of melody: a wood that, with use, gives forth increasing harmonies, as though strung with the heart-strings of angels!

Hark! the strings are now vibrating. And what think ye—gentle readers, do they play? Why, *Punch* putting his soul into the strain, plays to the tens and hundreds of thousands who listen to his hebdomadal crotchets and quavers; he plays to a tune of his own—

"A Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year!"

"THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN'S SECOND LESSON."*

Inscribed,

WITH A HIGHER VENERATION THAN EVER FOR HIS GENIUS,

TO M. L. DE L. . . . ., POET TO THE PARIS "CHARIVARI."

(*Papa loquitur.*)

COME to me, my boy!
Put your sabre down;
Lay aside your toy
Of the Taken Town;
And that pretty plate
Of the guillotine
Snipping off the pate
Of the faithless Queen.
Ah! ce sont-là des perfides Albionnais!

You heard from your Mama
What almost drove you wild:
Now listen to Papa—
A new affront, my child!
Listen while I tell
Of the last and worst;
It will make you swell
Till you nearly burst.
Car ce sont-là des perfides Albionnais!

A wicked print—avowed
The servant of SIR PEEL—
Has *laughed*—yes, laughed aloud—
At France, and at JOINVILLE!
These eyes, my little friend,
The very lines have seen:
Nay, hear me to the end—
Their author—is the Queen!
Ah! ce sont-là des perfides Albionnais!

Hah! my boy, you snatch
Your little sister's fan;
You stamp, you kick, you scratch—
No wonder, little man!
He 'll be known and feared—
(How his eyes flash fire!)—
When he 's got a beard,
And grown a little higher.
Pour écraser les perfides Albionnais!

With him little gun,
And him blunderbuss,
He shall fight the Hun,
And the frozen Russ.
When he 's beat them all,
Cross the Straits of Dover,
And (with JOINVILLE) fall
On the Ramsgate *Rover!*
Car ce sont-là des féroces Albionnais!

Sight to warm the coldest—
On his paddlebox,
When he struts, the boldest
Of the Gallic cocks!
Bid the rascals yield,
If no arms they bear;
When the knaves have kneeled,
Crow, but crowing spare—
Cockadoodledoo! ces perfides Albionnais!

Then to town apace,
Near the Temple land;
Fall upon the base
Office in the Strand!
"*Morbleu! Sacre bleu!*"
Then proceed to scrunch
"*Cet infâme, affreux,*
Polisson de PUNCH!"
Voilà! voilà un perfide Albionnais!

Raise a guillotine
O'er the counter high;
By that *belle machine*
Let the printer die!
Then the artists all;
Then the base boy, DICK
(Horrid foe to Gaul!)
He must cut his stick!
Oui! ce Richard, ce perfide Albionnais!

Then go see the Queen,
The enemy of man!
L'empoisonneuse de Chine,†
Des Indes la tyranne!
Bid her quick repent
Of her sins and scorn,
Or she shall lament
That she e'er was born,
Pour être Reine des perfides Albionnais!

Bid her think upon
Red Tahiti's day;
And on PALMERSTON—
La France isolée:
Senegambia's seas,
Stained with *vin de Beaune*;‡
And on SIR PENLEAZE
(Who burnt down Barcelone).
Car ce sont-là des "mauvais procédés!"

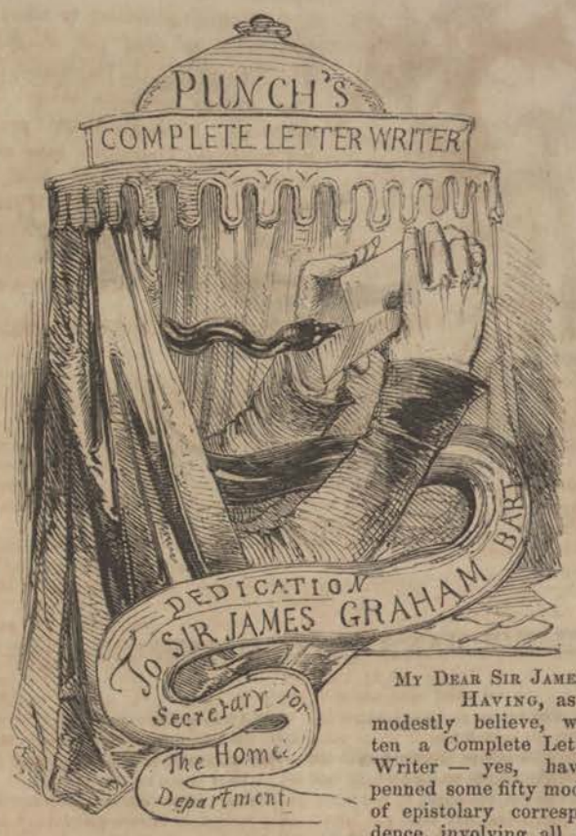
Seize PRINCE ALBERT next
(You'll know him by his hat);
Ask him on what pretext
He wears a thing like that.
Torment him as you list—
Deal him upon the cheek
(He cannot use his fist),
A "*soufflet héroïque!*"
Car c'est un Prince, sinon un Albionnais!

Avenge the soft Rajpoot,
And mild Mahratta slain;
Torn from his flocks and flute,
The gentle Affghan swain.
The rapine, tears, and blood,
By *them*, the buccaneers,
Carried o'er field and flood!
Then hey, boy, for Algiers!
Et laissez là les perfides Albionnais!

* In a late number of the Paris *Charivari* appeared a "*Première Leçon donnée à un petit Lord par son grandpère, dédiée, avec médiocre admiration de son talent, au poète de Punch,*" accompanied by a note, to the effect that it was all up with the "*entente cordiale.*"

† "*Rapine et Poison.*" M. L. de L. . . . ., and *Charivari, passim.*

‡ It is much to be feared that *Punch's* English readers are ignorant of the crime here laid to their charge. They must be referred to the *Charivari* (of some time back,) *passim*, for the astounding allegation that certain perfidious sailors, when searching a suspicious craft off the coast of Africa, either drank or threw overboard divers bottles of *vin ordinaire*.



My Dear Sir James,

Having, as I modestly believe, written a Complete Letter-Writer — yes, having penned some fifty models of epistolary correspondence, involving all the affections, interests, rights, wrongs, and courtesies of social life,—I am naturally anxious to obtain for the work the protecting countenance of a high, appropriate name. Your official privilege makes you, in truth, the very interesting object I have some time looked for with increasing despair. I confess it; I desponded lest I should fail to obtain a patron whose natural genius and finely educated taste would immediately appreciate in my labour the manifold heart-touches, the subtleties of style, with—greater glory than all that—practical golden wisdom, without which the very finest writing is little more than the very finest glass-blowing.

A mere high title at the head of a Dedication is a piece of pompous lumber. In the shallowness of our judgment, we bestow a humiliating pity on the forlorn savage who lays his offering of fruits and flowers before his wooden idol with a formidable name; an idol certainly with gold rings in its nose and ears, and perhaps an uncut diamond in its forehead; but nevertheless, an insensible block. The fruits shrivel and rot; the flowers die a death of profitless sweetness; for the idol has no gustatory sense—no expanding nostril. I say, we pity the poor, darkened fool, who may have risked his limbs for cocoa-nuts, who may have tempted the whole family of mortal snakes, groping his way through woods, scrambling up ravines to gather flowers, and only to lay the hard winnings of his toil before a stock, a stone, that cannot even so much as wink a thankfulness for such desperate duty done.

And what shall we say of the author who, choosing a patron merely for his titles—for the gold rings in his nose and ears, and certainly not for the diamond in his head—lays before him a book for which the poor creature has not the slightest relish? He is incapable of tasting its deliciousness. Its most sapid morsels lie in his mouth like bran. He chews and chews a prime cut, yea, the very pope's-eye of philosophy, as it were chopped hay. I bestow ink upon no such man. And thou, sagacious and therefore pacific goose, still enjoy thy common right; still with snaky neck search the short grass, still, with fixed and meditating look, eye man askance—I disturb thee not; I rifle not thy wing of its gray wealth to nib a pen for such a patron.

But hither, hither, ye sprites and genii—old visitants of dimmest garrets—ye who have made the musty air musical with your quivering pinions, and with kindly conjurations given state to stateless kings, who, from their attic thrones, rule the thankless and despising world beneath,—hither ye, who from the phials of hope have sweetened the bitterness of the present,—who first did crown the poet in his solemn solitude, and—no illusion but sweetest truth!—made him see in every growing line a grove of budding laurel—made him with a shuddering glee hear the far-off praises of the future, even as men hear the distant music of a coming triumph! Hither, hither, ye Parnassian fays, and bring me ink—bright ink—odorous ink—ink made in the deep recesses of some Indian wood, dark as night, yet fragrant as the morn.

Well done. It is black and liquid as a black eye smiling sweet mischief on unconscious man. And now, boys, a pen! Stay, know ye the vicarage of Purplecloth? It is a fruitful nook, where there is an hourly struggle between the rector and his geese which shall be the fattest, man or birds. Hie ye there, and straightway choose the primest goose. Kill him, yet kill him quickly, humanely, singing some sacrificial melody the while. He will give up his quills serenely, quietly as a dying laureat. When the goose is dead, take care that the creature be properly buried; to which end I charge ye give his body to the poor.

So! An errand quickly done. Here is pen and ink. As for paper—no matter; out of the most beautiful, yet costly bravado, I will write my Dedication on the back of a £50 note, which—the words enshrined in type—be it known, remains the perquisite of the printer. May he make the most he can of it! And now to begin my Dedication in good earnest.

My Dear Sir James,

I perceive from the works of those daily law-breakers, the reporters of Parliamentary speeches, that you have the right—a right solemnised by law—to burglariously break and enter into every package, bundle, letter, note, or billet-doux, sent through the Post-office. Yes; you are permitted this high privilege by the Act of 1 Victoria (whom God preserve!)

I protest, Sir James, that henceforth I shall never think of that crowning pile of St. Martin's-le-Grand, without seeing you in imagination working away with a crow-bar, smashing red and black wax—or, by the more subtle agency of steam, softening wafers, that the letter may open its lips, and yield up the contents of its very heart to the Secretary of the Home Department.

I am not a squeamish creature, Sir James. I have not what is called by the world false modesty: a modesty, I presume, to be classed with false ringlets and false teeth, and therefore never used but when the real thing is wholly departed. No; I have seen too much of the world to care a great deal for its turned-up noses and the ugly mouths it may make at me. Nevertheless, Sir James, there is a point between philosophy and apathy. Yes; the rhinoceros has his tender part—I have mine: so tender, and withal so vital, that I cannot get rid of it. Were I, like Achilles, vulnerable only in one heel, I would instantly cheat fate of its malice, have my limb amputated, and laugh securely at destiny on a wooden leg. This, Sir James, I would do: but a man cannot take the weak parts of his heart away as dexterously as a careful housewife removes the fly-blow from meat. Hence my complaint.

My *one* weakness—(for weaknesses, strangely enough, are like wives; no man, whatever the truth may be, thinks it proper to own to more than one at a time,)—my *one* weakness is a disgust, a horror, that any man should dare to profane the sanctity of my letters! I know not—for if a man can save a bit of self-flattery out of his weakness, it is so much virtue got, as one may say, out of the fire—I know not if this aversion may not, in some degree, arise from my love of mankind, and consequently my annoyance at seeing it in a paltry, pitiable condition, pushing its brazen nose where only its brass can protect it. Be this as it may; when I learned this morning that you, Sir James, made yourself a sort of horse or ass-hair sieve, through which the correspondence of men was passed, that, if there, the daggers, pikes, and pistols of the writers might be duly deposited in the state vessel appointed to detect them—I confess it, I felt in a paroxysm of passion, for the proper expression of which no words have as yet been fashioned.

And for this just reason. I knew that my name was too much noised in the world to escape even the ears of Cabinet Ministers. Hence, I felt assured that my letters—and the thousands I receive!—had all of them been defiled by the eyes of a spy; that all my most domestic secrets had been rumpled and touzled, and pinched here and pinched there—searched by an English Minister as shud dering modesty is searched at a French custom-house! My first-

feeling, SIR JAMES, was intense indignation; and then I vehemently slapped my breast, and so, giving the virtue a jerk, pity came uppermost.

Then I thought,—how can I and SIR JAMES ever meet again? When we met, I was wont to don a crimson waistcoat, worked with all sorts of impossibilities in gold; to wear a court coat of cut chocolate velvet, and silk stockings shining like glass. Knowing that the vulgar were taken by such things, I always went among Cabinet Ministers, drest to the amazement even of tailors. SIR JAMES, you know my secret, and how in that dress can we meet again? Deny it not; you must know it, for you have read MR. NATHAN'S letters long before they came to my unconscious hand, letters demanding of me, I will not take upon myself to say how many times, payment for the hire of that crimson waistcoat and chocolate velvet coat; This is one case; I might cite a hundred.

At length, I took comfort. A true chymist will extract sugar even from the cudgel he has been beaten with. SIR JAMES has, I thought, ill-used me, but nevertheless, from his very shabbiness will I extract the sweets of patronage. I will dedicate to him my "Complete Letter-Writer;" and for this reason—a reason stringent as an iron hoop.

As SIR JAMES GRAHAM has the whole run of the Post-office—as he has the unquestioned fingering of all the letters of the QUEEN'S subjects—he cannot but possess a most refined, most exquisite taste, for the graces of epistolary composition. Yes; he above all men, from his large reading of the subject, will take and hug to his bosom—if Ministers own such physical vulgarities—PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER. He will appreciate its many-coloured style; he will acknowledge it as a work to supersede all works of the sort hitherto written; he will—perhaps in his place in Parliament, and so save a considerable sum in the way of advertisements—declare of the book, that no family should be without it; and that every gentleman's library, having all else, yet wanting IT, has nothing!

Therefore, SIR JAMES, it is with the profoundest opinion of your experienced ability to judge the surpassing merits of the volume—a volume for the world—that PUNCH'S COMPLETE WRITER is dedicated to you,

By your Old Acquaintance,

PUNCH.

Be it known, SIR JAMES, that the aforesaid Letters will be published every week until the conclusion of the present—*Punch's* seventh—volume.

MEDITATIONS BY A DESPAIRING ANGLER.

(SUGGESTED BY LORD W. LENNOX'S ODE "THE ISLES OF GREECE.")

THE Isle of Eels! The Isle of Eels!
Where MRS. HOPKINS dined and sung;
Where first (as this scared heart reveals),
My passion for the Widow sprung!
The pies are good, and so 's the ale—
But all to me is flat and stale!

Where Richmond looks on Teddington,
In patient guise I threw my line;
And fishing there (and catching none)
I dreamt, that she might still be mine:
For, dressed in DOUDNEY'S light gambroon,
I could not deem myself a spoon.

Fill high the glass with ginger wine!—
We will not think on this here theme;
Nor for the charming Widow pine;
Others may yet *more charming* seem.
More charming? Ah, it cannot be—
Her *equal* never made the tea!

Fill high the glass with ginger wine!—
On Richmond's bridge, or Twit'nam's shore,
Oft had I held my rod and line,—
But never had a bite before!
There was a downright tug that day;—
But ah! he tugged, and swam away!

And where is he? And where art thou,
My widow? At the Angler's heart
Thou gav'st one mighty tug, and now
Art fled—but hast received no smart!
Such loss would sure a Stoic move—
My only fish! My only love!

Place me on RAILTON'S stunted post*
(Queer pedestal for FRANCE'S FEAR);
And fishing there with NELSON'S Ghost,
I 'm sure I 'd catch as much as here!
DOUDNEY and line no more be mine—
Dash down—no, don't—that ginger wine!

AN APPROPRIATE PRESENT.

IT is now generally known that the distinguished lady who proposed to the Emperor of Russia a postponement of the Polish Ball, in delicate deference to imperial feelings, was her Grace the DUCHESS OF SOMERSET. It appears that the act was not lost upon the mind of the EMPEROR, who has most appropriately rewarded the zeal of the Patroness; for last week NICHOLAS forwarded to the DUCHESS a magnificent armlet, in the shape of a caterpillar set with brilliants. The present has been much admired in certain circles for its costliness, and, more, for the peculiar fitness of the device.

LAUGHING MADE EASY.

THE *Paris Charivari* is quite angry with *Punch* for laughing at France. If our contemporary wishes to retaliate, why doesn't he read our Parliamentary Debates?

* The Nelson Column.

THE PRIZE COMEDY.

HE Committee, consenting to select the Prize Comedy from the ninety-eight comedies sent into the Haymarket, have done a very handsome thing. Very handsome. Finding that *Quid pro Quo* has failed, the Committee have among themselves subscribed the 500*l.*, and handed over the sum to MR. WEBSTER. We are enabled to give the letter of MR. CHARLES KEMBLE (Chairman of the Committee), to the Haymarket manager.

CHARLES KEMBLE TO BENJAMIN WEBSTER, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

Quid pro Quo has deceived us all. True it is, there were several comedies among the batch much better written, but we thought there was more real fun in the play we selected; and real fun, you will allow, is of great value in the legitimate drama, and more especially in a comedy illustrative of living manners. We had great hopes of the slang put into the mouth of MRS. NISBETT, as also of the cigar in the same pleasant predicament. Both the slang and the cigar—we all of us keenly feel the disappointment—decidedly failed.

Under these circumstances—with the comedy of their choice limping and not running—the Committee consider that a strong verdict has been passed upon their judgment; they themselves all feel, as LAUNCELOT GOBBO saith, "like an ill-roasted egg, damned on one side." Not a hiss escaped the audience on the first night that the Committee did not honestly appropriate half the sibilation to themselves. I assure you, that the Committee considered it a strong evidence of either the indulgence or forgetfulness of an intelligent British public, that the audience did not summon the judges before the curtain, and when there visit them with a very significant sentence for their false judgment. I must, however, say this for the Committee; every man of them was ready to suffer the result of his responsibility, whether administered from the galleries in the shape of nuts, apples, oranges, or gingerbeer bottles.

To come, however, to the more gratifying purpose of this letter. Upon our judgment, sir, you paid 500*l.*—that judgment is now proved not to be worth as many farthings. The Committee have, therefore, subscribed the 500*l.*—they could not turn comfortably in their honest beds until they had done so—for which sum I have the pleasure to enclose you a cheque payable at MESSRS. ALDGATE, PUMP, and COMPANY, and remain,

My dear Sir, yours always,

B. WEBSTER, ESQ. CHARLES KEMBLE.

P.S. I had almost forgotten to say that, as I am about to recommence my readings of *Hamlet*, &c., I shall be very happy also to read ("for a consideration") any, or all of the rejected comedies, just to unbend the mind of the audience after Shakspere.

This letter, it must be owned, demands but little comment; it speaks for itself. Nothing less was to have been expected from the honourable men who composed the Committee appointed to declare the Prize Comedy.

THE KENSINGTON RAILROAD.

[From our own Correspondent.]

IN order to preserve the strict privacy and utter retirement to which this railway seems devoted, a hoarding has been put up to prevent the public from seeing the trains, so that any passenger who goes by them may enjoy the most secluded solitude. An application has been made to WIMBUSH to put his omnibus in connection with the line, so that the whole arrangements may be in strict keeping with that spirit of extreme oneness, which has hitherto been obvious in the number of passengers, who have started by the Kensington Railway. One cab has also been put upon the vacant ground in front of the booking-office, but at present nothing seems to have been booked but the railroad itself. One waterman is also appointed to the bench on the public-house opposite, where he sits all day in close and anxious consultation with the one cabman.

A PLEASANT REFLECTION.

THE scientific papers say a beautiful Northern Light was seen distinctly on the 8th of June. This is quite a mistake; it was a grand illumination throughout Siberia in honour of the EMPEROR'S absence from RUSSIA.

Punch to the Public.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

Our terrific artist has made a representation of the Home Secretary, which we recommend to every Postmaster, Banking-house, Merchant's Office, and private family in England: and which we present this week Gratis. It is cheap, elegant, finely drawn, a wonderful likeness, and a most moral and interesting allegory.

Look at him, and see how his fine eye is a rolling between the folds of the letter; lighted up with a tender, curious, and parental expression!

Look at him, Ladies and Gentlemen — the Right Honourable Secretary of State for the Home Department: discharging one of the noblest duties of his high office. As Lord Lyndhurst is Chancellor and Keeper of the Seals, Sir James Graham is a Breaker of the same.

Look at this enlightened patron of Letters! Far from denying the soft impeachment the other night, he owned it like a man. If the Emperor of Austria has a fancy to know the nature of any person's correspondence, Sir James Graham will get the little job done for him. If the Pope of Rome, or the Prince of Tour and Taxis, or the Emperor of Russia, or any other crowned gentleman, is anxious to be acquainted with the doings of his subjects in this country, a word to Sir James Graham, and the English Home Secretary will be charmed to oblige him.

There is nothing like mutual accommodation. Let us keep well with the Governments of Europe. Politeness costs nothing. In this case you do but open a letter, read it, seal it up again cleverly, and send it on to its address. Is the text a bit altered because somebody has just glanced his eye over it? No, no more than your face is changed because a policeman looks at you in the street.

There never was a more absurd complaint than that of Count Oysterowski lately. He said something uncomplimentary of the Emperor of Russia, or the Imperial Trousers, for which the police seized the Count, his paper-knives, and the papers in his desk. If a man chooses to talk disrespectfully of an Emperor's breeches, it is a natural consequence that his papers should be seized. If his papers are seized, it is a natural consequence that they should be read. If they are read, and contain anything treasonable, the fault lies with him. Why did he write or receive anything improper; and what business has he to abuse the breeches of any crowned head? The only Emperor one can speak of with safety is the Kaiser of Timbuctoo, for he wears none—but this is not to the purpose.

The question is this—as the Duke, Sir James, and other revered Statesmen put it. It is the duty of a Government to look into letters if they suspect the letters to contain anything wrong.

Now, Governments are like men, more or less suspicious, according to their temperament. Hence, the more a Government is hated, the more suspicious it will naturally become; and the more it is its duty to open letters. What a happy knack at letter-burglary some folks may get at this rate, and what an enlarged sphere of agreeable "duties!" It was the duty of the Council of Ten to clap any gentleman under the Plombes if they suspected him: it was the duty of the Emperor Napoleon and Louis XVIII. to have a Cabinet Noir, and to open everybody's letters: it is the duty of the admirable Emperor Nicholas to have spies upon every man of mark in his dominions; to have little men to spy great men, fathers to spy sons, and *vice versâ*; and what is history for, but that Statesmen may profit by it; and why are our governors to neglect advantages which every other civilised state possesses? The only monarch who perhaps does not open letters is Timbuctoo before mentioned: and why?—See the paragraph concerning the pantaloons.

As there is not the least reason why letters should not be opened, there is not the least reason why other means of espial should not be adopted: if Sir James Graham suspects anything wrong, directly it becomes a duty to gratify all a Minister's suspicions, or those of any adviser of his who suspects—there is no end to the duty which will fall upon him.

"TOM THUMB A *LITTLE LONGER.*"

For instance, because a tailor in St. James's-street suspects that Count Oysterowski has intentions against Russia, the Count's papers are seized: because the Austrian or Sardinian, or any other legation, suspects Mr. Mazzini, the letters that his friends write to him are opened—it might enter into somebody's head to suspect that Mr. Rothschild was engaged in treasonable speculations, and, of course, it would be necessary to open his letters to his broker to buy or sell; it might be suspected that Mr. O'Connell's designs were suspicious, and all letters to him or to Irish members, or to the correspondents of Irish members, ought to be looked to, out of mere duty—let the Chancellor look to it: here's a fine opportunity for a commission.

In the debate in the Lords upon the subject, there was one sensible thing said by our dear old Brougham. He defended the letter opening practice of course—Queen Caroline's Attorney-General admitted that "cases might arise, in which it might be necessary *to obtain information* in this way;" a man should pursue "useful knowledge" in spite of any such paltry difficulties as a wafer or a bit of sealing-wax. But he *did* confess "that *it was a very popular thing to declaim against the opening of letters in the Post Office.*"

Yes, so popular a thing, that we hope every print in every part of the nation will declaim against it, and against Right Honourable Gentlemen who do it. It is likewise a popular thing to declaim against picking pockets—well then, don't let us be ashamed of being in the fashion.

THE "SPECTATOR" ON THE "WESTERN GENII."

His blood is snow-broth.—Shakespeare.

The *Spectator* of Sunday last put its icy paw upon the poets who publish with Mr. Moxon. "No one of those western genii," it says, "is distinguished for *a very manly or very healthy* tone of mind." Among these genii, be it remembered, is Alfred Tennyson, the writer of *Locksley Hall* and Barry Cornwall, whose songs "stir the blood like a trumpet." To these—he is in glorious company; and, more, is worthy of it—the *Spectator* adds, Mr. Coventry Patmore, a very young writer, who has just given to the world a small volume of poems—full of various beauty,—a volume which we heartily recommend to all men. The *Spectator* in its own blighting way reviews these poems—as an east wind would review peach-blossoms—calling them nought; and this time, at least, adding to its general unimaginative qualities, the sin of heavy ignorance. For instance, we believe no poetic critic—save the gentleman who "does" the "western genii" in the *Spectator*—could make the blunder we are about to charge him with. Once upon a time there lived a man—he wrote little stories—named Boccaccio. Among these—almost the gem of them—is the story of the falcon. Well, Mr. Patmore takes this story, indicating as much in a line of verse. He changes the name of the Italian hero Frederigo into Sir Hubert, and faithfully keeping to the story, writes his poem. Now what says the *Spectator* of its plot!

"Sir Hubert" sets *reason and probability at defiance.* The scene is laid in times of chivalry, or at least of hawking; the knight squanders his substance in feasting a lady who weds somebody else; and then, instead of taking to the wars, *or* the road, Sir Hubert turns day-labourer, on what is called his last farm; which is so poor and unprofitable, that when his mistress, some years afterwards, visits him as a widow to request a favour, he has to kill his hawk for dinner, though it turns out that the bird she has eaten was the gift she wanted. *Such is the bathos of the school we speak of;* such the substitute *for accuracy in manners and reason in conduct:* and such the sort of weakness which often mars the effect of considerable poetical powers!

Poor Boccaccio, after some five hundred years, unconsciously condemned for "bathos" in the person of a young poet of 1844! The "school we speak of" being opened in the fourteenth century, it is heavily censured as the weakness of the nineteenth!

We must own, however, that when we had gone through the frost-work which the *Spectator* puts forth for poetic criticism, we felt that in this sultry weather a shake of the hand from the critic must be a refreshing thing.

Good News.—The Scotch papers say, that the grouse are very plentiful this year; so that we may reasonably indulge in the pleasing anticipation that Parliament will be dissolved early in August.

THE GREAT SUGAR QUESTION.

PAUL PRY AT THE POST OFFICE.

Nooks and Corners of Old England.

AMEN CORNER.

HIS pleasant little cranny of our "right little tight little island" nestles almost under the shadow of St. Paul, and is a sort of offshoot or runner from Paternoster Row, where the ancient *clerici* used to meet to repeat their paternosters. In the days of monkish error it was a superstition of the people, that while the frères or friars were at their paternosters, those who got into a corner and said "Amen," would be fortunate for a whole year—(*vide Brand*)—and hence the corner itself got the name of Amen, from the use it was devoted to. This explains the meaning of the passage in *Macbeth*, where the ambitious Thane, finding himself driven into a corner, pathetically observes—"I could not say amen"—which is a direct allusion to Amen Corner; though it has baffled the acumen of Knight and the research of Collier.

Though Amen Corner is considerably altered since the time of SHAKSPEARE, there is still a literary interest attaches to it; and there is a plank in the warehouse of Mr. ORR, the publisher, which is said to be the very one which JOHNSON stood upon when he entered into the engagement with CAVE, of the "Gentleman's Magazine," to do a portion of the theatricals. In allusion to this circumstance, we are enabled to add an anecdote that was put into our hands by one of the partners of the executor of the son of one of the early friends of BOSWELL. Somehow it never got into "The Life." But we are happy to give it, as illustrative of the habits and customs of Amen Corner at the period alluded to.

"Johnson being rather cheerful, I asked him the reason, and I ventured to observe that in proportion as our spirits were high, our countenances became animated. 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'the man who would be cheerful at all times is a fool; but he who would be cheerful at no time is a humbug.' I then observed that it was not my nature to be very cheerful; and seeing Johnson to be in a communicative mood, I ventured, in the hope of drawing him out, to ask him if he thought *me* a humbug. 'Sir,' said he, 'you are a dreadful humbug.' After that we went to the Mitre, and he did me the honour to sup with me."

With this characteristic and appropriate anecdote we close the present paper on the Nooks and Corners of Old England.

PUNCH TO PEEL.

DEAR SIR ROBERT,

TRUST this letter will come safely to hand, although I send it through the post. If so, imagine that I embrace you!

You have delighted me by your conduct towards the Commons. You have behaved exactly as a Minister ought to behave towards folks who call themselves the representatives of the people, and who, when they so denominate themselves, inflict the cruellest insult on the elective body. Representatives of the people! Why, some of them are no other than the rightful representatives of Indian jugglers, who turn themselves inside out, who now crawl like snakes, and now climb like monkeys!

Foolish people have taken it in high dudgeon that you should have made the Commons eat their own words—that you should have shown a deliberative assembly to be so many toy windmills—that you should have compelled the Wisdom of Parliament—venerable and dispassionate sage!—to appear no better than a Clown in a pantomime, who, despite of himself, throws summersets at the wand of Harlequin.

SIR ROBERT, you have not insulted Parliament. Certainly not; when you threatened to throw up office unless the Commons threw up their small remaining sense of consistency—you knew your men. *Fluellen* menaced, and *Pistol* ate the leek!

You have your majority fast, SIR ROBERT. You have now rendered them blush-proof, and, therefore, I charge ye, spare them not. Hold their noses to the grind-stone, that they may feel the benefit of turning. Let them again and again stand tarred and feathered by their votes—let them, one and all, look from the pillory of the Division Lists,—whilst honest chimney-sweepers, odorous scavengers, and high-minded costermongers, stop their nostrils at them.

But let us call up to the Old Bailey bar of public opinion the thirty-three offenders who, voting first against the minister, in the next division stayed at home and read their Bibles. Here they are. Room below there for the thirty-two culprits! (for CHARLES BULLER, as he writes, was ill at home, on the second trial).

Blewitt, R. J.	Henley, J. W.	Phillpotts, J.
Bodkin, W. H.	Howard, Sir R.	Pulsford, R.
Buller, C.	Lascelles, Hon. W. J.	Rashleigh, W.
Christopher, R. A.	Mangles, R. D.	Repton, G. W. J.
Clements, Viscount	Marjoribanks, S.	Rumbold, C. E.
Copeland, Alderman	Metcalfe, H.	Shirley, E. P.
Dashwood, G. H.	Muntz, G. F.	Smith, A.
Dick, Q.	O'Brien, A. S.	Taylor, E.
Entwistle, W.	Ossulston, Lord	Trollope, Sir J.
Feilden, W.	Paget, Lord A.	Waddington, H. S.
Gisborne, T.	Pennant, Hon. Col.	Wall, C. B.

Come we now to the four culprits—would that we had some felonious, Newgate type to enshrine their names in—who voted "aye" and "no" on the two questions—senatorial *Trinculos*—social "monsters with two voices!"

William Bagge,

Sir H. Douglas,

Charles Goring,

Christoph. Turner!

Sweet-smelling names! Fragrant as frankincense—more grateful than myrrh! Let every turnstile, every weather-vane, known to their constituents, be carved and painted with, a BAGGE—a DOUGLAS—a GORING—and, fitting cognomen,—a TURNER! Let all toy-warehouses make the most of the illustrious four; and, whereas figures of capacious Dutchmen that tumble on all sides, yet afterwards right themselves on their centre have, heretofore, been sold to little boys and girls,—henceforth, let BAGGES and DOUGLASES, GORINGS and TURNERS, take the places of the tumbling Hollanders, proving to the ingenuous British youth that, for going on all sides, and finally keeping their seats, there is no toy-tumbler of clay or lead like your living M. P.

However, dear SIR ROBERT, the conduct of your majority (affirmative and negative) puts you in this dilemma. How can you, henceforth, summon any man to the bar of your house for contempt of Parliament? Surely, the conduct of the majority goes to legalize the emotion; for, deprive the public of its contempt, and in the name of all the weathercocks, what other feeling can remain to it?

In the meantime, PEEL, work your double-voiced vassals, and believe me,

Ever your friend and councillor,

PUNCH.

Provincial Intelligence.

THE ONE POLICEMAN of Herne Bay intends presenting a petition to both Houses of Parliament, in which he declares it to be his conscientious belief that if the COMMONS' ENCLOSURE BILL is allowed to pass, it will have the effect of shutting up Herne Bay: and in that event, praying he may be awarded compensation. The petition has already been signed by the waiter of the Pier Hotel.

REDRESSING AN INJURY.

As the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA distributed his money and presents everywhere, his Imperial Majesty must have thought that any one who was seen with him was entitled to—compensation!

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

PROLOGUE TO PART II.

THE Second Part of BLACKSTONE touches on Real Property—though, by-the-bye, any property that is not real, can scarcely be called property at all—and this division of the subject is said to comprise the rights of things, which, as everybody likes to know the rights of things, will be a very popular topic with the multitude.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.—OF REAL PROPERTY; AND FIRST, OF CORPOREAL HEREDITAMENTS.

THE Law of England distributes things into two kinds—real and personal; though we should personally be really sorry to leave our things to be distributed by the law, for if we did, we should not expect to see much more of them. Things real are such as are fixed and immovable, which cannot be carried out of their place, such as a Ministry that will not resign, and looks upon itself as the real thing, or just the thing, to carry on the Government. Lands are called things real, because they cannot be moved; but goods are called personal, because they can be moved, as landlords sometimes find out when they discover that the moon has been cruelly shot by an unprincipled tenant. In treating of things real, we shall consider—First, their sorts; but, by-the-bye, those individuals who have nothing that is real, must be terribly out of sorts: Secondly, the tenures by which things real may be holden—we have seen a man at a fair hold a real red-hot poker in his hand, but by what tenure we never could find out: Thirdly, the estates which may be had in them: and Fourthly, the title to them, or how they may be got, and how they may be lost, the latter being a point that the law is very fond of arriving at. Things real consist in lands, tenements, and hereditaments. Land means anything substantial, but it don't mean a substantial dinner—tenement means anything that can be holden, though it don't mean a woman's tongue, which the owner can hold sometimes—and an hereditament means anything that can be inherited.

Hereditaments are of two kinds—corporeal and incorporeal; the first of which will be treated of in the present chapter. Corporeal hereditaments can only be such as affect the senses, though it is not necessary they should be calculated to drive people mad; nor was the Cock Lane Ghost, who frightened a few individuals out of their wits, a corporeal hereditament. They may all be comprised under the name of Land, which signifies any ground or soil whatever, so that a flower-pot with mould in it is the lowest species of real property, though when it is on the outside of an attic window, it assumes a somewhat higher position. Land also includes castles, except, perhaps, castles in the air. Water is also Land in the eye of the law, because the law takes a dry view of everything, and looks not at the water, but at the ground beneath it.

Land also comprises everything above and everything beneath it, so that the owner of the soil may carry a building to any height he pleases, even as far as the very clouds themselves, which would, perhaps, be the height of absurdity. He may also go downwards, to the very centre of the earth, but if he went beyond that point, the landlord at the immediate antipodes would have an action of trespass. Land, therefore, does not mean the mere face of the earth, but the very "bowels of the land," which RICHMOND, when he seemed bent on showing his dominion over the soil, expressed his intention of marching into. If a man grants only water, he grants nothing but a right of fishing, which may be called possession with a hook, and can scarcely be said to descend in a right line to one's posterity. By the title of water nothing passes, except a right of fishing, though, by-the-bye, water itself often passes by the title of milk—but by the name of land anything terrestrial will pass, except, perhaps, fullers' earth, which is the only instance that we are aware of, in which the earth itself cannot be regarded as real property.

Fire! Fire!

INCENDIARISM is rife in Suffolk, where the devouring element is making a pretty progress. A shilling or two a week of extra wages would insure the whole of the property; but the farmers unaccountably neglect the precaution. Is it possible that they are ignorant of the efficacy of that well-known fluid, Beer, and those familiar substances, Bread and Fat Bacon, in extinguishing this species of combustion! Agricultural Chemistry must be in a very backward state in Suffolk.

MEAN STRATAGEM.

THE French papers are accusing the English Government of importing into Morocco a quantity of arms and ammunition. If the "Albert Cap" is amongst them, we can feel for the alarm of our neighbours, as the French troops, we will be bound, have not yet seen anything like it.

THE GRAHAM LETTERS.

[PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.]

IT appears that SIR JAMES GRAHAM has not confined the civility, which tempts him to break seals, to the Ambassador of Sardinia. No; we find that SIR JAMES has been for some time in correspondence with many of the potentates of the world; all of whom had cause to fear that treason dangerous to their thrones was constantly passing through the English Post-Office. The letters addressed to SIR JAMES have fallen into the hands of *Punch*, who, profiting by the example of the Home Secretary, immediately opened them. We give the contents of two of the epistles.

"MULEY ABDERRAHMAN, Emperor of Morocco, to the Great GRAHAM, health and greeting!

"Whereas, the EMPEROR believes that one BEN ALI BEN MOMO, his lawful subject, is at the present time dwelling in Ratcliffe-Highway, for the wicked purpose of carrying the fire and sword of rebellion into the happy city of Timbuctoo,—the EMPEROR prays of the magnificent GRAHAM (whose name is sweeter than roses), that he will seize all letters coming to the said BEN ALI BEN MOMO, and straightway send faithful copies thereof to the EMPEROR, who will remember the pious GRAHAM in his prayers.

"The EMPEROR herewith sends to the mighty GRAHAM the Order of the Umbrella!

"The EMPEROR should not omit to say that BEN ALI BEN MOMO (son of a dog, as he is!) is frequently changing his house and occupation. Sometimes the EMPEROR is informed he is to be found, with a broom in his hand, near the Alley of the Cranbourn."

"POMARÉ, Queen of Tahiti, cries to the compassionate GRAHAM in her distress. Her heart is smitten, and her name made a by-word by OWYHAPTEEKI, who is now dwelling in London. The said OWYHAPTEEKI is her lawful subject, and is now fomenting treason in the great city with six French dancers, men and women, that by such treason QUEEN POMARÉ may be sent prisoner to Paris, and her kingdom become the property of France. QUEEN POMARÉ believes that some of her wicked subjects at Tahiti write letters to OWYHAPTEEKI; and she therefore prays that the glorious GRAHAM, faithful servant of her dear sister VICTORIA, will not fail to seize upon all such letters, and without delay send them to Tahiti by a fast-sailing ship. It is only by such means—as QUEEN POMARÉ from her soul believes—that nations can be united in a flowery bond one with another. It is only by breaking the seals of their letters, that the hearts of subjects are to be properly known. Blessed is England, blessed with a GRAHAM! Happy land, with such a man of post-office wax!

"QUEEN POMARÉ feels it necessary to advise the magnificent GRAHAM of the guile and craft of OWYHAPTEEKI. Sometimes he is to be seen, carrying a parrot in a cage for sale; sometimes slippers; sometimes, that he may the better disguise his treasonous intentions against his mother-land Tahiti, he offers to the good and unsuspecting English bamboo-canes and cocoa-nuts.

"QUEEN POMARÉ has only another prayer to put up to the great heart of GRAHAM. It is this; which, with affection for her dear sister VICTORIA, she hopes will be granted. QUEEN POMARÉ intends to establish the penny post throughout her vast dominions; that, instructed by the wisdom of the all-knowing GRAHAM, she may the better learn the sentiments of her subjects towards her. As, however, QUEEN POMARÉ's people are as children before the subjects of her dear sister VICTORIA, she prays of the bountiful GRAHAM that he will delay not to send to Tahiti a cunning man instructed after the great GRAHAM's heart, who can turn letters inside out, break seals, and undo wafers.

"This QUEEN POMARE prays of the great GRAHAM; and also prays for him, that he may meet with that sweet reward his virtues here on earth deserve!"

There are other letters of the like nature from ABD-EL-KADER, the Dictator SANTA ANNA, and the POPE. We have, however, no space for them.

EASTERN MUNIFICENCE.

AT the Beaumont Literary Institution in the East, there was a benefit concert given a few nights since to the distressed sempstresses; whereupon the members—one and all—desired to attend *for nothing*. Why did they not also bargain that their shirts should be made at half-price!

SIR PETER LAURIE, THE LORD MAYOR, AND THE KING OF SAXONY.

HAVING closely watched the treatment experienced by SAXONY, since he has been in London, we declare it beats anything that has been recorded in the whole annals of coolness. The courtesies of life and the book of etiquette have been utterly set at defiance. The other day his broad-clothian Majesty was invited to take what was termed in the note of invitation *une snacke* (a snack) with MAGNAY. The LORD MAYOR and the KING had scarcely taken a mouthful of the sandwiches, of which the repast consisted, when three men —a beadle and two others—rushed precipitately into the room, the beadle exclaiming vehemently, "A Deputation!" while the other two men tumbled almost into the LORD MAYOR'S plate, and caused him to drop his knife and fork, until he had ascertained *comment le chat voudrait définitivement sauter* how the cat would ultimately jump). At length it was explained, in a sort of *patois* of German, French, English, and Italian, that the intruders were SIR PETER LAURIE, and MR. MASTERMAN, the M. P., who, pioneered by one of those mercenaries that bear the name of beadle, had come under the guise of a deputation to invite the KING OF SAXONY to give *éclat* to the inauguration of the Wellington statue, of which the first toe had been laid on a previous occasion. An enormous row then ensued between the LORD MAYOR and SIR PETER, the latter trying to pull SAXONY out of his place by what is usually termed the scurf of the neck, and the former holding him down by the small of his back with anxious vehemence. It was decidedly a case of *Boulanger* v. *Diable*, till at last the intruding *trio* giving a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, fairly hoisted SAXONY out of his seat, and hurrying him down the stairs of the Mansion House, got him into the Poultry, where MAGNAY, smarting from defeat, came to terms with SIR PETER—simply stipulating for the right of walking arm-in-arm with his guest as far as the Royal Exchange, where the statue was to be inaugurated. We can fancy the indignant tone in which the future historian will record this strange event. The following will be the mode in which some paulo-post-futuro HUME, or preter-plu-perfect SMOLLETT will describe the transaction by which our remarks have been elicited.

"At this period the destinies of the city were swayed by one MAGNAY, who united with a strong love of display an utter distaste for the expense which necessarily attended it. One day he was sitting over a frugal repast with the KING OF SAXONY, when one LAURIE, who had originally made saddles for the soldiery, rushed into the apartment, dragging in one of the city members by the arm, and attended by one of his mercenaries —a beadle of desperate fortunes. MAGNAY, who, it was suspected, might not be altogether displeased by the interruption offered to the meal, sprang from his chair with well-dissembled rage, according to some; while, according to others, he was really vexed at the banquet being broken in upon. The unhappy monarch was then torn from his chair, and dragged through the streets by the arm, amid the shouts of the assembled populace. LAURIE, who appeared to be in league with one MASTERMAN, and the executors of an individual named CHANTREY—a worker in stone—conducted the insulted Sovereign to an open space, where he was compelled to listen to a long harangue in a foreign tongue, which, as he could not understand, he did not attempt to appreciate. The wretched and degraded monarch was then led back to the Mansion House, where he was suffered to finish his interrupted meal, with an appetite which rendered him for the remainder of the day an object of aversion even to the man who professed to be entertaining him."

Submarine Operations.

WE are happy to hear that several of the troops are being drilled to go under water; and as it is thought not quite so well "to send them to the bottom without an object," they are instructed to pick up anything they can lay their hands upon. Corporal Splash has captured a blacking bottle, and Private Pubbs has been tremendously successful in bringing up repeated handfuls of oyster shells, amid the cheers of his gallant comrades.

We have not yet heard the use that the aquatic troops will be put to, in the event of their being brought into action. The general impression is, that they will be armed with gimlets, and that their duty will be to bore holes in the bottoms of the ships of the enemy.

APPROPRIATE INSCRIPTION.

WE understand that the memorable words NAPOLEON addressed to his soldiers about the Pyramids are to be inscribed, with one alteration, on both the towers of Hungerford Bridge: "*Du haut de ces tours quarante siècles vous regardent*"; this being supposed to be the time they will take before the building is completely finished.

TO GOVERNESSES OF "DECIDED PIETY."

IN the advertisement pages of *The Evangelical Magazine* for the present month, will be found the subjoined:—

WANTED, a YOUNG PERSON, *of decided piety*, about 22 years of age, to TAKE the CHARGE of, and Educate, THREE CHILDREN, under 12 years. She must be capable of imparting *a sound English education, with French and Music!* Any one *who would feel anxious for the welfare of the children*, will be treated as *one of the family*, and may realize the comforts of a home. *Salary 8l. per annum.* Every application must contain real name and address (post-paid). Direct G. I., at Mr. BRUCE'S, Stationer, Trump-street, King-street, Cheapside.

There is little doubt that "G. I." will obtain an instructress, "anxious for the welfare of his children;" at least, equally anxious as their devoted parent, seeing that he is ready to sacrifice "8*l.* per annum," that is, 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per head for their sound English education, with French and Music!

There is certainly this little alloy in the golden offer; namely, that the governess will absolutely be treated as "one of the family;" for, reader, consider *what* a family!

However, "G. I.," by his yearnings for "decided piety" has interested us. We are anxious that, for his magnificent 8*l.* per annum—(by the way, what may he give the boy who cleans the knives and forks?)—he should have the very best instruction for his babes purchaseable by so liberal a sum. There is much philanthropy as well as paternal love in this 8*l.* per annum; every shilling of it speaks the benevolence of "G. I." Yes! we hear at least one hundred and sixty silver voices, crying altogether, "What a Christian!"

Let us consider what sort of reading, in the way of an English education, would harmonise with the apparent spirit of "G. I.," as developed in his advertisement. Would not daily lectures on the beauties of BLIFIL comfort the parental heart? And if he have not forsworn the drama as a pestilent thing, might not an occasional reading of the *Hypocrite*, with a frequent disquisition on the worldly wisdom of the excellent MR. SCROOGE, be, in the judgment of "G. I.," admirably adapted to form the mind of his children after the excellent model of their father?

As for French, we propose a frequent reading of that part of GIL BLAS, in which AMBROISE DE LAMELA so often visits a church that he may more securely rob his master; together with a frequent perusal of ROBERT MACAIRE, in all his inimitable ingenuities.

And next for Music: let the governess, at £8 per annum, choose for her general theme the air of "*This cold, flinty rock*," occasionally varied with, "*He was despised among men.*"

Excellent "G. I."! Would we could have his portrait! Yet, wherefore the wish? Do we not see him, ay, as plainly as the ink-marks before us? Does not the reader behold him? Nay, peruse his advertisement once more; and now is he visible in the sheet, as though done by JACK LEECH himself. Look at him! Hath he not a sulphur-tinted cheek—a crop of hair, smooth and shining as court-plaister, over his inch-deep brow—and an eye expressly made to shudder at carnal sins and bad shillings?

And this very man is of the set of men who, believing they believe in the Bible, think the human heart is poor worldly vanity, altogether extra of the sacred book. They have every respect for religion in a fine large type, but for the daily religion between man and man—for that sense of justice which abhors oppressive chaffering with the needy—that refuses to drive its hard, relentless, Shylock bargain, with female dependence,—oh, that is a feeling out of their creed, a something for the scribblers of romance and the writers of profane verse to rave about!

Yet, doubtless, is "G. I." a devout christian. Yes, sure we are, that after a charity sermon at the Magdalen, he would meekly hold the plate at the door, sweetly unconscious of the victims that such as he, with their Pharasaic "piety," drive to a soul and body-killing commerce in the dreadful street. Q.

Fashionable Intelligence.

THE example set by the Ladies of Fashion, who are getting up a Waverley Ball, will, we understand, be followed by the dashing MRS. FITZ-JONES, who intends giving a series of Quadrilles and Country Dances, illustrative of some of the principal rules in MURRAY'S Grammar. There will be a grand *tableau* of the tenses, and a magnificent procession of the moods, concluding with a reel by the degrees of comparison, and a galop by all the cases. A bolero by the pronouns is expected to prove very effective, and it is understood that LORD BROUGHAM will be present as the article indefinite.

A WALK WITH MY WIFE;

OR, CONJUGAL RATES OF CONVEYANCE.

H! never get married, my boy; never get married, is the admonition of many an old gentleman. I do not say that. I dare say there are some reasonable women in the world; if you can find one, and like her, marry her: and probably you will be more comfortable, on the whole, than if you had remained single. Recollect, however, that matrimony has its troubles. The chief of these is its expense. For double-blessedness you must pay a double price. Marriage involves chop *plus* chop, steak *plus* steak, tailor's bill *plus* milliner's, at least; mind that. This is domestic felicity on the cheapest terms.

When you marry, if you have more money than you know what to do with, go and live anywhere; in Belgrave-square if you please. But otherwise, if you possibly can, take a little place in the country. Depend upon it that a cottage near a wood is eligible upon other than sentimental grounds. Not only are rambles through avenues and green lanes pleasant and salubrious in themselves; but, mark!—*there are no shops on either side of you.*

ARABELLA and I, before we were married, used to be constantly taking long walks into the country. Above us was the blue firmanent; around us were hill and dale, fields, flowers, trees, meandering streams, rippling brooks, cows, sheep, and other animals; all pleasing to behold. We returned home in high spirits, and with a good appetite, both of us. We had enjoyed ourselves greatly, and were no poorer than when we set out.

After marriage, my avocations compelling me to reside in town, ARABELLA began gradually to lose her taste for scenery, and to take to staying within doors, in consequence of which she became unwell. Our medical man recommended exercise; and I was obliged to insist on her walking out with me.

I will not say where we live; because I am not writing for my wife's edification, but for that of the readers of *Punch*. We took a walk yesterday. Proceeding at a moderate pace, in about twenty minutes we found ourselves in Oxford-street, near Regent-circus.

Here my wife, feeling herself a little tired and out of breath, declared she could go no further. So we stopped;—opposite to one of those real nuisances to husbands—a linendraper's-shop, with windows of enormous panes, and a heap of I know not how much finery, of all sorts and colours in the same; a regular wife-gin or lady-trap. Man-traps are abolished; and I am sure these ought to be.

I tried to direct ARABELLA's attention to the wood-pavement; it was of no use: she was fascinated by that window; and there she stood, like a parish-boy before a dining-room larder. I feared how it would be, and so it was. I was victimised for a thing that shone and glistened and changed colour in different lights; she called it a shot-silk—I wish the man had been shot who put it there.

My wife now felt wonderfully recovered; as able to walk, in fact, as when we set out. Finding this, I proposed going up Portland Place to the Regent's Park, where, if we wished, we might get a seat. But ARABELLA was confident that she should require no such thing, and preferred turning down Regent Street. After another stage of about thirty yards, she wanted to rest herself again; this time it was opposite to a jeweller's; of which the consequence was her purchasing some ear-rings, and my paying for them. She remarked, as we recommenced our journey, that she could get on very well by going short distances at a time, and then stopping for a moment. So it appeared; but after passing a shop where there was a very rich shawl which she admired, she seemed to proceed with much difficulty.

At about the middle of Regent Street, ARABELLA thought that by the time we got back she should have had walking enough. I suggested that we might extend our steps to the Quadrant. Whereat she fairly bargained with me, in case of her so far exerting herself, for a certain love of a bonnet which she had lately seen there, and which she knew would be gone if she did not get it now. As this would not quite ruin me, and as my wife, if any desire of her's is ungratified, is generally out of temper for some days, I consented to get it for her.

I wish my wife and other ladies would come to an understanding with their husbands, as to rates of travelling and conveyance; as thus;—

For One mile	. . .	3 Yards Ribbon.
Two do.	. . .	1 Pair Silk Stockings.
Three do.	. . .	1 Pelisse do.
Four do.	. . .	1 Boa.
Five do.	. . .	1 Muff, &c.

But I must not talk of muffs, I suppose, after the above confession. However, I shall manage better in future. I do not object to ladies being properly remunerated for their trouble in walking out with their husbands; but the latter, on the principles of common prudence, should know what they have to pay beforehand.

OXFORD PRIZE POEM.

WE have been favoured with the following poem, which we believe is the one that gained the prize at Oxford. We have only to say that if it did not it should have done, for when we see the sort of literary comicalities that gain prizes we think the following must be quite good enough to have obtained university honours. The Prize Comedy seems to have been selected as if it had been a prize ox, by the weight. The subject of the Oxford Prize Poem is the

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

Loud booms the cannon o'er the quarter deck,
And NELSON feels 'tis nothing now or neck.
Behold the busy bomb and active shell
Strike where their fatal force is sure to tell.
The gallant NELSON draws his shining sword,
Victory, victory! is now the word.
Now screams the terrified marine with dread,
While the brave tar defies the hissing lead.
Broadsides and bullets, cutlasses and shots,
He spurns, though even death his keen eye dots.
A fatal rifle from a hostile bark,
Now makes immortal NELSON its sure mark.
A carpenter beside him weeping kneels,
A faithful bos'un drunk before him reels,
While COLLINGWOOD hastes with the hostile flag,
To dress the wound—proud substitute for rag.
NEPTUNE perceiving war has done its work,
Leans mournfully on his inverted fork,
Britannia and the Tritons sit and weep
Into the bosom of the briny deep.
The seagull gives a screech, as if 'twould say,
England has lost its hope, but won the day.
Even the very dolphins cease their sport,
Appearing wrapt in melancholy thought.
The whale his value doth unwitting spoil,
Curdling to very vinegar his oil.
And England weeps for a tremendous while
The memory of the Battle of the Nile.

MORAL.

Ye gallant admirals—ye noble tars,
Who seek in battle glory's frightful scars,
Take warning by immortal NELSON's fate,
And seek the cabin, ere it is too late.

SAXONY IN DANGER.

WE understand it has been thought necessary to appoint three of the police force to attend continually on the KING OF SAXONY, to protect his Majesty from the invincible politeness of SIR PETER LAURIE.

AN INSCRIPTION FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"THE MOST DISGRACEFUL, IMMORAL, CANTING AND HYPOCRITICAL PROCEEDINGS TAKE PLACE HERE!"—*Thomas Wakley, Member for Finsbury, June* 19, 1844.

THE UNTUNEFUL NINE.

THE Royal Exchange Clock has been stopping for the last month at 1 minute after 9. What are the City Police about, that they do not tell it to "move on!"

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER I.

FROM A LADY, INQUIRING THE CHARACTER OF A SERVANT.

MADAM,

BRIDGET DUSTER having applied to me for a place of maid-of-all-work, I beg to learn of you, as her last mistress, her fitness for the serious responsibilities of that situation. Having suffered so much from the impertinence and wickedness of servants—(I have often thought they were only sent into this world to torment respectable people),—you will, I am sure, forgive me if I appear somewhat particular in my inquiries. Experience, madam, has made me circumspect. There was a time when I thought all the world as good and honest as myself; but house-keeping wipes the bloom from the human heart, and makes us lock our tea-caddies.

I have kept house for five-and-twenty years, in which time I have constantly endeavoured to find a servant who should be without a fault; yet, though I have given eight pounds a year with tea and sugar,—would you believe it?—I have never once succeeded. However, I must say it, I like the face of BRIDGET; I never saw a deeper small-pox. As for handsome servants, I never have 'em: they always think more of their faces than their fire-irons, and are puckering up their mouths at the looking-glass when they should be rubbing the door-plate. Curls, too, I never suffer to cross my threshold. I know more than one instance in which curls have destroyed the peace of a family. For my money, a servant can't be too plain: in a word, I think ugliness to be a sort of cheap livery intended by nature for maids-of-all-work—it keeps 'em in their proper place, and prevents 'em thinking of foolishness. So far, BRIDGET's looks are most satisfactory.

And now, ma'am, for the article of dress. Servants have never been servants since linsey-woolsey went out. It makes my very flesh creep to see 'em flaunting about, for all the world as if they were born to silk gowns and open-work in their stockings. I *have* seen a housemaid go out for the day with a parasol! I prophesied her end, and—poor wretch!—so it came about. What I have suffered, too, from such presumption! I once had a creature who copied every new cap I had, violating my best feelings under my own roof! BRIDGET looks a humble dresser, fit for a kitchen; I trust she is so.

I hope, however, she is sober. When servants are very plain, they sometimes, to revenge themselves on nature, fly to drink. This is shocking; for with such people, with all one's locking and bolting, one's brandy is never safe.

In the next place, does BRIDGET break? Not but what I always make my servants pay for all they destroy; still, they can't pay for one's nerves. Again, there is this danger—they may break beyond their wages.

Is BRIDGET honest? Pray, madam, be particular on this point, for I have been much deceived. I once took a servant with the finest character for honesty; and, only a week afterwards, detected her giving three cold potatoes to a little hurdy-gurdy foreigner with white mice.

Is BRIDGET civil? Will she bear wholesome reproof? A servant who answers is my abomination. It is clearly flying in the face of the best interests of society. Surely, people who pay wages have a right to find what fault they please; it is the natural privilege that marks the mistress from the maid. I would have a severe law to punish a servant who answers—even if right.

Is BRIDGET an early riser, without any reference to the time she may be allowed to go to bed? A good maid-of-all-work should, so to speak, be like a needle, and always sleep with one eye open.

Has BRIDGET any followers? Such creatures I never allow. I conceive that a servant ought to be a sort of nun, and, from the moment she enters your house, should take leave of all the world beside. Has she not her kitchen for willing hands always to do something in? And then for company, doesn't she see the butcher, the baker, the dustman—to say nothing of the sweeps?

Is BRIDGET industrious—is she clean? I hope, for the poor creature's sake, that you may be able to answer these few questions to my satisfaction, when BRIDGET may immediately bring her boxes. With me, her duties will be few, but they must be punctually performed. Indeed, I require a servant to consider herself a sort of human kitchen clock. She must have no temper, no sulks, no flesh-and-blood feelings, as I've heard impudent hussies call their airs and graces, but must go as regularly through her work as though she was made of steel springs and brass pullies. For such a person, there is a happy home in the house of

Your obedient Servant,

PAMELA SQUAW.

LETTER II.

FROM A SERVANT, INQUIRING THE CHARACTER OF A MISTRESS.

DEAR MOLLY,

FINDING that you're in place next door to MRS. SQUAW, and remembering what friends we used to be when both of us lived with the pastry-cook, I have thought fit to write to you to inquire about your neighbour. It's all very fine, MOLLY, for mistresses to haggle about the characters of their maids, but surely we poor servants have as much right to ask the characters of our mistresses. However, folks who pay wages will always have the upper hand in this world, whatever to our comfort may happen to 'em afterwards.

I thank my stars I don't judge of people by their looks, otherwise I wouldn't go into MRS. SQUAW's kitchen, if it was made of gold; she's dreadful ugly, to be sure, but I don't despise her for that, if her temper's sweet. I can't bear a mistress that's always nagging and nagging. A good noise, once in a way, I don't mind—it brisks up one's blood; but I have known mistresses always pushing their words at you and about you, as if they were sticking pins in a cushion with no flesh and blood.

How does she like her maids to dress? Mind, I don't insist on ringlets *in* the house, but when I go out, I'm my own mistress. I've given up two places for my bird-of-paradise feather—it looks quite alive in my white chip!—and would give up twenty. After slaving among pots and pans for a month, it is so sweet to be sometimes taken for a lady on one's Sunday out.

And now, dear MOLLY, tell me truly; does MRS. SQUAW drink? I have lived in one family where the mistress kept a bottle in a thing that looked for all the world like the covering of a book. No wages should make me do this again; and—perhaps I am wrong—but, looking at MRS. SQUAW, I thought I never saw a redder nose. When a mistress has such a habit, a poor girl's character is never safe.

I've agreed to pay for all I break, but that I don't mind, as I never break nothing—it's always the cat. But then I've known mistresses mean enough to put off a cracked basin on a poor servant. What is MRS. SQUAW's character for crockery?

MRS. SQUAW asked me if I had any followers, as she allowed of no such thing. I said—and truly, MOLLY—that I had nobody that followed *me*; but, MOLLY, there is a young man that *I* have followed these two years, and will, so long as I've eyes to stare and limbs to move. Such a sweet creature—six feet one inch and a half without his boots! Such a mustachio on his lip—such a delicate thing, just the colour of a leech! He's in the Life Guards, MOLLY; quite a building of a man. You can't think how fond he is of me; for these last two years he's smoked my wages in cigars. I lost one place about him, and gloried in it! It was one quarter-day, and he came whistling about the area. Mistress saw his red coat, and ringing the bell, asked me what I meant by harbouring a low soldier! My blood was up like ginger-beer. "It's all very well for you, ma'am,"

says I, "to say low soldier. But, ma'am," says I, "you don't know what it is to be courted by a Life Guardsman."

Oh, these mistresses, MOLLY! they think poor servants have no more flesh and blood than a porridge-skillet. They can have their comfortable courtings in their parlours and drawing-rooms; and then, with their very toes at the fire, they can abuse a poor servant for only whispering a bit of love, all among the snow, perhaps, in the area. This is the treatment that often makes poor girls desperate, and drives 'em to marriage long afore their time.

No followers, indeed! No; they think that the cat and the kettle, and the kitchen clock, are company enough for a poor servant. They never think of us in the long winter nights, when they are playing at cards, or chatting with folks who 've dropt in—they never think of us, all alone as we are, without a soul to speak to! No; we must have no followers, though, perhaps, the parlour's ringing again with laughter; and our only chance of opening our lips is the chance of being sent out to get oysters for the company.

However, dear MOLLY, write me all you know about the character of MRS. SQUAW: if she's sober, and gives civil words and regular wages to her servants. I don't mind having her for a mistress, until the sweet day arrives when I become a soldier's wedded lady. Till then,

Believe me, your friend and old fellow-servant,

BRIDGET DUSTER.

THE KING OF SAXONY IN TROUBLE.

WE think the readers of *Punch* will be very sorry when they learn that the KING OF SAXONY is likely to lose his throne. We have received the intelligence from what we believe to be a most trustworthy quarter, and whatever may be the anguish of our feelings, we are nevertheless bound to make the news public.

It has for some time been known that a Congress is about to be held somewhere in Germany during the approaching autumn. Many important matters will be agitated in the crowned heads there, and when assembled, SIR JAMES GRAHAM will, we understand, forward a note proposing a uniform government for *all* post-offices; so that the correspondence of all civilised mankind may come under the knowledge of their paternal rulers. It is feared, from what M. GUIZOT said a day or two ago, that France will stand out; but there is no doubt that SIR JAMES will have the active advocacy of the ambassadors from Madagascar and Morocco.

However, our more immediate concern is with the KING OF SAXONY. It is stated that at the Congress His Majesty will be impeached for conduct "unworthy of a king, and unbecoming a nobleman." This charge will be mainly supported by depositions taken in England, corroborative of the very unkingly behaviour of SAXONY during his sojourn with us. Circumstances permit us to allude to only a part of the testimony that has been taken in London, and will, at the Congress, be adduced against his Majesty.

SIGNOR LABLACHE has deposed that his Majesty, although he was once brought to the Opera, never presented the said Signor with a gold snuff-box, diamond ring, tooth-pick, or indeed with the slightest testimonial of his homage.

GENERAL TOM THUMB has also vehemently deposed that SAXONY treated him with the most marked contempt, never having even so much as visited him. This conduct the General very justly considers as a most uncourteous reflection upon other crowned and royal heads, with whom his Dwarfship has been so worthy a favourite. This complaint of the General will, it is feared, go far to damage his Majesty among his royal brethren. We can only hope the best, but the case appears very serious against him.

MDLLES. CERITO and CARLOTTA GRISI are both ready to depose on oath that they have never received so much as a bunch of violets from his Majesty.

MADAME TUSSAUD has also proved, that although the KING OF SAXONY visited Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, he never had the common civility to drop in at Upper Baker Street: whereas PRINCE ALBERT knows better what is due to the interests of pure art.

It is also affirmed by BARON NATHAN that his Majesty has been heard to speak in contemptuous terms of the Polka.

In addition to these grave charges, there is, we regret to say, strong proof that his Majesty, during his sojourn in London, was visiting museums, and libraries, and churches, and behaving, indeed, rather like a low philosopher who travels for vulgar curiosity, than as a monarch who, if he knows himself, ought to be above such things. It is known that the KING OF SAXONY is a great botanist, and we regret to say that he shows much more interest in the culling of chickweed and pimpernel than in the cultivation of laurel. It is believed that many other facts will come out before the Congress, which it is feared will go far to endanger the throne of Saxony. It is believed, in the best circles, that he will be deposed for, as we have premised, conduct unworthy of a king and a nobleman.

We would advise the PRINCE OF DENMARK to take care of himself. Here has he come from Denmark to Scotland and the Faroe Isles, with nothing but a geologist's hammer, to chip and chip at rocks and stones. Rudely shirking the Opera and ALMACK'S, he has, like a boorish Dane, occupied himself with felspar and quartz.

AN IRREGULAR ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

IT is well known that the KING OF SAXONY paid a visit to Newgate, and MR. MOON "attended in his place"—as the Parliamentary phrase goes—to let his Majesty into the secrets of the prison-house. MR. SHERIFF MUSGROVE was also present on the occasion, and a consultation took place between the two Sheriffs as to the proper method of behaving in the presence of royalty. MOON, who is a tremendous stickler for etiquette, insisted on walking backwards—a departure, by-the-by, from his usual custom, which is to push himself forwards in a manner most unscrupulous. MUSGROVE, who is a discreet Sheriff, determined that he would not "back" through the vaulted passages of Newgate for any sovereign breathing; and he therefore kept sensibly but respectfully at SAXONY'S side, while MOON went through a scene of slavish pantomime, in the course of which he now and then executed a *dos-à-dos* with a stone buttress, or was brought up suddenly, with an involuntary bow, by a knock on the back of the head from a bit of coping, or a piece of projecting cornice. Nevertheless, MOON "bore it with a patient shrug," and an occasional rub of the hand to allay the anguish, till he got into a wide passage, the unobstructed aspect of which, as he backed along it, inspired him with the fullest confidence. His air became almost jaunty, and he was executing a sort of courtly *pastorale* a few paces in advance of the King and Mr. SHERIFF MUSGROVE, when suddenly the MOON became nearly eclipsed, nothing being visible but his face and his heels, which were in an instant out of sight, and MUSGROVE, springing forward, perceived his unhappy colleague at the bottom of a flight of stone steps, down which he had backed with a sort of frisky recklessness. Had the King followed his officious *cicerone*, his Majesty would indeed have been shown "*over*" Newgate in a manner that would have been complete, at least, if not satisfactory.

LORD DENMAN IN DANGER.

LORD DENMAN spoke nobly in the Lords, on the conduct of SIR JEMMY TWITCHER GRAHAM, eloquently denouncing the Post Office *Jack Sheppard*. Whereupon BROUGHAM, with all his modesty upon him, rose and said—"If anything could make the noble and learned lord more dear to the people of England *or to himself*, it was the declaration which he had made." We earnestly intreat LORD DENMAN to mind what he is about. It is impossible that the people of England can value him more highly than they do; but if he make himself "dear" to LORD BROUGHAM, he is lost.

A QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE.

THE SLOTH, which has just arrived in this country, is described to have *four stomachs*. He has four good reasons to congratulate himself, then, that the Zoological Gardens is not a Poor Law Union.

THE LAST STAGE OF TEMPERANCE.

THE Manager of the Victoria Theatre, whose personal sacrifices in the cause of morality are of the most unprecedented kind, has produced a new drama, the object of which is to excite the spirit of pure teatotalism in the breasts of the New Cut-ians, a race long devoted to gin, and those bitters by which it is too often accompanied. "The Temperance Pledge" is a drama of intense interest, and depicts the moral struggle between neat wines on the one hand, and unadulterated Mocha on the other. The workings of beer on a guilty conscience are prominently put forward, while the four-and-ninepenny mixed is exhibited in the light of a stimulant to honest exertion, and is strongly recommended to families through the mouth of the hero of the drama. Allitteration seems to favour the moral of the piece, for Rum and Ruin, Brandy and Beggary, Wine and Want seem to be naturally connected; while Happiness and Hyson would suggest a line in the bill, which ought to terminate a grand tableau of Spirits Subdued, and Tea Triumphant!

We understand that in order to preserve the strictest propriety in the getting up of this piece, and that everything may be in perfect keeping, the actors have all been compelled to take the pledge from week to week during the run, and the manager also pledges himself that the usual cry of "bottled porter," which is heard between the acts, shall on no account be permitted. The refreshment-sellers are instructed to offer only "apples, oranges, tea, coffee, bread and butter, or bill of the play," to the audience, who are thus compelled to "assume teatotalism, though they have it not," during the performance. The author of the piece has been inspired with the general tone of the subject, for his sentiment is the purest milk and water. The fact that the actors are most of them pumps, and that the tea-pot is their favourite attitude, must be regarded as heightening the effect of the drama.

GOOD—WHEN A LITTLE PUNCH IS TAKEN.

We must, however, call the manager's attention to the horrible destruction of the illusion, occasioned by the money-taker at the box-door, who sits with a glass of brandy-and-water under the till, from which the immoral liquid is occasionally brought forth, to the utter horror of the visitors.

TEN MINUTES' ADVICE ON THE FACE AND HANDS.

BY THE CLOCK OF ST. CLEMENT'S.

QUESTIONING my past bitter experience, I am enabled to speak most feelingly of the disadvantages arising from a neglect of the Face and Hands. I publish my observations for the benefit of the unfortunate Dial at the Royal Exchange, and the Clock at Windsor, which seem to have been born to those very defects which almost banished me from the Circle of Clocks, and sent me—not before my time, but considerably after it—to the lowest scale of degradation. The Face and Hands are, or ought to be, very closely connected, and any well-regulated clock need not be ashamed to show his Face if his Hands are in a fit state to meet the eye of the public.

A sudden jerk of the Hand should always be avoided: it is not graceful; and it is almost impossible to avoid going too far. It should always be the aim of a Clock to keep its Hands on the move, but this should be done so gently as to be almost imperceptible. Small Hands are considered a sign of good breeding among human beings; but among Clocks it is quite the reverse, for with them the largest Hands are generally to be remarked in those which occupy the highest position.

Though these observations are principally directed to the Hands and Faces of Clocks, the Figures ought to be on no account neglected. Every Clock should learn how to divide its time, and it will then be sure to find one pair of Hands quite sufficient to get through all that is expected of it. The complexion is a matter of some importance in the face of a clock; and nothing is more destructive than the affectation of delicacy of colour, which is to be observed in the Clock of St. James's, Westminster, as well as in that of the Horse Guards, both of which clocks betray, by their ghastly appearance at night, the horrible effects of late hours. Their Faces, immediately after dark, become almost transparent with a sort of lurid light; and there is a kind of false brilliancy imparted by the artificial means which are taken to keep their Faces presentable to the public at all hours of the night. The healthy hue on the Face of St. Paul's, though somewhat dingy, presents a striking contrast to the consumptive complexion of St. James's, and some other clocks, whose names I refrain from mentioning, lest I bring into their faces a Blush which might prove injurious to their reputation. In conclusion, I beg to extend to all my fellow clocks the Hand of Friendship.

MORAL SONGS FOR OXFORD.

THE sentiments put forth on a recent occasion, by several of the members of the University, have suggested the probability that a few Moral Songs might be found very acceptable to the gentlemen of Oxford. We therefore present the following specimen:—

A bill for a hundred come discount for me,
I'll half of it take in champagne;
No matter what wine, so some cash there should be,
(*Aside*)—For you 'll ne'er get your money again.
And oh! when the date of the bill is gone by,
When lawyers and bailiffs distress him,
The promise of payment is then all his eye:
Here 's a health to the Doo, God bless him!

The swindlers of old, in their pleadings, we're told,
When at those who had trusted they laugh'd,
Put pleas that were sham, with effrontery bold,
The more costly to render the draft.
My plea's in my pocket—'tis empty, alas!
Of that plea none can e'er dispossess him;
Upstanding, uncovered, round round let it pass,
Here 's a health to the Doo, God bless him!

PUNCH'S ANTI-GRAHAM WAFERS.

DEDICATED TO THE HOME SECRETARY, AND POLITELY PRESENTED TO HIM BY THOMAS SLINGSBY DUNCOMBE, ESQ., M. P.

WE have published this day, at our Office, price—but we will not appeal to the sordidness of our readers—a sheet of emblematical devices, with mottoes, for SIR JAMES FOUCHÉ GRAHAM, which, from the peculiar appropriateness of their sarcasm, backed by the extraordinary adhesiveness of their gum, are adapted to *stick* to the Home Secretary for life.

We have also just dotted off a good stinging envelope, which we intend to hold up as a mirror to SIR JAMES FOUCHÉ GRAHAM'S very bad nature.

The following are some of the Devices and Mottoes:—

DEVICE.	MOTTO.
A BLUNDERBUSS ON FULL COCK . .	I hope the contents will reach you.
A BLACK LOBSTER	Not to be *red* without getting into hot water.
A MANACLE	I trust this will come to hand.
A CLENCHED FIST	Should this meet your eye.
A BEE	Touch my wax, you 'll feel my sting.
A SODA-WATER BOTTLE	If open'd, a noise will follow.
CROCODILE WITH MOUTH OPEN . .	You 're welcome to the inside.
A FOX	You 'll be run down, if you break cover.

THEATRICAL COMPETITION.

LEVASSEUR is performing in a piece at Paris in which he sustains *ten different characters*,—being one more than LORD BROUGHAM ever sustained in the same evening!

THEATRE ROYAL, ST. STEPHEN'S.

The Second Appearance of Sir Robert Peel's Notorious Dancing Dogs.

BLENHEIM GARDENS.—PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Times* writes of his late pilgrimage to Blenheim, wherein the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH—like a very small mouse in a very large cheese—keeps his solitary state. The pilgrim complains that the Duke's Scotch gardener insisted upon receiving five shillings for showing the DUKE'S Eden; and, when remonstrated with, shut the gate in the faces of some ladies. Poor man! we wonder not at his aptitude at shutting gates in the faces of ladies—has he not had high instruction!

The garden tickets are signed by the proprietor, by MARLBOROUGH himself, who deputes a Scotchman to take the money. Holding the said gardens from the public, the DUKE is, of course, doubly justified in making the public pay for the exhibition. And then, what a small sum is five shillings compared with the rare and delicious thoughts which perforce throng the brain, dreaming in the gardens of the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH! All truly great minds, from DIOCLETIAN to LORD BACON, and so by natural progression to MARLBOROUGH, have delighted in gardens; all, too, have had some peculiar way of manifesting that delight. BACON wrote garden essays; MARLBOROUGH writes garden tickets, price five shillings!

Have we really visited Blenheim gardens, or was it only in some day-dream that we beheld the spot where the great CHURCHILL, of 1844, walks and meditates for his country's good; where, sweetly smitten by the loveliest aspects of a bountiful nature, his heart is wont to gush with that abounding love for all men which has made his name sweet as manna in the mouths of the poor? No: surely we have been at Blenheim. Yes, it all throngs upon our memory; we remember every word that the Scotchman said to us, as he showed us about the place—yes, we can repeat every syllable.

"Here," said he, "is the DUKE'S bower, where he sometimes sits for hours in a deep study. And then he will go into his library, summon his steward, and send him on some errand of charity to Woodstock.

"Here, too, in this wilderness of roses, he will walk early in the morning. And I have often seen his Grace (when he thought nobody was near him) clasp his hands together, and look gratefully up at Heaven—sometimes wipe a tear, I assure you, sir, a tear—from his eye, and then smile so, it was a delight to the heart to look upon him! He seemed like a man giving thanks for all the good that God had given him. After this, somehow or the other, the poor would be sure to hear of him.

"Now, look here, sir. You can't believe the bushels and bushels of peaches sent from these trees to the folks of Woodstock every autumn by the DUKE. 'They're not much, FERGUSON'—my name's FERGUSON, sir,—'they're not much,' the DUKE will say, 'but they'll shew I don't forget my neighbours.' And then, bless you! if he hears that anybody is sick, why I've known him come down himself and choose the very finest grapes to send to 'em. Ha, sir! nobody knows the good the DUKE does! But how, indeed, could anybody help it, living in such a paradise of gardens?"

We could not but acknowledge the truth of FERGUSON'S words. It is plain, we thought, that here the DUKE cultivates the laurels that have made him glorious. With such thoughts, conscious that to a mind softened and disciplined by a contemplation of nature in her loveliest looks, we owe the virtues that so distinguish the DUKE, what, we exclaimed in our enthusiasm, what price can be too much to visit Blenheim Gardens?

And an Irish echo answered—"Five Shillings!"

THE HOME OF THE RICK-BURNER.

AFFLICTIONS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

It used to be generally considered that gout was the prevalent complaint of the peerage, but certain advertisements would seem to indicate that the English nobles are martyrs to corns, and that all their feet are in the hands of the chiropædists. Messrs. Leni and Eisenberg are engaged in a desperate struggle for the toes of the aristocracy, and he carries off the palm who can get the largest number of patrician soles or heels within his clutches. Both of these great operators are great in the science of extraction, for they generally extract a testimonial as well as a corn from their lordly customers.

A HINT FOR MOSES.

Mr. Punch, *Baker Street, June* 15, 1844.

Passing by the eminent establishment of E. Aaron and Co., the great European tailors of the City, I was naturally attracted (along with hundreds of others) to examine the beauteous objects of gent.'s attire, which are exhibited in their unrivalled plate-glass windows. 'Tis a sight indeed worthy of inspection. And not a little amusing was it to the observer of human nature, which I flatter myself I am, to mark the various passions of delight and surprise exhibited in the countenances of the myriads thronging round the establishment.

One couple specially engaged my attention: a gentleman in a green coat and mahogany coloured top-boots, evidently fresh from the

country, held in his hand a little boy, who no doubt was his son. This simple pair were evidently more astonished and charmed than any persons there.

The following dialogue took place between them:—

Country Gentleman. Wawns lod, we've seen Loonun thro' a'most; but ifackins we've seen noothin loike this.

Boy. No, dear papa, this is indeed a galaxy of splendour to which the other magnificences of this proud metropolis bear no parallel.

Country Gentleman. Why them windows is as big as our turnip-field!

Boy. Ay, dear sir, and I think the coats and vests within are more lovely than any of the flowers in our favourite meadow.

Country Gentleman. What would they say in t' village to see thee in sooch a coat as that, my lod? Ai'm blest if moother would knaw thee!

Boy. Dearest father, 'tis hard to deceive the keen eyes of a parent, and my mamma would recognise her boy in any guise; but I think with you she would rejoice to see her child attired in one of the Aaron's fashionable suits.

Country Gentleman. Doost think so? Well, thou art a good lad, and ecod thou shalt have un!

Boy. How, how shall I ever prove my gratitude to the best of fathers?

Mr. Aaron (who happens to be looking out of the window). Pray walk in, gentlemen; I think, Sir John, I can *suit* the young gentleman to a nicety.

The celebrated tailor, the country baronet, and his interesting boy here walked into the shop, and I could not but look with pleased interest as the eminent artist took the measure of the young fellow.

Mr. Aaron's aspect was deliciously benevolent; the country baronet (for such, I am given to understand, was his rank) looked on at the scene with all a parent's pleasure, and when the operation of measuring was concluded, Mr. Aaron bowed his customers out of

the shop with infinite politeness, promising to be punctual with the clothes in Berkeley Square, next Tuesday.

Several persons had been spectators of the scene (for it took place before the shop door, so that all the world might see it), and I have no doubt many were attracted by the exhibition, and determined to bring their own children to the Emporium.

Well sir, 'twas my lot some days after to have a second occasion to visit the Majories (where Mr. Aaron's shop is) and at about the same hour of the day, when the busy throng crowd thickest in that commercial quarter.

I was amazed to remark gazing into Mr. Aaron's window another country gentleman and another son, and their conversation began.

Country Gentleman. Wawns lod, we've seen Loonun thro' a'most; but ifackins we've seen noothin loike this.

Boy. No, papa, this is indeed a galaxy of splendour, &c.

Gracious heavens! they were the pair I had seen on the previous day! The same dialogue was gone through—the same Aaron came to the door and welcomed the rustics, and, having measured the young one, bowed them out, and promised to be punctual in Berkeley Square as usual!!

I make no comment, but my opinions of human nature are by no means so favourable as they were before that second visit to the Majories.

Your obedient Servant,

Philo Justitiæ Amicus.

A Nut for the Paris Charivari.

The Prince of Joinville is in great dudgeon that the Emperor of Russia should be lauded for contributing 500*l.* to the Wellington and Nelson Statues.

"What is it compared to what *we* did?" observed his Royal Highness to Admiral Mackau. "Didn't we contribute *the Bronze?*"

PROSPECTUS

OF THE LOTTERY FOR WATERLOO BRIDGE.

Heinous Humbug and Company,

AGENTS for the celebrated HEINES, of Hamburg, have received Instructions from

ROMEO COATES, ESQUIRE,

And the other Proprietors, to undertake the very desirable office of getting rid of

Waterloo Bridge by Way of Lottery.

The Bridge will be disposed of in a million shares, of one pound each, and in order to

INSURE A PRIZE TO EVERY TICKET-HOLDER

It has been determined to divide the waste bricks under the dry arches into

ONE MILLION LOTS,

Which will be delivered to each subscriber on his having paid his pound, and produced his receipt as a voucher. To prevent confusion, the pound must be paid immediately in London, and the receipt will be forwarded from Germany at an early opportunity. In addition to this

CERTAINTY OF A PRIZE,

It has been arranged to give to the public a chance of obtaining the

Bridge Itself,

Which will be divided for the purpose into arches; and the fortunate holder of the centre arch, will find himself in possession of

THE KEY-STONE TO FORTUNE.

Tickets for whole arches, eighths of arches, or sixteenths of arches, should apply without delay to HEINOUS HUMBUG AND COMPANY, who are also authorised to dispose of

A FEW BALUSTRADES,

In quarters, eighths, and sixteenths, according to the taste of the speculator. Any individual taking four whole shares will be entitled unconditionally to a gas lamp, and the purchaser of eight sixteenths will receive a kerb-stone, whatever may be the result of the lottery. It is confidently asserted that there will be

NO BLANKS,

Except on the profit side of the account books of the Company.

Due notice will be given of the drawing, which will take place at the wheel at the toll-gate in London; but, in order to prevent confusion, the prizes will be declared only by

HEINOUS HUMBUG AND COMPANY,

At their offices in Germany, where the lucky arches and happy balustrades will be legally assigned to the fortunate drawers.

TOLERANCE OF THE BETTING-RING.

THE Betting-Ring—we gather as much from the late evidence of LORD GEORGE BENTINCK—like the infernal ring described by brainless skulls in *Der Freischütz*, admits of any company. No leg can be too black to step into it. Rank and virtue, too, put off their dignity in that magic circle; and, sweetly condescending, are familiar with the moral unwashed; yea, with the unsavoury and foul-fingered of the land.

"I have known the plaintiff's father"—(thus spoke LORD GEORGE in the Court of Exchequer)—"some time, and betted with him *while he kept a 'hell'!*"

"I have employed GLYNDE, the baker, in Regent-street, to take the odds against Grey Miller."—

"We [*i. e.* the Jockey Club] should not turn out a gaming-house keeper, *unless he did not pay his bets. Whatever be the occupation and pursuit of a man, he is a fit member of the Ring, if he pays his debts of honour!*"

We hear much of the cold dignity, the high exacting manners of the English aristocracy towards the vulgar mass of Adam's starless and ungartered children—nevertheless, the Turf affords one green spot where all men are equal; where the "hell-keeper," whose profits are pillage in defiance of the law, may meet and shake hands with the sporting maker of the statutes; where the midnight sharper may "kiss his five fingers" to my lord, and with pleasant familiarity book a mutual bet! The turf supplies the true fuller's-earth, and takes out all sorts of social stains. Cleansed by it, the foulest knave suddenly becomes sweet company for Dukes and Marquises.

BUFFON has called the domestication of the horse the noblest conquest of man. The horse itself—magnificent animal!—has its glorious triumphs over the prejudices and artificial dignity of human nature. For how it brings all sorts of men together! How, when its merits are the theme, does it make men forget the distinctions of society, mixing up—as in familiar, family intercourse—the titled and the untitled, the law-makers and the law-breakers, men of gold and men of straw, the blushless brigands of the town, and the pattern persons who make up the noble world!

Pleasant, too, is it to meditate on a LORD BENTINCK, touched by equine influence, and dealing in horse-flesh like any brother with "GLYNDE, the baker," who, true to old associations, takes odds against the MILLER.

Especially grateful, too, to the philanthropist is it to know that though erring man may for his unfortunate iniquities be barred from associating with his nicer brotherhood in the common paths of life—there is, nevertheless, one place where universal tolerance may greet him, if (forgetful of every other obligation towards the world,) he only pays his bets. He may cheat his tradesmen; indeed, he may draw the daily breath of a swindler; or, what is worse, he may "clothe the back and feed the maw" from the profits of the dice-box, or, fouler still, from the stews,—yet, if there be one virtue left him—the grace, the one redeeming grace of paying his bets—he is "a fit member of the ring;" he is a gentleman by virtue of ready money! Well, if only for the sake of the noblemen who deal in horse-flesh and legislation too, we earnestly hope that rascality, unlike the small-pox, is not catching. Nevertheless, after reading LORD BENTINCK's evidence, we cannot but look upon the sporting aristocracy, in insurance phraseology, as doubly hazardous.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

MOVEMENT 1. *On meeting a Lady in Regent Street.* — Raising the right hand to the fore part of the brim of the hat, taking the same between the finger and thumb; divesting the head, by an upward movement of the arm, of its covering; at the same time inclining the body forwards, raising the eye-brows, opening the eyes, and elevating the angles of the mouth. N. B. The pavement may be simultaneously scraped with the right foot.

2. *On asking a Lady opposite you at dinner to take Wine.*—Catching the eye of the gentleman who sits next her, and executing a pantomimic movement expressive of pouring fluid into a glass, by way of intimation that you want him to fill hers; waiting till he has done so, and holding your own, in the meanwhile, by the stem. Fixing your eyes with a fascinating expression upon hers for a moment, then lowering them, and with them your forehead, till your mouth approaches to within four inches of your glass, which, having thus met it considerably more than half-way, you then raise to your lips.

3. *At the Opera.*—During the chorus, or other uninteresting part of the music, or during the whole of it, holding a double glass to your eyes, and directing it by a succession of horizontal and perpendicular movements to every part of the house in turn, and doing the same thing over and over again.

4. *At a Lecture or a Sermon.*—Reclining in an easy attitude, and holding, in like manner, a single glass to your eye, through which to continue gazing at the preacher or lecturer; or you may retain the same in its place by the muscular action of the eye-brow.

5. *At Almack's.*—Placing the palm of your left hand gently on a lady's waist, taking the tips of the fingers of her left in your right, and describing a series of gyrations round the room; or prancing thereabout in concert with the lady, and alternately kicking up your heels under your coat tails, and knocking them on the floor after the manner of JIM CROW.

Chassez croisez, à droite et à gauche, traversez, retraversez, balancez, chaine Anglaise, down the middle and up again, &c., &c., &c.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE young MR. BRIEFLESS, we understand, is in treaty with the trustees of the Sessions House at Westminster for a series of musical entertainments, under the title of "LEGAL EVENINGS." The first performance will comprise

A Night with Eldon,

of which we have been favoured with the following Programme.

PART I.

ELDON and his Father.—Curious Scene on board a Coal-barge.—Solemn Declaration of the future Chancellor that wool, instead of coals, shall fill the sack he is destined for.

SONG.—*Believe me, if all those mysterious pleas.*

Life at College.—The Sighs of a Sizer.

SONG.—*Amo, amas.*

Keeping Terms.—Eating one's way to Eminence.—The Call to the Bar.

SONG.—*Roley poley, gammon and spinach.*

Between the First and Second Parts will be exhibited a series of Dissolving Views, in the course of which an allegorical representation of a splendid fortune will gradually dissolve into the Court of Chancery.

PART II.

How to rise to Eminence.—Going at it Right and Left.—Sides of no consequence.

SONG.—*The Pendulum.*

The Motion of Course.—Here we go up, up, up.—Wool-gathering.—More Motions and Pro-motions.—Hey for the Woolsack!—"Turn round three times."—Huzza! 'tis gained!

SONG.—*We're all doubling.*

Such are a few of the leading heads of the new legal entertainment. If it should be successful, it is in contemplation to get up a Night with Blackstone, as well as a miscellaneous selection of varied hours, introducing a few minutes with Coke, Chitty, Archbold, and Petersdorff. The popular abridgment of the latter will be arranged for fifteen voices, each voice being of a certain volume; so that the fifteen volumes would harmonise most delightfully.

PUNCH TO LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM,

"When a poet wants to make himself heard, it is customary for him to wish for a throat of iron, and for ninety-nine more tongues than he has been provided with by Nature; in short, for nearly as much tongue as your Lordship has.

"Now, my Lord, I wish you to hear me. Such is the unfortunate deafness to common sense, and, I may add, humanity, that you have of late been troubled with, that a simple chalybeate larynx, and a poor hundred tongues, will not suffice for my purpose. I must have SEVEN THOUSAND TONGUES, my Lord, and a throat composed of that metal, which, in figurative but popular language, is said to be the material of your Lordship's physiognomy.

"Those seven thousand tongues, my Lord, I would borrow from the seven thousand debtors now, thanks to your Lordship, confined in the gaols of England. And then, with the voice of a multitude, I would roar in your Lordship's ear that pithy little exclamation of Sterne's starling—'I can't get out.'

"You would be unmoved, perhaps, by my roaring. You do not know what it is to be *shut up*, except *politically*, which you must own you decidedly are. Well, then I would aggravate my roar. I would roar you as gently as any sucking dove. I would roar you an 'twere any nightingale. I would say, "Kind LORD BROUGHAM, sweet LORD BROUGHAM, benevolent LORD BROUGHAM and VAUX! You know very well that in opposing LORD COTTENHAM'S motion for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt, and causing the postponement of its consideration to the next session, you had no sort of practical end in view. You are conscious that you were actuated simply by that little weakness which is constantly making you troublesome and ridiculous; the propensity to interfere and meddle. Do, pray, for once, practise a little self-denial. I know it is pleasant to you to gratify your vanity. I am aware how delightful it is to you to render yourself conspicuous. You need not tell me how fond you are of having a finger in every pie. But consider, now, whether, in this instance, it is not worth while to be quiet. Multiply one year's individual suffering—bitter suffering—by seven thousand; and then ask yourself, conscientiously, whether your mere transient gratification; the gratification, too, of a whim—a crotchet—is to be weighed against it?'

"You have been doing nothing lately, my Lord, in the thoroughfare of legislation, but creating obstructions. Hear Reason, in the language of a policeman, desiring you to move on. You are worse than any apple-woman in Cheapside on Lord Mayor's day. You are something more than an inconvenience; I might almost say you are a nuisance. Do you know what people say of you? They declare that you are the property of his Grace the DUKE OF WELLINGTON; and whenever any useful measure is impeded in the House of Lords, if the cause of its arrest be questioned, the answer is, 'THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S BROUGHAM STOPS THE WAY.' Lay these things to heart, my Lord, and oblige

"Your Lordship's friendly Monitor,

"PUNCH."

A FRAGMENT—COMPOSED IN A DREAM.

BY A. TENNYSON.

In Hungerford did some wise man
A stately bridge of wire decree,
Where Thames, the muddy river, ran,
Down to a muddier sea.

Above the people rose its piers,
Their shadows on the waters fell;
Year after year, for many years,
All unapproachable!

And filmy wires through æther spread,
From such proud piers' unfinished head,
Kept up a mild communication,
Worthy of their exalted station;
And many gazers far below,
Wafted by the waveless tide,
Which 'neath those slender wires did flow,
Upturned their eyes and sighed—
"If that *air* bridge," they whispered low,
"Vos broad enough to let us pass,
Ve 'd not av so much round to go,
As now ve av—alas!"

In vain their sighs, in vain their tears,
May blow and flow for many years!
No mortal man may cross the cord
That crosses Thames at Hungerford.
Its wondrous span to me doth seem
The bridge described in MIRZA'S dream,
On which the good alone might tread,
Whilst others fell and perished.

Alas, in modern Babylon,
There 's not a soul that can pass over;
No, not a single holy one,
Endowed with virtue to discover
The step by which to tread the ridge
Of Hungerford's aërial Bridge!

* * * *

THE "CONSCIA MENS RECTI" IN A POLICEMAN.

PUNCH begs to acknowledge the receipt of half-a-crown, *conscience-money*, from Policeman FIGGS, being his share of the money given by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA to the A Division. The half-crown lies at the *Punch* Office, if BARON BRUNOW will call for it.

INTERESTING TO UNBORN AGES.

WE see that Mr. G. P. R. JAMES'S novels are to be re-published—*one volume every quarter*. At this rate we have calculated the last volume will be issued just about the time YOUNG ENGLAND is Prime Minister.

THE HERO OF WATERLOO.

ALBION's brave troops were some in bed,
And some in giddy waltzes led,
  Allured by Beauty's charms,
When suddenly the tocsin rang,
And loud was heard the trumpet's clang,
  And Brussels was in arms.

The sentry at the chamber door,
Heard Britain's chieftain loudly snore,
  So at the door he rapt.
"Now please your grace don coat and boot,
The enemy are all *en route*,
  While we all thought they napt."

"A horse!" was all the warrior said;
A horse was brought, and from his bed
  He leapt upon his back.
His movement it was so alert,
He strode the charger in his shirt,
  But did not clothing lack.

For with a soldier's ready thought,
The coverlet he wisely brought
  That lately decked his bed,
Which round his shoulders careless thrown,
Gave *tout ensemble* quite his own,
  And thus his squadrons led.

Nor saddle strode across his steed
Nor surcingle nor stirrups need,
  A horseman like his grace,
A horsecloth on the charger's back,
He sat as close as any sack,
  Nor feared to lose his place.

With oaken cudgel in his hand
He brav'd the Frenchman's serried band,
  He wanted not a sword.
Where'er he rode death scattered round,
The foe upon the gory ground,
  He conquered in a word.

But should'st thou doubt my wondrous song,
And think it spins the yarn call'd long,
  Seek London's Royal Bourse;
And mark the Chieftain ride again,
With rolling-pin and counterpane,
  High seated on his horse.

INTERESTING MEETING.

ON the opening of the Westminster Hall Exhibition, on Monday, *Punch* and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON were both present; and an immense crowd followed the two noble lords round the room. Both were looking remarkably well. His Grace was dressed in his usual blue frock and white trousers; while the noble *Punch* was in his *Sunday's*, and not his Monday's attire—viz., a claret-coloured frock coat and brass buttons; a yellow vest, with vermilion under ditto; a light green satin stock, with a splendid garnet breast-pin; a white hat; shepherd-plaid trousers, with rich worsted stripe; high-lows, and valuable brass-mounted cane.

The crowd round the two venerable noblemen was such as seriously to incommode them—the noble *Punch* especially.

When they came before the Statue of A STATESMAN, the noble Duke looked at the noble *Punch*, the noble *Punch* looked at the noble Duke, and both burst out laughing. It is needless to add, that the Statesman represented was their mutual friend LORD BROUGHAM. He appears between two sleeping nymphs, in a dressing-gown, with a fur collar (having removed the stock and shirt-collar which he usually wears), and seemingly being inclined to sleep.

"Egad it's the best thing he can do," whispered the noble Duke to the noble *Punch*, which caused another burst of laughter from the latter good-natured nobleman.

He was observed taking notes of some of the most interesting pieces in the Exhibition, and the public will, doubtless, have the benefit of those remarks. On his quitting the Exhibition, he and the Duke were greeted with cheers by the crowd outside, and the noble *Punch* purchased a MAGNIFICENTLY-CARVED WOODEN SPOON, which is left at his office as a trifling token of his admiration for the author of the statue of ——— but no! as the poet observes, there is no use in beating the donkey that *can't* go—employ the rod only upon him that can and *won't* go. The author of the statue of ——— is let off—and let him thank his stars for the escape.

The Liberality of the Landlords.

AT a recent audit, MR. TOMKINS returned ten per cent. on his rents to the tenantry. The circumstance arose in the following manner:—The tenantry consists of a second-floor lodger, at 10 shillings a week. The audit takes place every Monday morning, and one of the shillings out of the ten having been discovered to be a bad one, it was sent back again to the lodger, being equivalent to a return of ten per cent. on the rent to the tenantry.

THE WAVERLEY BALL.

IN addition to the promised attractions of this *fête*, we learn that a "*tableau vivant*" has been arranged from the "ANTIQUARY," Chap. 15.

SCENE.

Back parlour in the Postmaster's house at Fairport.

MRS. MAILSETTER . . . SIR JAMES GRAHAM.
MRS. HEUKBANE . . . LORD BROUGHAM.
MRS. SHORTCAKE . . . LORD STANLEY.

Engaged in sorting the letters just received by the Edinburgh Mail.

Mrs. M. A letter!—a ship letter! for JENNY CAXON.

(*Mrs. H. and Mrs. S. catch at it eagerly.*)

Nae! nae! leddies, no more o' that work; there 's a complaint anent AILEY BISSETT's letter that ye opened, and the short and the long of it is that we 'll lose the place gin there's more of the kind.

Mrs. H. and Mrs. S. A weel! but just let 's look at the outside o' it, woman.

Mrs. M. Eh! nothing can be gathered from the outside of a letter.

JENNY CAXON, *a girl of uncommon beauty and modesty, calls to ask if there is any letter for her.*

Mrs. M. (*putting the letter behind her, and winking to Mrs. H., who twists her nose in sign of intelligence*) Call i' the morn, JENNY, the letters 'll no be sorted till the morn.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by Joseph Smith, Publisher, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, St. John's Wood Road, Regent's Park, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1844.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

PART II.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.—OF INCORPOREAL HEREDITAMENTS.

It seems that COKE, in his pleasant squib on LITTLETON—for surely he who throws a light on another may do so by aiming a squib at him—has described an incorporeal hereditament as a right issuing out of a thing corporate, whether real or personal; such as a rent issuing from land, which is not the same as money got by raising the wind, though rent is sometimes paid by resorting to the latter process.

There are ten sorts of Incorporeal Hereditaments; so that they must be out of sorts indeed who have not the enjoyment of any one of them.

The 1st is an advowson, or the right of presentation to a church; which would indeed be an unsatisfactory kind of introduction if it applied only to the church, instead of the good things connected with it. Advowsons are of three kinds: 1st. Presentative, where the patron presents his clerk to the bishop, who is expected to institute the said clerk, or rather to "let him regularly in." 2ndly. Collative, where the patron and bishop are one, in which case COKE insists, in a lengthy chapter of eighty-six pages, that "the bishop cannot present to himself unless he were one beside himself, in which case he would be stark-staring mad; and, therefore, *non compos*, and, *reang de bishoppe de too*." 3dly. Donative, when the King, or any subject, by his licence, has founded a church, which the patron is allowed to give without presentation. "And this," says SPELMAN, "is an illustration of the patron's *willy* being superior to the bishop's *nilly*; the latter going for *nil* in opposition to the *will* of the former."

Tithes form the second species of Incorporeal Hereditaments, though a recent jurist says that tithes ought rather to be the tenth, because they are the tenth part of the profit yearly arisingfrom lands.

Tithes are not payable on animals, *ferœ naturæ*, or, in other words, wild beasts; so that the proprietors of the Zoological Gardens are not bound to settle on the rector one in ten of all the tigers, bears, lions, or cassowaries, that may be added within the year to the live stock alluded to.

Tithes are due to the parson, who is entitled to the tenth of almost everything; and there is a case in the books, where a parson claimed the Xth of a hogshead of XX, which he held must be equivalent to half, because X is the half of XX.

There are three ways of being exempted from the payment of tithes: namely, composition, custom, or commutation, to which some unprincipled persons have occasionally added a fourth, by bolting and leaving the tithes unpaid, to the extreme disgust and decided *damnum* of the parson.

A composition is where a parson makes hay while the sun shines, by getting a good round sum in his own lifetime in discharge of the tithes which would have been payable not only to himself but his successors—a practice which savoured so much of covin towards future incumbents, that a law was passed in the 13th of Elizabeth to prevent parsons and vicars from making away with the property of their churches for more than three lives *or* twenty-one years,—a statute which consequently fixes seven years as the average duration of human existence. Secondly, is a discharge by custom, which is sometimes only a partial discharge, as where the parson is accustomed to take the twelfth cock of hay instead of the tenth, in consideration of the hay being made for him,—unless, indeed, the parson be such a jolly old cock that he can make his own hay, in which case the *modus decimandi* would not operate. Sometimes also the parson accepts two fowls instead of a tenth of all the eggs,—which is, in fact, counting his chickens after they are hatched,—and the reduction is made in consideration of the labour employed in sitting on the eggs; from the risk and anxiety of which the parson thus saves himself.

3dly, Commutation, which provides that the parson shall take his tithes in money, instead of rushing into poultry yards, and carrying off one goose out of ten, or going personally into the hay-field and cocking a cock or two into a cart for his own use; "a plan by which, it is true," says Fortescue, "he made cock-sure of his tithes, though at a sacrifice of his dignity."

The 3rd incorporeal hereditament is the Right of Common, which is of four sorts, namely, pasture, piscary, turbary, and estovers. Common of pasture is the privilege of turning out ducks and jackasses, or other animals, to indulge in the luxury of a meal of buttercups among a lot of boys flying kites, pitching stones, or playing cricket in all directions. Common of piscary is the right of fishing, which presents a curious contradiction to the science of mathematics; for in fishing it requires only one line to make an angle, while in mathematics two lines are required before an angle can be formed. Common of turbary is a right of digging turf, but unless it is for a lark, this right must be regarded as rather *infra dig*. Common of estovers is the privilege of cutting wood from another's estate, though WILLIAMS, J. has declared that any one cutting another person's wood deserves to be made to cut his own stick with remarkable rapidity.

The 4th kind is that of Ways, or the right of going over another person's ground, which is, in fact, the right of getting into the way of other people.

Offices form the 5th kind, such as the office of beadle; though the worthy beadle of the British Museum is himself anything but *in*corporeal.

Dignities constitute the 6th, and franchises the 7th sort of incorporeal hereditaments. The former speak for themselves; but a franchise is a branch of the royal prerogative existing in a subject; such as the right of killing bucks, does, and roes, in a royal forest. Whether the does and roes alluded to are the celebrated JOHN and RICHARD, of legal celebrity, we are not aware, and none of the jurists have helped to solve the problem.

The 8th, 9th and 10th descriptions of incorporeal hereditaments are cōrodies or the right of sustenance, which may be had at any respectable workhouse; annuities, which must be well understood by those who enjoy them, but are not worth the trouble of describing to those who don't; and rents, including rent-service, rent-charge, and a few others. Rent-service has fealty attached to it, as where a policeman is put into an empty house to let it—which, by-the-bye, he never thinks of attempting. A rent-charge is a rent-payment charged upon land, with the power of distress—a power which the law loveth to exercise, for distress is the very essence of law in general. Rack-rent is rent of the full value of the tenement according to some, but in the opinion of others it is thought that rack-rent means a rent so high that the tenant is on the rack how to succeed in getting it together.

RUNNING REIN MORALITY.

"Mihi quidem cogitanti," as LORD BROUGHAM says.

THE only moral that BARON ALDERSON elicits out of the Running Rein case is one worthy of the plush rather than the ermine, and which would come well from the lips of BARON JENKINS.

"The trial has produced great regret and disgust in my mind. It has disclosed a wretched fraud, and has shown noblemen and gentlemen of rank associating and betting with men of low rank, and infinitely below them in society, in so doing, they have been cheated and made the dupes of the greatest frauds. They may depend on it, it will always be so, when gentlemen associate and bet with blackguards."

This, as the poet affectingly remarks, is coming it a *little* too strong. Does the Baron mean that gentlemen never cheat? Is all that work done by us vulgar? Did he ever hear of a lord cheating; of gentlemen backing the lord because he was cheating! Did he ever hear of young men being rooked at play, and in good society too? or are blacklegs only to be found among the lower classes?

It 's too bad that all the regret is to be for the gentlefolks, and all the abuse for the vulgar. Why not lament that the commoners fall into bad company with lords, and are ruined by their wicked associates!

Besides, what *is* a gentleman? Does a gentleman who associates with blackguards continue to be a gentleman, or degrade himself to be a blackguard? or does a blackguard become a gentleman by consorting with such, or how?—and what may a man do and still be a gentleman—let MR. JUSTICE JENKINS decide.

If gentlemen consort with rogues and swindlers, knowing them perfectly to be such, have money transactions with them, win or lose by their successful or unsuccessful roguery, it is too bad of a judge to assume that the gentlemen are the spotless in honour, and the clodpoles the only rascals. It is paying the gentlefolks a bad compliment too. What fools they must be to go into such society; where, according to JUDGE ALDERSON, the poor artless creatures are sure of being plundered.

No! A gentleman who has an affection for the society of thieves, depend upon it, frequents them for some other motive than that of having his pockets picked. There 's no pleasure in that. Our respected superiors are not so "jolly green" as the judge describes them. Does not LORD GEORGE show in the transaction that he can pretty well take care of himself?

They go among those knaves and swindlers, those low-bred ruffians reeking of gin and the stable, *to make money of them*. They associate with boors and grooms, Jew gambling-house keepers, boxers and bullies, for money's sake to be sure. What other could bring such dandies into communication with such brutes? You can't suppose that gentlemen would associate with such scoundrels, any more than he would willingly incur an infection, unless he had some end in view.

And the noble patrons of the Turf *have* a great end in view—that of money. So the Turf becomes our pride, and we respect it as a great English Institution, of which we have just as good reason to be proud as I have of the hump on my back.

But let young men coming out in life follow *Punch's* counsel as well as BARON ALDERSON'S. "Avoid the Turf blackguards," says the BARON. "My son," I say to you, "avoid the Turf gentlemen too."

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

MR. ROEBUCK has been abusing in Parliament the *daily* press. What, in the name of pity, have we done that we were not included in the hon. member's abuse!

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER III.

FROM A GENTLEMAN TO A FRIEND, SOLICITING HIS ACCEPTANCE AND BOND.

My dear Richards,

In this our fleeting life, how few are the opportunities afforded us of really testing the hearts of our friends! Sorry, indeed, should I be for my own nature, were I of the barren creed of those who, from the depths of their would-be wisdom, smile knowingly at friendship, as though, like the word phœnix, it spoke of something very fine, but very fabulous: a spicy monster, building in the clouds, and never known to descend upon our earth. No: I should be among the most insensible of my kind—a very savage of social life—did I fail to worship friendship in my innermost heart as a virtue illustrated by one of the noblest of created men. Forgive me if I do not name him; for true worth, like the rose, *will* blush at its own sweetness!

Truly, it is pleasant to hear men abuse the world, as though, forsooth, they themselves were the only shining exceptions from the general selfishness they condemn. When I hear a man cry out, "It is a bad world," I must of course lump him with the aggregate iniquity; for how can he have the enormous vanity to select himself as the one pure Adam from naughty millions? No, Richards; be it my faith to think the best of the world; be it my special felicity to know that I hold the heart—ay, as though it were in my hand—of the truest and the best of friends. But what, indeed, is friendship, if it be not active? What, but a harp, or the divinest of Cremonas, resting in silence—all the melodious, ravishing sounds that waft our spirits to the clouds, sleeping in their strings, a dumb sleep? So is it with the heart of a true friend until touched by the wants of his companion.

My dear Richards, I enclose you a bill for a hundred and fifty pounds. That bill, like the harp or fiddle I have spoken of, is now as a dead thing. But only write across it "Accepted, John Richards," and it will have a voice of gold—yes it will ring with sovereigns. Oh, friendship! thou divinest alchemist, that man should ever profane thee! Send the bill back by post, as I *must* have the cash to-morrow.

I have many acquaintance, any of whom would have gone through the little form (for it is only a form,) I ask of you. But no: I should have thought such an act on my part a treason to our friendship. You know, my dear boy, that I am apt to be imaginative; and thus, it is a sweet and peculiar pleasure to me to fancy both our names linked indissolubly together—the union legalised by a five-shilling stamp,—each adding value to the other by being paired. Thus, it almost seems to me, that we merge two souls into one—that in very truth, by the potent spell of friendship, we are no longer single, but bound together by a bond unknown to those pagans of the ancient time, Orestes and Pylades, Damon and Pythias!

Yes; with a slight flourish of the pen, we shall feel what I once thought impossible, a greater interest in one another. We shall know that our names, written upon accredited paper, pass in the world as symbols of gold; you will have turned ink-drops into ready money, and *I* shall have received it. The roses that wreathe around the stamp are, to my mind's eye, Richards, the very types of our kindred minds. Do not, however, fail to post the bill to-night.

There is—I believe he calls it—a bond on my account for three or four hundreds to which a troublesome attorney wants your name. Come and breakfast with me on Monday, my dear boy, and it shall be ready for you. Heaven bless you,

Your friend, to the Place of Tombs,
Montague St. George.

P.S. I have a *pâté de foie gras*, which I don't think you ever tasted, from Paris, for Monday. It 's made of geese's-liver. They put the live goose before the fire and make it drink and drink. Rather cruel, but there 's no mistake in the liver.

LETTER IV.

THE FRIEND'S ANSWER, REFUSING BOTH ACCEPTANCE AND BOND.

My dear Montague,

Your letter has given me great pleasure. You know how highly I have always thought of friendship: it is, as you say, a divine thing. Indeed, to my mind so divine, that it should never, no never, be mixed up with money.

Nevertheless, however we may differ on this little point, it is impossible for me to speak as I feel on your letter. It is charmingly written. There is a beauty, a fervour in your sentiments about friendship that convince me you have felt its treasures, and are therein, though poor in the world's esteem, rich as an Emperor. My dear friend, cultivate this style of writing: I am certain money is to be made by it.

I agree with you as to your opinion of the world; it is a glorious world—and glorious, indeed, are some of the people in it. The friendship that has so long subsisted between us, must make me acknowledge this. Your simile of a friend and a fiddle is perfect and touching. What, indeed, are they both made for, if not to be played upon?

Your picture of the unison of souls, when both the souls' hands are to the same bill, is beautiful, affecting. I have read the passage over twenty times. It has neither one word too many or too few. The picture is perfect: a cabinet gem to be locked up in one's heart. The unison of souls is a charming phrase; but, unhappily, my friend, it is too fine, of too subtle an essence to be acknowledged and respected by the coarse men of the world. The sheriff, for instance, cares not for souls, only inasmuch as they are in bodies. Now, unhappily, so far as we know, disembodied souls do not draw or accept; otherwise, what felicity would it be to me to meet and mingle with your spirit on a five-shilling stamp!

I confess, too, that it is tempting to think that, by the alchemy of a few ink-drops, I could put a hundred and fifty gold pieces (bating the discount) in the purse of my friend. Alas! if the ceremony began and ended with ink, I would spend a Black Sea upon you. You should have my name ten thousand times multiplied, with a good wish in every stroke, hair and thick.

That you have eschewed so many acquaintance, all happy with clean-nibbed pens to accept for you, and in the fulness of your friendship selected me, is a compliment, nay more, it is an evidence of your affection which I—I hope to deserve.

You know that *I*, as well as yourself, am apt to be imaginative. Imaginations, however, fly not always together. You say, that by accepting the bill, our souls would be united. My dear friend, for three months, I should feel ourselves growing together, every day strengthening the process. I should feel as if I breathed for two; nay, I should hardly turn in my bed unincumbered. I should, in my fancy, become a double man with only single strength to bear about my added load. You know the story of Sinbad and the Old Man of the Mountain? That is a fine allegory, though not understood. The truth is, the Old Man drew a bill, and Sinbad—guileless tar!—accepted it.

You speak of the roses that wreathe about the stamp. They are, indeed, very pretty. But, somehow, my eye fell upon the thistles; which I doubt not, the benevolence of Her Majesty causes to be embossed there: thistles, clearly significant that the man who accepts a bill, save for his own debt, is an ass.

I am, on the contrary,
Your affectionate friend,
John Richards.

P.S. I can't come on Monday, and I don't like *pâté de foie gras*. Why, in the name of mercy, should geese be treated as you describe? *They* never accept other geese's bills.

IRISH STATE TRIALS.

PROCEEDINGS IN ERROR BEFORE THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THEIR Lordships met at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning, for the purpose of hearing the arguments in this case; and counsel having been called in, a discussion arose as to the best means of saving time.

The LORD CHANCELLOR observed that they had only got four days, and it would be desirable to make the most of them. If the case could not be disposed of, the traversers must remain in prison.

LORD BROUGHAM saw the necessity of saving time. He remembered a story told by a certain peer in their Lordships' House—a peer who might not be in the recollection of all their Lordships, but some of their Lordships might, perhaps, remember the circumstance.

LORD CAMPBELL thought that if time was an object, his noble and learned friend was taking a very strange mode of saving it.

LORD BROUGHAM replied that he always saved time when he talked, but the noble and learned Lord (CAMPBELL) never spoke without wasting time.

The LORD CHANCELLOR was anxious that some arrangement should, if possible, be entered into to save time. There were seven counsel who might all claim to be heard for the seven traversers.

SIR THOMAS WILDE said it would be impossible for him to shorten his address. He had a duty to perform to his client, and that duty he would discharge.

The LORD CHANCELLOR. But suppose your client is kept in prison because your speeches take so long a time that it becomes impossible to give judgment until the term of the sentence has expired.

SIR THOMAS WILDE repeated that his speech must be delivered. He had a duty to perform.

LORD BROUGHAM. What have you got to say, MR. HILL?

MR. HILL. I shall want a clear day, at least, my Lords.

LORD BROUGHAM. Surely, MR. PEACOCK, what you have to urge ought not to occupy many minutes.

MR. PEACOCK observed that he should require an entire morning.

A counsel, whose name we could not learn, here rose, and said he should like a week. The rest of the learned gentleman's speech was drowned in a general shout of "Oh!" and he was pulled down furiously by MR. FITZROY KELLY and MR. SERGEANT MURPHY.

LORD BROUGHAM. You will be entitled to a reply. Mr. Attorney, what do you mean to do?

SIR W. FOLLETT. I shall certainly claim the reply.

MR. FITZROY KELLY said he should expect to be heard in reply.

LORD BROUGHAM. Then we shall have seven replies, unless we save one in the person of MR. PEACOCK.

MR. PEACOCK said he should wish to reply.

The LORD CHANCELLOR. What do you mean to do, MR. HILL?

MR. M. D. HILL. All I can, my Lord. (*A laugh.*) If the other counsel reply, I shall certainly reply also.

The learned counsel, whose name we could not learn, intimated that he should expect to be heard in rejoinder as well as in reply.

LORD BROUGHAM. Good gracious, man, what are you thinking about!

The learned counsel observed, he had a right to speak in mitigation.

LORD BROUGHAM. You are now speaking in aggravation.

SERGEANT MURPHY here muffled the mouth of the learned counsel with his brief-bag; and

SIR THOMAS WILDE commenced his address, for which we refer to the papers of the day, showing the numerous interruptions and episodes it was interspersed with.

A POST OFFICE PIE.

THE *Stamford Mercury* states that a day or two since a gooseberry pie was sent through the Post-office. For the sake of those who ate it, we hope that SIR JAMES had no finger in it, the Home Secretary having, just now, not the cleanest of hands.

THE POLITICAL PECKSNIFF.

WE have heard that MR. CHARLES DICKENS is about to apply to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to prevent SIR ROBERT PEEL continuing any longer to personate, in his capacity of Premier, the character of MR. PECKSNIFF, as delineated in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, that character being copyright. We hope this rumour is unfounded, as the injunction would certainly be refused. SIR ROBERT PEEL is in a condition to prove that the part in question has been enacted by him for a long series of years, and was so, long before any of MR. DICKENS's works appeared; in short, that he, SIR ROBERT PEEL, is the original PECKSNIFF.

"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE IS HIS CASTLE."

THE truth of this soul-delighting saw was beautifully illustrated, two or three days ago, in a court off Gulston Street, Whitechapel. A poor man, named LEESON, owed 1*s.* 6*d.* for rent; yes, he was one week in arrear, having before been punctual with his eighteenpence. His landlord, named MARTIN—may seraphs harp the syllables!—forced the room-door off the hinges—dragged a girl of fifteen by the hair of her head from the bed, then her brother, a boy of seven—and, lastly, removed an infant, which he placed on the ground outside the door! The poor girl had prepared some food for the babe, which the merciful MARTIN, in the fullness of his powers of distraint, *refused to let her have*. One LYONS, a Jew broker, dwelling at 4, George Court, Stoney Lane (an apt address), Houndsditch, then left the following document, which was handed in to MR. NORTON, of Lambeth Street:—"Rent, 3*s.*; levy, 3*s.*; and man in possession, 2*s.* 6*d.*, making altogether 8*s.* 6*d.*, though all that was due was one week's rent, 1*s.* 6*d.*" What a luxurious thing is English law, even when it visits the hovels of the poor! For eighteenpence debt, law asks seven shillings costs! MR. NORTON, however, sent word to the landlord and the Jew that they must immediately restore the goods, free of expense. He had better have sent his warrant for their apprehension for the assault, and punished them accordingly. However, LEESON may, as a Briton, have this satisfaction: his house is his castle, so long as his landlord and a Jew broker refrain from breaking into it.

PUNCH'S FINE ART EXHIBITION.

FEW persons will deny that the subjects of this Exhibition, of which we give unrivalled copies to the British public this day, are disgraceful in every point of view: that they are mean in execution: that they are vulgar in idea: that they are questionable in morality: and, in a word, unworthy of consideration.

We therefore propose to examine them calmly, carefully, and in an æsthetical point of view. As we have no party prejudices, we are happy to say that we despise them all equally; and have spared no expense to lay them before a generous and enlightened public, for whose opinions we do not care one straw.

Why MR. SPOKER should have represented our Gracious Queen in the character of "BRITANNIA patronizing the Fine Arts," we are at a loss to conceive. It is neither correct in point of history, nor complimentary to our Gracious Monarch, who does not patronize the British Fine Arts at all, liking, and with reason, French, German, and Italian artists, much better.

Nor is GENERAL TOM THUMB a Briton. He was, like GENERAL WASHINGTON, born in the town of Kentucky, in the county of Pennsylvania, U. S., and, therefore, is an American. Hence it is absurd to typify *him* as an exemplification of the Fine Arts.

That the Artists of Great Britain are among the most devoted of Her Majesty's subjects, is proved from the fact that they furnish the Queen with pictures at about a fifth part of the price which common publishers will give for them. So that it is lucky for them that the Sovereign does not patronize the Fine Arts *more*. This is no doubt the royal reason, and is incontrovertible: only vulgar persons will, henceforth, raise any objection to Her Majesty's apparent coldness towards the Arts.

The other large piece by SPILLER is equally reprehensible—"Field Marshal his Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT attiring MARS for battle." Mars was the God of war—he is so no longer. He is represented with the flower-pot-Albert hat which he never wore: and which is about as fit for a God of war as a gauze turban with a bird of paradise or a tulip to ornament it.

His Royal Highness the Prince Field Marshal *never* put this hat on MARS—on the contrary, he withdrew it. It is, therefore, disrespectful to the Prince, as it is disgraceful to the God of war.

MARS is represented with a *Blucher* lying beside him. Ought he not in common justice and good feeling to have had a *Wellington* on the other foot?

No. 965. "JOSEPH HUME buttoning his caliga, or highlow." Of this statue we make the complaint that has been made relative to the effigies of his Grace the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, his late most sacred Majesty GEORGE IV., &c.—viz., a total, shameful, wicked, mean, perverse, base inaccuracy of costume. How is JOSEPH represented? by a wicked perversion of fact—in pantaloons—and nothing but pantaloons. Is he not a Scotchman—and do Scotchmen wear pantaloons?—quite the contrary. There is not a snuff establishment in the metropolis but can furnish a proud denial to the question. So much for the author of HUME;—pass we now to

1385. "B. D'ISRAELI, Esquire, (M.P.), strangling the Whig and Tory serpents." This is a fine idea—and the snakes we may say are magnificently *handled*. Whether, however, the Tories are snakes, or the Whigs resemble those exceedingly venomous creatures—we for our parts decline to state. To call a gent. a snake, is to *our* thinking, to say that he is no better than a reptile: and is it fair to treat the two great parties in England in this humiliating manner?

The portrait of the celebrated author of "Coningsmark," &c., is good, but not in the least like him. In this the artist has shown his tact and skill.

10465. "MERCURY teaching SIR JAMES GRAHAM the Use of Letters." Absurd—contrary to truth. It was CADMUS who invented letters by the aid of the God of Quicksilver. SIR JAMES GRAHAM only broke them open when written.

100000. "JOHN BULL extracting the Income-Tax from his Foot." Ha! ha! ha! We wish he may procure it, but not all the LEVIS or EISENBERGS in the world can remove that obstruction from him.

As for "SIBTHORP eating Thistles" (395), and "LORD BROUGHAM in the character of a Peri mourning his being kicked out of Paradise" (No. 4967), these are *base*-reliefs indeed;—if COLONEL S. likes thistles (and we have not heard whether he does or no, and if he does, there are some very useful animals who like them, too), why should he not eat them? and why be held up to public ridicule for a harmless, though singular, taste? And in regard of LORD BROUGHAM being turned out of the Treasury—we ask one thing—Could his Lordship help it? and is it not perfectly natural that he would like to get back again? Would not RUSSELL and PALMERSTON like to go back, too? and, as in the case of JOHN BULL (100000), we say, we heartily wish they may get it.

THE "EIGHT POUND" GOVERNESS.

IN a recent number, it may be remembered, we extracted an advertisement for "A Governess of Decided Piety," at eight pounds per annum. The letters were to be addressed to "MR. BRUCE, Stationer, Trump-street, King-street, Cheapside,"—the unsuspecting MR. BRUCE never having seen the advertisement which was to shed its mild rays on the *Evangelical Magazine*. Hence, many persons have—in their contempt of "G. I." the advertiser—confounded him in some way with the worthy MR. BRUCE, who, had he seen the advertisement, would, he assures us, have never lent his name and house to so shabby a transaction. We have also been informed that "G. I."—(by the way, is "G. I." either of the dozen

Wandering Jews?)—has obtained a victim, a governess; that, in his own words, "he is nicely suited." Poor doomed thing!

PUNCH'S (EXCLUSIVE) LAW REPORT.

THE important question, which of the Barons should try the case of Running Rein, was discussed in their lordships' private room. Instead of the sittings *in banco*, their Lordships held their

SITTINGS IN ELBOW-CHAIRS BEFORE MAHOGANY.

MR. BARON ALDERSON opened the proceedings by remarking that there would be some fun for the judge who tried the case of Running Rein. And he thought it would not be fair for the chief to exercise his privilege, and preside as he would in strictness have the right to do.

MR. BARON ROLFE said the question was really one of merits, and the judge in whose peculiar line the matter seemed to be, ought, he (MR. BARON ROLFE) thought, to be the one to try it.

The Chief Baron said he would be glad to leave the affair in the hands of the puisnes.

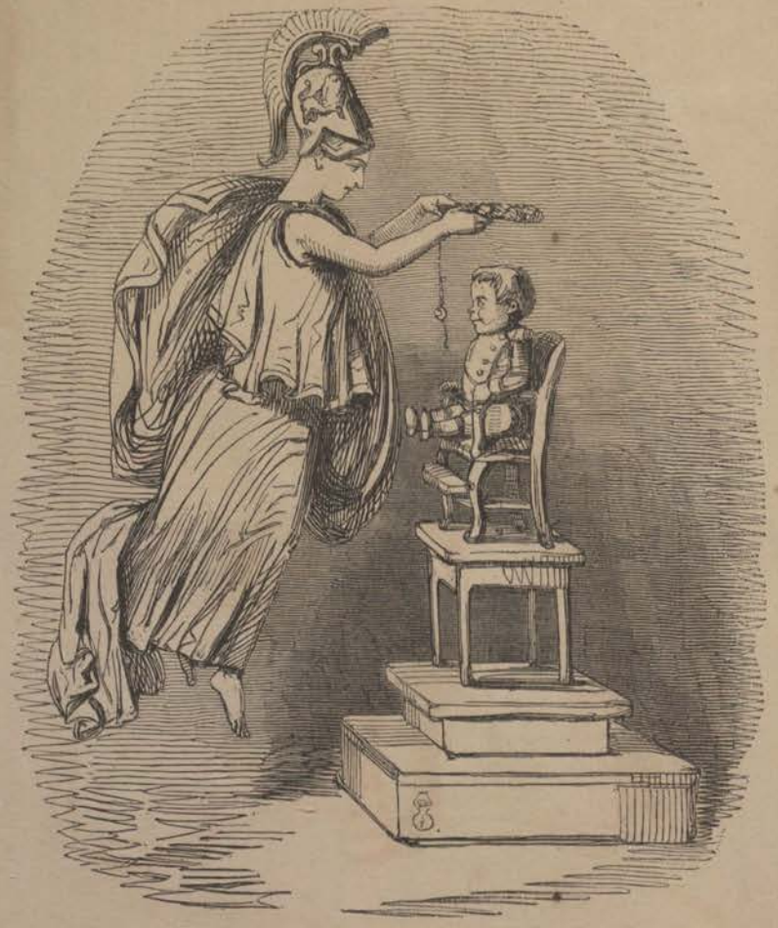
MR. BARON GURNEY said the only point to decide was whether the trial was likely to be comic or serious. If comic, he thought the broad humour of his brother ALDERSON would meet the merits, but if serious, he thought that the melodramatic and impressive Baron on his left (he meant MR. BARON PARKE), would be the judge to whose hands the matter ought to be committed.

MR. BARON PARKE observed that if he were selected to try the case, he should adopt the solemn tone of the *Admiral* in *Black-Eyed Susan*, whose luminous judgment on *William* seemed to be a model of British jurisprudence.

After some further consultation, it was agreed that their Lordships should toss up, or, in other words, undergo the ancient ordeal of trial by copper. This plan, however, presented difficulties, and it was then proposed to settle the question in the shape of a game at odd man, but this left it still unsatisfactory, for two of the very oddest men are Barons of the Exchequer.

It was ultimately settled that BARON ALDERSON should try the case that had been the subject of so much judicial competition.

JOHN BULL PLUCKING THE INCOME TAX OUT OF HIS FOOT.



VICTORIA PATRONISING THE FINE ARTS.

HUME TYING HIS HIGHLOW.

GIBBS DEFYING THE VESTRY.

THE PERI WEEPING AT THE GATES OF PARADISE.

PUNCH'S FINE ART EXHIBITION

BRITANNIA PRESENTING THE ORDER OF THE THISTLE TO SIBTHORP.

MARS ATTIRED BY PRINCE ALBERT.

JOINVILLE TAMING THE BRITISH LION.

THE INFANT HERCULES STRANGLING THE SERPENTS.

MERCURY GIVING GRAHAM AN INSIGHT INTO LETTERS.

OF DESIGNS FOR NATIONAL STATUES.

GRAHAM'S "SECRET COMMITTEE."

THE magnanimous determination of SIR JAMES GRAHAM to explain all his letter-breaking doings — the inevitable felonies of ungrateful office —has ended in an amendment for the appointment of a Secret Committee! SIR JAMES was desirous that the fullest light should be thrown upon the business; but then the light must be in a dark lantern. He was painfully anxious that the whole universe should know every circumstance—nevertheless, it would be best to confine such knowledge to some half-dozen individuals. In one evening did SIR JAMES double the parts of *Brother Bruin* and *Jerry Sneak*.

However, the Committee have been at work; meeting and transacting their business with a secrecy and stillness touchingly complimentary to SIR JAMES. The Committee-room (No. 14) was especially prepared for the occasion. The windows were hung with curtains which admitted a very dim, though not particularly religious light. We observed—(how *Punch* obtained admittance, it would be very ungrateful in him towards SIR JAMES to declare)—we observed a tea-kettle and hammer hanging from the walls, the insignia of the Post-office under the direction of the present Home Secretary.

It is now, we believe, pretty generally known that the steaming kettle is employed to undo wafers—whilst the hammer transmits the impression of the wax to a piece of lead which, the letter being perused by SIR JAMES, is used to re-seal the missive, that unsuspected it may pass into the hands of its guileless owner.

The members of the Committee are only admitted into the room by a pass and countersign. Thus, an officer appointed for the purpose cries "*Fouché*," and the member answers "*Jack Sheppard*;" on this the member—who, by the way, we should observe, is carefully masked, in order that the witnesses examined may not know their interrogators—enters, and takes his place.

It is, in truth, a great pang to us that our limited weekly sheet does not afford verge and room enough to give a *verbatim* report of all the proceedings. We trust, however, to be able to give sufficient to display the fine spirit animating the Committee. The first witness called and examined was

SIR JAMES GRAHAM, BART.

You are the Secretary for the Home Department, SIR JAMES?—I have that good fortune, whatever the country may think to the contrary.

And, as Secretary, you have the run of the Post Office?—Such privilege is one of the peculiar sweets of my office.

You have been in correspondence with several foreign powers?—I have.

For the purpose of opening letters addressed to their various subjects?—Exactly. I consider myself a sort of foolscap *Jack Sheppard* to all crowned heads.

Do you conceive such custom congenial to the habits of Englishmen?—Perhaps not yet; but use—'tis a worn adage—is second nature. In time, I have no doubt that letters may be opened quietly as oysters.

Is it not an axiom that every Englishman's house is his castle?—Why, there is an agreeable fiction of the kind. There is, too, a poetical illusion that to break wax or wafers is to commit a felony. These things are the imaginative parts of the laws of England—or, I should rather say the jokes, invented to relieve the general dullness of the statutes.

You do not object to break open a man's letter? You would, consequently, not refuse to break open his desk?—Most certainly I should, and for this reason. The letter may be resealed, and so escape notice: now the broken desk would at once betray the violence.

But how if you could open it with a false key?—That materially alters the question.

Do you see any difference between a counterfeit seal and a false key?—None whatever. Both instruments are excellent in their way; and particularly serviceable to a "strong government."

Have you any objection to state what letters you have opened, and to whom addressed?—No objection whatever. Here are copies of a few to and from General TOM THUMB, the OJIBBEWAY INDIANS, MLLE. DEJAZET, MONS. JULLIEN, MR. EISENBERG, the corn-cutter; HERR DÖBLER, SIGNOR BERTOLINI, the eating-house keeper; MONS. VEREY, the pastry-cook; besides others.

All of them foreigners?—All. I had them stopped in obedience to the commands of their separate governments.

May the Committee ask you the favour to go over them? Your long practice must have rendered you so excellent a reader?—Truly, gentlemen, I never boast, never; but if there is anything I can do, it is reading other people's letters.

Proceed, SIR JAMES.

Here the worthy and respected Baronet proceeded to read an epistle from TOM THUMB to a brother in America:—

"My dear JONATHAN,—We are gettin' on slick as greased lightnin': doin' it tarnation strong to be sure. As for the smartest nation of creation, I have now considerable doubts since I've been among the Britishers. President TYLER is no rowdy at all after QUEEN VIC.: he never gave me the slightest thing on airth—but the QUEEN has done the right thing in the way of millions of jewellery. Governor BARNUM is as gay as an alligator in a pond of treacle. As for me, I 'm beautiful, and don't grow at all, the gin here being so splendiferous. I've got watches from the royal family for all of you.

"Your affectionate Brother,

"TOM THUMB, General.

"P. S. I don't sing *Yankee Doodle* now; but tip the Britishers *God Save the Queen*. Nothing like soft sawder here, I can tell you."

Here SIR JAMES GRAHAM was re-examined.

What led you to intercept General TOM THUMB's letters?—Instructions from President TYLER. You will perceive that the PRESIDENT is spoken of in a contemptuous manner as being "no rowdy" at all. Now, if we are to allow TOM THUMB the hospitality of the Egyptian Hall, we are not to permit him to sneer at the head of a country with which we are at profound peace. Besides, the PRESIDENT informed me that TOM THUMB was concocting a conspiracy with other Americans in London, the purpose of which was to destroy Pennsylvanian bonds, by buying them up. This the PRESIDENT considered an unexpected blow at the credit of his country.

The next Letter which we have room for was from MR. EISENBERG:—

"My dear KARL,—To shew you how I am getting on in this country, I inclose you the following certificate from SIR ROBERT PEEL:—

"'Mr. EISENBERG has entirely relieved me from my corn that has troubled me all the session. I think him a far superior operator to BRIGHT or COBDEN.'

"When I return, my dear KARL, you shall see how I 'll cut the corns of Old Germany."

SIR JAMES GRAHAM re-examined.

Well, SIR JAMES, MR. EISENBERG's letter is harmless enough?—Certainly not: it is plain that, by his allusion to cutting the corns of Old Germany, he means to advance the progress, the movement as it is called, of that country. The KING OF PRUSSIA is dreadfully troubled with corns; so much so, he can make no advance at all. This secret he confided to me as Home Secretary, and I considered it a solemn duty to that potentate to open all letters to and from MR. EISENBERG. If we welcome foreigners to our hearth-stones, it is not that they should whet their revolutionary weapons upon them.

The next letter was from MLLE. DEJAZET. SIR JAMES very fluently translated it:—

"My dear ANGELIQUE,—I have quite enchanted the barbarous Islanders. *Pauvres bêtes!* They have almost smothered me with *bouquets*. Nevertheless, I have not forgotten *La Belle France*, as LOUIS PHILIPPE shall find the very next time I am commanded to Versailles.

"You know these English are only fit to make knives and scissors. I have purchased—but I won't tell you what till we meet."

SIR JAMES GRAHAM re-examined.

And was MLLE. DEJAZET considered dangerous? Certainly. I was desired by LOUIS PHILIPPE to keep my eye upon her: all her letters were of course brought to me: but I hope I have exercised a very proper delicacy. The police traced her "purchase" to the

tradesman. We feared, from the dark way in which she hints at LOUIS PHILIPPE, another infernal machine.

And what article did the lady buy?—A steel corkscrew of the last patent.

Here SIR JAMES read other letters, but we have no room for the contents. He, however, declared that there was danger to our Canadian frontier in the epistles of the Ojibbeways—that M. JULLIEN was likely to set England by the ears—that HERR DÖBLER, by his adroit and successful shuffling, naturally excited envy in all the breasts of Downing Street—and that BERTOLINI and VEREY, in their separate letters, gave great uneasiness to foreign nations, as they proved that Young Germany, Young Switzerland, Young Poland, Young Italy, and Young France, were continually meeting at both the tradesmen's houses, and of late consuming dinners and drinking wines of a very superior quality. It was plain, argued SIR JAMES, that revolutionary gold was spreading; and, therefore, it was his solemn duty to open every letter that came into his clutches.

Perhaps we may continue to report the proceedings of the Secret Committee.

DEAR SHAKSPEARE!

Six or Seven weeks ago, MRS. WARNER and MR. PHELPS took Sadler's Wells Theatre, therein to enact, with some chance of success, the plays of WM. SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. Punch presents his compliments to MRS. WARNER and MR. PHELPS, and therewith his congratulations, for the zeal which has impelled them thus to consecrate a temple to the Drama in the remote waste of Islington. He begs at the same time to tell them, that he knows a trick worth considerably more than two of theirs.

They have made SHAKSPEARE cheap to the people. Now, if they have any regard for their interests, and, he need not say, for propriety, they should endeavour to make him dear to the people.

By rendering SHAKSPEARE dear to the people, they will convert him into a luxury; and thus, placing him in the category of early peas, unseasonable strawberries, extraordinary fiddlers, and horticultural shows, procure for him the patronage of the exclusive circles.

MR. CHARLES KEMBLE has been reading SHAKSPEARE to crowded audiences, composed of the *élite* of *Ton*, at the charge of 10*s*. 6*d*. a head for admission. The same MR. CHARLES KEMBLE has played the same SHAKSPEARE at Covent Garden to nearly empty benches. It was long thought that the fashionable world would not have SHAKSPEARE at any price; but the fact is, that they will have him at a certain price; only it must not be under 10*s*. 6*d*.

It is not true that our aristocracy do not care about the Bard of Avon. On the contrary, they are so fond of him that they must have him all to themselves. They understand him quite as well as they do music which is intrinsically nonsensical, and would at least give as much to hear him as to see a dancing-girl caper. Besides, during the performance of *Macbeth* or *Othello*, they could talk and chat with each other, just as comfortably as they do at the Opera.

This word Opera is *Punch's* cue. He seriously advises MRS. WARNER and MR. PHELPS to take her Majesty's Theatre on the off-nights; and to charge opera prices for admission. The ladies will all rush to hear *dear* SHAKSPEARE; and, of course, the gentlemen will follow them. If this hint is not taken by those to whom it is addressed, *Punch* does not know that he will not act upon it himself; and if it does not answer—if the house is not nightly crowded by Rank, Fashion, and Beauty, to his realisation of a fortune by the end of the season—he does not say that he will not shut up his Office.

HER MAJESTY AND THE MILLINERS.

IT is with great pleasure that we copy the following from the daily papers:—

"The Queen has been pleased to send a donation of 50*l*. to the Association for the Aid and Benefit of Dressmakers and Milliners."

There was a foolish, nay, a wicked rumour that her Majesty had all her dresses direct from Paris—that they were duly taken to Buckingham Palace in charge of an officer of the customs; but the paragraph we have quoted, pregnant as it is with sympathy for English workwomen, gives a triumphant denial to the calumny.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

THE father of a numerous family is compelled to throw himself on the generosity of a British public. He is a Frenchman and has tried his own nation in vain. He therefore comes like Themistocles to place himself at the threshold of his most generous and powerful enemies.

His name is LOUIS PHILIP—he was recognised by BENJAMIN D'ISRAËLI Esquire, as Ulysses—he refers to that gentleman and LORD BROUGHAM, who both knew him in better days.

He is not only a father but a grandfather; and the poor little ones round about him are crying for bread. It is awful how great their appetites are, and his paternal old bowels yearn with pity at the notion of their want.

He has a sister who is very kind to the children, and has come down with the dust as far as her humble means permitted.—His cousin CHARLES DIX by name, left him a pair of shoes, which he has worn ever since 1830; another cousin, one ANTONY CONDÉ, died and left one of his sons a decent maintenance. But there are a dozen left—quite unprovided for—the unhappy father could not pay the money he promised to LÉOPOLD BELLECHIQUE, who married his eldest daughter, and who has been dunning him ever since.

The world presents no instance perhaps of a parallel misery.

And as his own people refuse to help him; and as the English are proverbial for their generosity towards Jews, Ashantees, Quashimaboos, &c.—L. PHILIP humbly suggests that his own case be considered, and beseeches them to come down with the stumpy.

The smallest subscriptions in money or goods thankfully received; among which we have the gratification of announcing—

DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq.	0½
LORD BROUGHAM . .	a pair of Shepherd's plaid inexpressibles.
BENJAMIN SIDONIA, Esq.	2 old hats.
— PECKSNIFF, Esq., a warm and uncompromising admirer of virtue—a friend to distress—a lover of respectability—and a humble helper of all in need,	A toothpick.

Need we say that our Offices are open for the generous purpose of the subscription?

MOORISH DESIGNS.

(From the National.)

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO is raising troops in Europe. Already the Brussels journals announce that several scores of Braves Belges have been enlisted, and are on their way to ABDEL-RAHMAN.

We need not French soldiers to destroy these paltry mercenaries. Let the Government hire half the number of Dutchmen.

But there is a nation of much greater importance, which is busy in the field against us—a nation always perfidious and ready to wreak against France its diabolical ill-will. We need not say we allude to England. A well-informed Correspondent from London writes—

"War will be declared next month."

I have this intelligence from the most positive authority. All the gunmakers of London are busy preparing arms; immense provisions of lead and powder are making daily. I myself went with SIR BOULEDOG (a young Baronet and Member of the Upper House), to inspect a store of weapons, of which he selected two formidable instruments, and when I asked for what purpose, he replied with insolent calmness:—"My good friend S. and a party are *off to the Moors*."

The day is fixed *for the 12th of August*, half the young aristocrats of England have given themselves rendezvous in Morocco; and this is our ally, this is the *entente cordiale*, this is England in a word.

We summon the Minister; we adjure the insulted nation; we recal the wrongs of eight centuries of hatred; we demand, is this news true?

The Strongest Corroboration.

IN consequence of the alterations caused by SIR R. PEEL's new law, it is reported that ninety additional clerks have been engaged at the Bank. This report must be true, as we have been told ninety additional newspapers have been ordered to be sent in every morning to the same place.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT

TO THE "PUNCH" FINE ART EXHIBITION.

ER MAJESTY and PRINCE ALBERT, previous to this splendid collection being thrown open to the public in the pages of *Punch*, were invited to a private view, at the extensive *studio* in Whitefriars.

At an early hour, MR. JONES (not *the* GEORGE,) was in attendance to receive the royal guests; but, it was pithily observed, that the more he kept on waiting, the more did the royal couple seem disposed to keep on not coming. At about twelve o'clock, a rattling of carriage-wheels in Bouverie-street announced the arrival of the royal *cortège*, consisting of a single carriage; which, by a good deal of ingenious backing and manœuvring, was successfully jammed up into the corner of Lombard-street, precisely opposite the principal entrance to the *studio* of the establishment. Lombard-street (Whitefriars)—*our* Lombard-street—presented a scene of extraordinary commotion. The white banner of Marseilles—belonging to the order of the washed quilt—floated from the second-floor window of the laundress at No. 5; while mignonette gushed from a broken tea-pot at the attic of No. 2; and a sweet-pea, at No. 6, was twining itself fervently round a piece of string with all that clinging ardour of attachment which none but lovers and scarlet-beans are in the habit of exhibiting.

The fowls in the romantic little street of the adventurous Lombards, had clustered beneath a truck full of stereotype plates, which was standing near, and a cloud having given way with a most creditable feeling of courtesy, the sun was enabled to lend the scene its animating countenance. MR. SMITH was immediately at the door of the royal carriage, and with considerable presence of mind began to whistle the National Anthem, as he led the way to the *studio*—the road to greatness is always difficult to mount, which accounts for the fact that *Punch's studio* is only approachable by a perpendicular flight of steps, which the courteous would call a staircase, but to which stern unflinching truth could only affix the name of ladder. Perhaps, good-nature might take a middle course, and use the milder term of "flight of steps," though nothing but delicacy prevents us from denouncing the means of ascent as a ladder, assuming the arrogant aspect of a genuine staircase.

MR SMITH walked with considerable dignity up the steps, followed by the royal couple, who, on arriving at the top, were conducted into the cutting-room. Here PRINCE ALBERT looked round him with evident delight, and observing a box on the chimney-piece, inquired its use. On being told it was for contributions, he liberally dropped two jokes into it; which, on his Royal Highness's departure, were taken out, and distributed among the boys engaged on the establishment.

At a signal from MR. SMITH, the door of the *studio* itself was suddenly thrown open, and MR. JONES was discovered, attended by two devils-in-ordinary, who formed in single line, and preceded the royal visitors in the direction of the fire-place. HER MAJESTY and the PRINCE then examined very minutely the collection of cartoons and statues which are given in the present number of *Punch*. The figure of "HUME tying his Highlow," was objected to by the QUEEN, on the ground that the expression of the highlow was tame, and wanted sole, though HER MAJESTY admired the idea of HUME being exhibited in the very act of putting his foot in it.

A property *déjeûner*, of which it was known the royal visitors would not partake, had been borrowed from one of the theatres, and the royal couple, having expressed their wish to retire, MR. JONES conducted them to the carriage, of which MR. SMITH opened the door, and the ceremony of backing, plunging, rearing, capering, cracking of the whip, &c., having been again gone through, HER MAJESTY and the PRINCE returned to the Palace.

HUNGERFORD AND HER BRIDGES.

THE works at the Hungerford Suspension Bridge are proceeding at their usual pace, and we are told that "on Friday wooden cradles were placed at each of the pillars in the centre of the river, for the men to work in." Nothing could be more appropriate than these cradles, which have been thought necessary in consequence of the men engaged in the work having been for some time past going to sleep over it. The directors of the Company, however, declare that the cradles have been resorted to because the concern is at present only in its infancy. We can only attribute the reluctant amorous delay, evinced by the Proprietors in putting up their chains, to an inclination to have their "linked sweetness long drawn out."

ITALIAN INTELLIGENCE!!

PUNCH OFFICE, HALF-PAST NINE.

TAKING OF VENICE!!!

WE have received a telegraphic despatch from our own correspondent, announcing the taking of Venice—by a sheriff's officer. The distress under which this model of a city has fallen is a distress for rent, and the individual who acted as its Doge has calmly surrendered the republic into the hands of the sheriff of Middlesex. The circumstance has suggested the following poetical fragment:—

O Venice, Queen of cities—freedom's home!
Fair subject of the poet's noblest song!
Who wert but second to immortal Rome,
Venice! whose Doges in a goodly throng
Would fill a page of history six yards long,
Has all thy glory vanished in a day,
Has poverty for thee, then, beat its gong?
Isle of the free, the beautiful, the gay,
Hast thou been seized for rent, thy masters could not pay?

I stood in Venice—at the Egyptian Hall,
A lamp shop and a stationer's on each hand,
I saw alarm its owner's heart appal,
As a rude bailiff—one of LEVY'S band—
The rent of the apartment did demand.
I marked the owner's very vacant stare,
And still more vacant purse—that model grand,
I heard the bailiff say, he might not spare.
Taking his warrant out, he read his duty there.

(*Two hours later from Piccadilly.*)

We are glad to find that the principal singers of Her Majesty's Theatre have volunteered their services for a concert to be devoted to redeeming Venice if possible from the grasp of its captors. If music once moved the rocks, it may touch the hearts of the bailiffs. We shall be delighted to hear that Venice, the city of pasteboard palaces, is once more free.

EQUESTRIAN FEAT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

AST Friday and Saturday the "Court Circular" must have given to British enthusiasm one of those tremendous stirs which British enthusiasm, bounding and bubbling about in British bosoms, can alone experience. For several months the public have been accustomed to hear that "the Royal Family had taken their usual airings," and the announcement has no doubt raised up before every loyal eye a pleasing picture of Royal cherubim shuffling along the ground on their precious little tootens, supported by the hands of nurses. But who could have been prepared for the startling, nay, the stunning, but withal, the gratifying, intelligence that the PRINCE OF WALES "rode out on a pony." "The stability of the Throne," says JONES, "depends on the certainty of the succession"—and when we find the heir-apparent firmly seated on a pony, we must feel that the House of Brunswick becomes more firmly seated in the affections of the people. Our heart canters, our blood gallops through our veins, and our patriotism rears proudly up, when we think we have got a PRINCE OF WALES who is learning to hold the reins of power by an early experience in holding the bridle.

We understand that his Royal Highness went round the small lawn at the back of the kitchen-garden, at the rate of three miles an hour, held on only by two attendants, and that this "rapid act of ponymanship" gave the highest satisfaction to the select party who were invited to witness the Prince's "Scenes in the Circle." It was said that nothing had been witnessed at Astley's *in the same style* that could come near to the equestrian exhibition of the little Prince, whose "daring flight over a buttercup" would make a line in one of Astley's bills, that even MR. STICKNEY would find it difficult to carry out to the full satisfaction of an audience.

Foreign Intelligence.

WE have received, by Extraordinary Express, despatches from Spain.

They contain nothing new—excepting that there has been no change of Ministry during the present month. This is the more astonishing, as two weeks have already elapsed.

Should such an event occur before 12 o'clock, we will certainly publish a Second Edition.

THE POST-OFFICE PEEP-SHOW.—"A Penny a Peep—Only a Penny!"

Notice.

St. Martin's-le-Grand, July 19th.

EMPERORS, Kings, Princes, Grand Dukes, Viceroys, Popes, Potentates, Infants, Regents, Barons, and Foreign Noblemen in general, are respectfully announced that, on and after the present month, the following alterations will take place in the opening of letters :—

Letters posted at	Opened at
9 A.M.	10 A.M.
10 A.M.	11 A.M.
12	2 P.M.
2 P.M.	4 P.M.
4 P.M.	6 P.M.

Copies of letters opened will be despatched the same evening, and every information afforded as to the address of suspected parties.

A Polish and Italian translator is now permanently engaged, and a choice assortment of foreign seals has lately been added to the extensive collection.

Greater dexterity practised since the recent disclosures.

*** *No increase in the prices.*

Extensive Imperial Failure.

CONSIDERABLE sensation has been created in Imperial and Royal circles by the alleged insolvency of PRINCE JEROME BONAPARTE. The PRINCE has, it appears, made a target of a certain luminary, or in other words, "shot the moon," by precipitately leaving Florence. The Ex-king of Westphalia was never confined to Ham—or its fortress.

THE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LORD BROUGHAM has been appointed in the House of Lords one of the Committee for inquiring into the opening of letters. Since the Committee is a secret one, his loquacious Lordship has, of course, been appointed to officiate on all divisions in the capacity of a *Teller*.

REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.—*Murray.*

ONE of the most elaborate articles in the present number of this pleasant little miscellany is on the subject of illustrated books, in which an immense fund of information is exhibited. In speaking of *Punch*, the writer learnedly remarks, that it owes at least half its popularity to the pencil of George Cruikshank—whose power of imparting popularity to any work we do not for a moment doubt—though we hardly see how he has increased the reputation of *Punch*, to which, as it so happens, he has never contributed a single effort of his genius. We might as well say that our contemporary, the *Quarterly*, owes more than half its popularity to Boghos Bey, or Dr. Prætorius.

Considering the variety of subjects the *Quarterly* touches upon, from Toys to Timbuctoo, and from *Punch* to the Punjaub, it must be difficult to collect the necessary facts, so that much must be left to the imagination of the writer. The *Quarterly* reviewer has written about *Punch* without knowing anything of the matter, as the gross blunder he has made will testify. To show that we are not ill-natured, we promise that when we again criticise the *Quarterly*, we will actually read it first; and this would be indeed making a sacrifice at the shrine of impartiality.

THE POST-OFFICE BALL.

THE Waverley Ball in aid of the funds for the completion of SCOTT'S Monument having succeeded so well, it has been resolved to get up a grand Post-office Dress Ball for the purpose of erecting a Statue to SIR JAMES GRAHAM, in commemoration of his "opening" virtues, so recently discovered. We are enabled to give a few of the character-quadrilles, with the distinguished names of the parties who have kindly consented to preside over them.

The Jack Sheppard Quadrille . .	LORD BROUGHAM.
The Paul Pry Quadrille . .	LORD STANLEY.
The Peeping Tom Quadrille . .	SIR ROBERT PEEL.
The Devil to Pay Quadrille . .	THOMAS DUNCOMBE, Esq.
The Hypocrite Quadrille . .	The EDITOR of the *Standard*.

Other Quadrilles are in agitation; and there is no doubt that sufficient money will be returned to pay the expense of the Graham Statue, the more especially as it is intended to cast it of the very finest black sealing-wax. It will be erected somewhere inside the Post-office.

THE BOY JONES AND THE BOY JOINVILLE.

THE eyes of Europe are once more upon the Boy JONES. Well, the eyes of Europe have very often been turned upon more insignificant persons. We confess it—we have a regard for the Boy JONES. Whether he be really nephew or not of GEORGE JONES, of Ancient America, Esq.,—we have nevertheless a regard for the youth, who at so early an age associated his name with the annals of his country; for what future History of England, we ask, will be complete omitting all notice of JONES?

Poor boy! If fortune were not as perverse as a *prima donna*, the Boy JONES would have been born in some western square; would have learned his humanities at College, and so been regularly trained for public place. Only think of the Boy JONES, as Home Secretary, at the Post Office! As it is, we have only the heavy GRAHAM. At least, we should have had sprightliness casting its charm over illegalities; JONES would have broken a seal with a whim apologetic of the felony, whilst GRAHAM—but we will not pursue the contrast.

JONES is a genius. That of the millions who gaze upon the awful walls of Buckingham Palace, shut out from them as from Paradise, JONES should have been the only daring spirit that conceived a design to pass them—to dip his plebeian fingers in the custards of the royal larder—to creep up the royal chimneys—to crouch beneath the royal sofa, thereby (as his uncle, GEORGE JONES, has written to *Punch*,) "causing her Majesty so much alarm;"—that he alone should have done this makes JONES—whatever his real time of life may be—far in advance of his age. And her Majesty—bless her!—saw the daring in its proper light; and therefore, as it now appears, sent the Boy JONES on board the *Warspite* (whence the world has just heard of him,) with a recommendation to the Captain to watch "his dawning merits," that JONES may, in good time, sport epaulets.

A recent letter tells us that JONES fell overboard off Tunis in the first-watch; when the life-buoy, "which blazed away with a steady and beautiful light," was let go, and JONES clinging to it, called out to the boat's-crew, "here I am—look lively!" However, the writer insinuates that JONES jumped overboard, "and that for no other purpose than to see the life-buoy light burning." This is a slander. The truth is, the poor boy had been reading in the fore-chains his uncle JONES's *Ancient America*; whereupon, he naturally fell into a sleep, which lasted many hours, and in his sleep fell overboard! His life was saved for greater things.

However, we are happy to have heard thus incidentally of the Boy JONES; as his whereabout is a sufficient evidence of the watchfulness of Ministers as regards the designs of France on Morocco. Sure we are that neither SIR CHARLES NAPIER nor LORD MINTO would have twitted the Admiralty with neglect had they only known that the Boy JONES was on the Gibraltar station. We at once acknowledge the profound policy of Ministers: it is their intention to meet JOINVILLE with the Boy JONES! There is, if we mistake not, a minor theatre drama called *The Prince and the Chimney Sweep*; and we have no doubt that this piece will, sooner or later, be revived on the high seas, with—as MR. OSBALDISTON has it—"new and startling effects; the whole to conclude with the destruction of the enemy's fleet!"

Yes: let JOINVILLE hover on the coast of Morocco, BRITANNIA may be as mild as a Quakeress, for has she not at Gibraltar her babe of glory—the JERVIS of the chimney—the NELSON of the larder,—her Boy JONES? It may, possibly, wound the self-love of the French to learn that we pit our JONES against their royal admiral; nevertheless, up to the present moment, is not the achievement of greatest daring on the side of *our* hero? We taste the fulness of content to know it is so. To quote the sweet song of a sweet singer—

> "As the pause upon the ceasing of a thousand-voiced psalm,
> Is our mighty satisfaction and full eternal calm,"—

to know that wheresoever JOINVILLE is, there henceforth will be JONES; that whensoever it may please the French Admiral to attempt a descent on Brighton, Margate, or Herne Bay, JONES,

> "Like a sweet little cherub will sit up aloft,
> And keep watch for the life of JOHN BULL!"

And when some twenty years have passed away, pleasing it will be to see the Boy JONES—then Post-Captain JONES—kneeling to receive the honour of knighthood from our darling QUEEN, surrounded by her seventeen sons and daughters; most pleasant will it be to mark the sly yet benignant smile with which HER MAJESTY dubs the hero who "once caused her so much alarm,"—the intruding boy, who, according to his own report, once heard the PRINCESS ROYAL "squeak."

We put it to MR. GEORGE JONES, as a man and an ancient historian,—should so likely an event come to pass, would he *then* deny his nephew, the Boy JONES? *Punch* thinks not.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. PUNCH has the honour to inform the Public that he has lately

Slaughtered a fine Russian Bear,

which has been cut up after the most approved Fashion, and will continue to be served out for the benefit of the unfortunate Poles of the Metropolis. The Public are respectfully warned against the nauseous stuff called "Russian Balm," which has been laid on so uncommonly thick by some of MR. PUNCH's contemporaries.

Theatrical Intelligence.

WE understand that the lovely and accomplished dancer of the Highland Fling at a celebrated suburban Tea-garden has eloped with the facetious and insinuating *primo buffo* of a rival establishment. The *buffo* had been starring it for a benefit at the Tea-garden where the fair votary of Terpsichore was permanently engaged, and is said to have won her heart by the exquisite feeling he threw into the song of "Werry Ridiculous." The inamorata, who had to dance a naval hornpipe immediately afterwards, was observed to go through the double shuffle with much embarrassment, and drops—since supposed to have been tears—were remarked on her countenance during the final hitching up of the white trousers at the conclusion of the effort. A short time afterwards, while the *buffo* was on the stage, she was seen to watch him with intense interest, and at a particular passage in "O! Don't I Love my Mother," she was led in strong hysterics to the green-room—a detached section of the bar-parlour. The first restoratives that were at hand being freely resorted to, the *danseuse* became considerably better, and at the end of the performance neither she nor the *buffo* were anywhere to be found. The happy pair were traced as having gone by the "last omnibus," and letters were received the next day from Chelsea, stating that they had been linked in the bands of Hymen, and intended joining in a grand *pas de deux* for the remainder of their mutual existence.

The young lady has at present nothing in her own right, and will be entitled to as much again on the death of all her relatives. The gay Lothario holds a dishonoured bill of a minor theatrical manager, which he endorsed to his lovely partner previous to the performance of the marriage ceremony, so that it has all the force of a settlement.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER V.

FROM A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN TO A FAVOURITE ACTRESS WHOM HE HAS ONLY SEEN IN PUBLIC.

Dearest Madam,

For these past six months I have pulled against my heart—I have resisted my transports—I have fought with my passion. Yes—I determined—I will die, and my consuming secret shall perish with me. Alas! silence is no longer possible. Your witcheries of to-night have driven me with whirlwind force to pen and ink. Your voice is still in my ears—your eyes still upon my cheek—I will, I must write!

Madam, I have long adored you. Love is my witness, that I never hoped to breathe as much; but after your devotion of this evening—after the heroic sacrifice that you have made for love—after the happy willingness you have shown to give up fortune, rank, and friends, and retire with your lover from the world, though that lover was but a woodman, with nothing but his axe to provide for you both,—after the development of such a feeling (believe it, adored one, there was not a dry eye in the pit), I should wrong the sweet susceptibility of your nature, I should wrong myself, to keep silence. No; the way in which you withered the unprincipled nobleman, the tempting seducer in the second act, convinced me with an electric shock that we were made for one another! I thought—ecstatic thought!—that catching your eye from the third row, you read my heart, and, while the theatre rang with plaudits, that our souls mingled! Ah! was it not so?

But why alone speak of your virtues to-night? Does not every night show you more than something earthly? In whatever situation of life you are placed, are you not in all equally angelic? Have I not known you accused of theft, nay, of murder—and have I not—witness it, Heaven!—adored you all the more for the charge? Has accident or malice thrown a shadow over you, that you have not burst forth all the brighter for the passing gloom! And in all these sorrows I have been with you! I, from the third row of the pit, have trembled with you—have visited you in prison—have attended you to the scaffold's foot, and then, in that delirious moment when the spoons were found, or the child, thought dead, ran on in a white frock,—then have I, though still in the third row, caught you innocent to my arms, and wept in ecstacy!

As a daughter, have I not seen you all your father could wish? As a wife, have you not cast a lustre upon all your wedding-rings—as a young and tender mother—pardon me, sweet one,—have you not been more devoted than the pelican, gentler than the dove?

How was it possible, then, for six months to behold you, moving in and adorning every sphere—now to see you the polished countess, now the simple country maid—now smiling at want, and now giving away an unconsidered number of bank-notes,—how, in the name of Cupid, I ask it, was it possible even from the third row of the pit to behold all this, and not as I have done to worship you?

Shall I, ought I, to attempt to describe to you my feelings for one night! Will my love bear with me while I write? Why do I ask? Can I doubt it?

Exactly at half-past six—my heart, my best watch—I take the third seat of the pit. Often, for many minutes, I am there alone. I like it—I enjoy the solitude. I have often wished that not another soul would enter the theatre, that I might, a mental epicure, have all the feast to myself. I seem to grudge every man his seat, as slowly one by one drops in. I unwillingly suffer anybody to participate in your smiles and honied words. No: I would have you act all to myself. Even applause sometimes throws me into a dangerous paroxysm: I feel it as an intrusion on my privilege that any one should dare to applaud but me; my blood boils to my fingers' ends; but I suppress my feelings, and have as yet, though sorely tempted, knocked no man from his seat.

I have breathed the secret of my love to nobody; and yet my eyes must have betrayed me. Forgive me; I could not control my eyes. Methinks you ask me, who has discovered my love? Smile not, I will tell you; the fruit-women. Good creatures! there is not one who does not hurry to me with a play-bill, folded down at the glorious letters that compose your name, her finger—as though by accident—pointed at the soul-delighting word. I will not tell you how I treasure those bills; no, you shall never know that every such play-bill is folded beneath my pillow at night, and is resigned to a morocco portfolio in the morning; my sensations at the theatre first briefly marked in the margin. This you shall *never* know.

Let me, however, return to my third seat. The curtain is down—the orchestra yet empty. That curtain seems to shut me from Paradise, for I know you are behind it. The musicians come in, and my heart begins to throb at the overture. The play begins; perhaps you are discovered in Scene I., in the depths of misery—how deliciously my brain beats to know it. You speak; and all my veins are throbbing like the tongue of a Jew's-harp. Perhaps you sing; and then I feel a kind of sweet swooning sickness—a sort of death made easy—that I can't describe. At times you dance; and then do I seem lifted by some invisible power, and made to float about you. Then you leave the stage, and all who come after are no more to me than jointed dolls with moving eyes. How I loathe the miserable buffoon—the comedy-man, as he is called—who, while I am languishing for your next appearance, makes the empty audience laugh about me: such mirth seems an insult to my feelings—a desecration of my love. No! you from the stage, plot and players are lost to me; I sit, only thinking of your return—sometimes abstracted from the scene, mechanically counting the scattered hairs in the head of the first fiddle.

And thus, until the curtain is about to drop, and then—my heart with it—I throw a bouquet, that has nestled all the night in my button-hole, at your fairy feet. Then do I rush from the pit to the stage-door; and there—the more delighted if it rains—there do I stand, until sweetly cloaked and shawled, I watch you—see your Adelaide boots emerge into the street, and, with a thought, vanish into cab or coach. Ha! the door is closed with a slam that seems to snap my heart-strings. The horse-shoes sound in the distance—I am alone. I wander to my lodgings, sometimes in despair, and sometimes in delirious spirits, feeling that I have your arm warm and pressing under mine, and still seeing your eyes look at me, as I thought they looked at the third row of the pit.

I arrive at my cold lodging. Yet, ere I sleep, I look at your dozen faces—for I have at least a dozen—plain and coloured, hung about my walls. Yes, my beloved one! there you are, and though only published from half-a-crown to five shillings, worlds should not buy you of me!

If you have played a new part, I touch no breakfast until I read the papers. How my heart goes down upon its knees to the sensible critic who tries—although vainly—to sing your full deserts; whilst for the wretch who finds fault, or—but enough on this disgusting theme. There are monsters in the human form who write so-called criticisms for newspapers.

And now, my dearest love, in the same spirit of frankness—with that boundless gush of affection—which you have so wonderfully developed to-night—with that fervor and truth which prove to me that we were born for one another,—and that I have too rightly read your heart to believe that my want of fortune will be any defect in your eyes—rather, indeed, I should say, from what I have seen to-night, a recommendation—

I remain,
Your devoted Lover,
Charles Spoonbill.

P.S. Please, dearest, leave an answer at the stage-door. And, dearest, pray let me catch your eye in the third row to-morrow.

LETTER VI.

ANSWER FROM THE ACTRESS'S FATHER TO THE VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

SIR,

YOU are either a madman or a fool. I have to inform you that I usually carry a stout stick. Any more letters to my daughter, and you may become acquainted with it. Should you, however, be beyond my power of chastisement, there *is* a certain gentleman, to whom, on the advice of my daughter, I have only to show your letter, and he will commission his footman to thrash you as your impertinence deserves.

Your obedient Servant.

THESPIS BURNTCORK.

P.S. In future I shall keep *my* eye upon the third row of the pit.

CULINARY INTELLIGENCE.

WE see by the papers that "M. SOYER (the cook) remains at the Reform Club, with the confidence of the members, if possible, increased." We happen to know that the increase of confidence has been immense, for a member who orders a chop no longer makes any observation as to how he would like it done, but leaves it entirely to the discretion of M. SOYER. We understand that the *chef de cuisine* is so extremely sensitive that he has been known to shed tears if a person ordering a basin of mutton broth has asked for the pepper, because the mere demand seems to throw a doubt on M. SOYER'S powers of seasoning. At a recent house-dinner, a member of the committee held in his hand the resignation of M. SOYER, which was to have been peremptorily given in if a new arrangement of beef collops had been in the smallest degree objected to. By some this step may be regarded as unconstitutional; and it is probable that M. SOYER had in his remembrance the extreme step taken by EARL GREY to ensure the passing of the Reform Bill, when he caused it to be given out that he had in his pocket a *carte blanche* for the creation of Peers. The collops, however, on coming to a division, were perfectly successful, and their principle unanimously approved.

We understand that M. SOYER has a few young gentlemen reading with him, as pupils, in his chambers; and that one of them, who is studying for the made-dish department, corresponding to what, in the legal profession, would be called the chancery, is likely to rise to culinary eminence. On the simple joint-side of the kitchen, or rather the common law of cookery, there is not so much scope for genius.

Punch's Visit to the New Houses of Parliament.

PUNCH having determined to pay a visit to the New Houses of Parliament, proceeded thither without attendants in a public cab, and having reached the entrance to the works, he found no one in readiness to receive him. Having kicked for some minutes against the wooden hoarding without effect, he went round to the Victoria Tower, where a policeman was in waiting, who did not seem at all prepared for *Punch's* visit, and the "authority" consequently took no notice of the illustrious visiter. *Punch* therefore satisfied himself with measuring the width of the carriage entrance, which he discovered to be nine feet four inches, and as the state carriage happens to be nine feet six inches wide, he begs leave to ask—by way of a sum in division—how many times the state carriage may be expected to go into the Victoria Tower, and how much will remain over. The top of the Tower also, on measurement, appears to be nine feet six, while the bottom is only nine feet four, and as it is a rule of gravitation that the greater weight must crush the lower, *Punch* will be glad to know when the top of the Tower may be expected to reach the bottom!

THE BLESSING OF BAD HEALTH.

A SHORT time ago the English and Irish papers rang with the musical name of O'DRISCOLL, a gentleman of exceeding bad health, and with temper to match, who, for certain peculiarities, was removed by Ministers from the magistracy. O'DRISCOLL had a taste for tyranny beyond even the ordinary stomach of a thorough-going Irishman "in the peace," and he was unwillingly sacrificed to the indignation of the country. The scales were taken from the hand better strung to wield a shillelah; and, in brief, O'DRISCOLL was banished to the decent obscurity of private life.

And now, within a few short months, O'DRISCOLL is again a magistrate!

"Ask ye, Bœotian shades, the reason why?"

In the first place, sundry good-natured souls have petitioned for his restoration; and, secondly, it is averred that "his health" is now sufficiently amended to enable him to decently perform his magisterial functions: all his former eccentricities being clearly referable to a bodily ailment. He has really carried out the vain promise of *Falstaff*—has "lived cleanly," and is therefore again fitted for the bench.

And do we object to this charitable construction of the causes of human infirmity? Assuredly not. On the contrary, we hail it as an evidence of enlarged benevolence—of increasing philosophy. We consider it as beautifully illustrative of the fact that the Prime Minister was called in as a "Doctor" to watch over the condition of the state. All, however, we require, is an impartial operation of the principle. If MR. O'DRISCOLL'S previous bad behaviour was nothing but bad digestion, why should not O'CONNELL be permitted to plead derangement of stomach for his agitation in the cause of destitute Ireland? Why should not even SIR JAMES GRAHAM be allowed to defend his Post-Office malpractices on a superabundance of bile? Why should not poorness of blood sufficiently excuse the act of those hon. members who voted on both sides on the Sugar Bill? We are willing that O'DRISCOLL should be saved by the temporary derangement of his nerves—but then we must exact the like charitable indulgence for all parties. Why, indeed, should the authors and defenders of the Poor Law bear so much really unmerited obloquy, when they are not morally culpable? When they might show that the measure originated in no moral obliquity, but in nothing more than a bodily disease—as O'DRISCOLL would say, a mere ossification of the heart?

It is by no means fair that BARBER'S medical man was not examined on the trial to show the condition of his patient's health when FLETCHER tempted him *in re* SLACK. Proved indigestion might, otherwise, have saved the culprit; and, as in the case of O'DRISCOLL, he might by this time have been labouring in his old office. O'DRISCOLL, committing all sorts of enormities in the very weakness of delicate health, is cashiered from the bench. He is, however, convalescent, and is therefore restored to the commission. Who could have thought there was such intimate connexion between Justice and Blue Pill?

Henceforth, we think, a certain number of physicians should be appointed to sit with the judges; and, in lieu of the old interrogative "Guilty," or "Not Guilty," the sworn physician, addressing the accused, should simply say—

"Show the bench your tongue!"

Indeed, after the restoration of O'DRISCOLL, we cannot well imagine the justice of any other ordeal.

ARCADIAN SIMPLICITY.

CONSIDERABLE inconvenience is experienced by the occasional visiters of the Opera in consequence of the recently-erected Watch-box of the Beadle of the Opera Arcade, which is so constructed that it looks very like an extra pit door, and a crowd frequently collects round it, in the expectation that it will be opened at the usual hour. A few evenings ago, when the public were being admitted at the regular pit door, the most tremendous indignation was manifested against the watch-box, and there were loud cries of "shame" vented on the management for not opening at the same time all the places of ingress to the Theatre. One night last week the Beadle had fallen asleep over a cup of tea in his box, and he was only roused by the violent kickings of an excited mob, who, on his looking through the round glass hole, assailed him with the most vehement execrations. The unhappy official continued for some hours in a state of blockade, and was ultimately rescued by the shopkeepers, who came forward to explain the mistake that the crowd had fallen into.

THE GREAT DOG QUESTION.

THE Dogs have got their committee in the Lower House, but there is a deep old dog in the Upper House, of whom it is said by many, that nothing will satisfy him. This is a downright libel, for the cunning old dog has got nothing and is not satisfied, so that when it is said he will be satisfied with nothing, a gross untruth is told regarding him. The dog alluded to labours under the disadvantage of dealing with a crafty old bird,—one of those who cannot be caught by chaff, and it is well that he cannot, or he would long ago have fallen a victim to the bowing and mowing, the pawing and crouching of the dog in question. The manner in which our artist has drawn him, looking up with a mingled expression of admiration and entreaty into the face of the bird, is quite equal to anything from the pencil of EDWIN LANDSEER, whose style has been caught with remarkable felicity.

PUNCH TO DANIEL IN PRISON.

IMMURED in Dublin's prison base,
Great DANIEL, while thou smartest,
'Tis thus thy venerable face
Appeared to *Punch's* artist.
He reads those weekly bulletins,
Which of your health inform us,
And thus the prisoner paints, who grins
Contented and enormous!

Perhaps the wicked limner shows,
Inclined to laughter spiteful,
That certain patriots' vaunted woes
Are not so *very* frightful.
Perhaps he would insinuate,
By that stupendous figure,
That those who free are Truly Great,
When wronged are Doubly Bigger!

I know not which; but love to read
Each speech of DAN the younger,
Which tells us how your people feed
Their chief's imprisoned hunger.
How matrons cook you soups and broths,
How cakes are baked by virgins,
How weavers weave your table-cloths,
And fishers hook you sturgeons.*

Says DAN, "My father's cheek 's as red,
His mood as blithe and merry,
As when at morn his dogs he led
Along the hills of Kerry.
His mighty lungs more free to talk,
His body stronger waxen,
Than when at Tara or Dundalk,
He ballyragged the Saxon."

Amen! I hope the tale is true,
Thus brought by Irish rumour;
May each day's prison bring to you
Good health, sir, and good humour!
Amen, cries Lord Chief Justice *Punch*,
Approving of your sentence,
It is, I swear it by my hunch,
A jovial repentance!

No chains shall in his prison clink,
No ruthless jailor urge him,
With lashings of the best of drink
I'd pitilessly scourge him.
'Tis thus that noble Justice *Punch*
Would treat his Celtic neighbour,
And thus at dinner, supper, lunch,
Condemn him to "hard labour."

Nor you alone but good son JOHN,
And RAY, and STEELE, and DUFFY;
Ye dire Repealers every one,
Remorselessly I'd stuff ye!
I'd have you all, from last to first,
To grow such desperate gluttons,
That you should eat until ye burst
Your new Repealers' Buttons!"

* MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL, jun., thought the prisoners were looking right well and getting fat, they had just received an enormous cake weighing 45 lbs., a sturgeon from Limerick, weighing 200 lbs., and table-cloth of Irish manufacture, &c., &c.

THE PROBABLE EFFECTS OF GOOD LIVING AND NO EXERCISE.

Vide "DAN IN PRISON," p. 38.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

PART II.

CHAPTER THE THIRD—OF TENURES, OR THE MANNER IN WHICH REAL PROPERTY MAY BE HELD.

ALL real property is held—and it is generally pretty tightly held by those who possess it. This tenacity of property is such that the thing holden is called a tenement, the holder a tenant, and the mode of holding a tenure. There is another mode of holding, called holding hard, which is frequently used in conveyancing—by the cad of the omnibus.

Tenements are of two kinds—frank tenement, or free holding, and villenage, of which there are different degrees, including pure villenage and villein socage. A pure villain is such a very low sort of villain that he must do whatever his landlord commands; but socage villains, or villain socmen, are not such villanous villains, inasmuch as there is a limit to their villany, the services required of them being certain and definite.

The most honourable species of tenure was knight service, which was to attend the King in his wars; but sovereigns in these days instead of fighting boldly, invariably fight shy, so that knight service or attendance on the King in his wars is now merely nominal. There is also a tenure by grand serjeanty, by which the tenant bound himself to do some special service, such as acting as champion at the coronation; but as all improper characters are scrupulously kept out by the police, the valour of coming forward in a suit of armour, and offering to fight any body who disputes the title to the crown, is rather questionable. The champion, however, pockets the gold cup and a few other valuable coronation "properties," so that he can afford to throw down a large theatrical gauntlet, which by-the-by is invariably "smugged" by some subordinate as a perquisite.

Knight service eventually was found so inconvenient that the knights gave money instead of going to battle, and thus paid themselves off, rather than run the risk of being paid off by the enemy.

By the 12th of CHARLES II. all military tenures were destroyed at one blow, for knights being of no service had long since converted knight service into a farce of the broadest character.

Socage subsequently became the most general kind of tenure, so that the tenants, to use the quaint notion of GLANVIL, "rushed precipitately from boots and spurs to simple socks—or socs; which is, no doubt, the origin of the word soc-age."

Free socage has several kinds, the chief of which are petit-serjeanty, or little service, such as giving the King annually an arrow, or a lance; but it does not seem that lancing the King's gums once a year would amount to petit-serjeanty,—tenure in burgage, where the tenant lives in a borough, so that the Southwark people afford a specimen of this class,—and gavelkind, where all the sons take alike, so that when a father gives his boys a thrashing all round, he in fact only illustrates the good old principle of gavelkind.

We now come to villenage, from which copyhold tenures are derived, so that any copyholder is a villain in the eye of the law; and it is perhaps on this principle that the printer's boy who carries to and fro or holds the copy, is termed a devil, to show the alarming state of villenage he has fallen into.

A copyhold must always exist in a manor, which must have a court attached to it, with a jury consisting of two tenants at least, or the manor is lost; so that if manners do not always make the man, it requires two men to make the manor.

A part of the ground of a manor was called folk-land, or land for the folks who lived upon it, who were downright slaves to the owner; and as they were called villains, it is probable that Folkstone was, at one time, a very villanous neighbourhood. When the Normans came over to this country they did not proceed to kick out the villains, but allowed them to remain on the land, until at last the villains got a better title to the land by custom than the lords themselves by conquest; for the stewards of the manors merely looking on and taking notes, the villains referring to the copy on the rolls of the court, declared themselves copyholders to all intents and purposes. The essentials of a copyhold are—1st, that the lands should be part of a manor, and consequently of right belonging to somebody else; 2ndly, that they have been demised by copy of court-roll immemorially, for if any one can remember the transaction it is bad, because the thing will not bear thinking of.

There is a fine payable on the death of the tenant or alienation of the lands, and this fine is now in most cases limited by law; because, says GLANVIL, "when the landlords could lay on as large a *fine* as they liked, they made a very *fine* thing of it." The italics are GLANVIL'S own, so that the joke must be given to him, though later writers, including four of the CHITTYS, have made a severe struggle to obtain the merit of it. Ancient demesne is a sort of privileged villenage, the villains who enjoy it having the privilege of paying no taxes, and of holding a court of their own to try their own rights to their own—and, perhaps, other people's—property. The villains, however, can only alienate their land by surrender, instead of passing it by the usual conveyance; but a recent writer has thought it necessary to state in a note, that though the villains may not pass their land by the usual conveyance, there is no law to prevent them from going past their own houses in a stage-coach or omnibus.

In addition to the lay tenures there used to be the spiritual tenure of *frankalmoign*, by which religious corporations held lands on condition of singing masses for the soul of the donor. These masses amassing too much in the hands of the church, and weak-minded persons, attracted by the notion of having psalms sung for them, having been let in to a very pretty tune, the statute of *Quia emptores* was passed in the 18th of EDWARD I., to prohibit all such donations for the future. Many of the parochial clergy still hold their lands by this tenure, which accounts for a congregation being occasionally startled by a demand of their prayers for some one who would never be thought of either by parson or people, but for the necessity of observing the conditions by which the Church retains possession of the deceased's property.

IN MY COTTAGE NEAR A "RAIL."

In my cottage near a "rail,"
Bliss and BETSY now are mine;
Bliss how very like a whale,
Wedded love beside a "line!"
Clatter, clatter, horrid row!
Puff and whistle, scream and whizz;
Oh! you can't imagine how
Disagreeable it is.

Vain the sigh, the whisper vain,
Breathed in Passion's fond excess;
Rattling by, the thund'ring train
Burks the voice of Tenderness.
Oft at eve will BETSY dear
Sit and sing me "Alice Grey"—
But that engine, boiling near,
Always drowns my fav'rite lay.

Ever at the morning's meal,
Or the happy hour of tea,
All our cups and saucers reel,
Often spilling the bohea;
Floors, and walls, and windows shake,
Just as though the house would fall;
And our heads, moreover, ache,
With the smoke, and smell, and all.

Oh! for some sequester'd spot,
Far from stokers and from steam,
Where we might enjoy our lot,
Realising Love's young dream.
Would we had not ta'en a lease,—
(Foolish pair, ourselves to nail!)—
Soon we'd fly, in quest of peace,
From our cottage near a "rail."

Alteration in the Style of Domestic Correspondence.

IN consequence of the late disclosures, the custom has become pretty general—with a view to prevent *the whole* of a letter from meeting the Ministerial eye—of making it evident, in the first sentence, that the writer is aware of its probable fate, and, therefore, unlikely to inclose a Gunpowder Plot; as thus—"My dear MARIANNE,—Since SIR JAMES GRAHAM and I last heard from you of BOBBY'S hooping cough, we have been naturally anxious for more," &c. Some have even made use of a domestic communication as a short, though indirect, method of presenting a petition to the Home Office; considering, that one *so* presented is sure at least of being *read;* thus—"My dear FANNY,—*If*, as you say, the admirable Minister, who at present presides at the Home Office, *could only be made aware* of the extreme hardship of my case, I am convinced that he would, without a moment's hesitation, following the dictates of an excellent heart," &c., &c., &c. This is an ingenious course, and *Punch* means to adopt it.

STATE OF HERNE-BAY.

WE much regret to state that it has been found absolutely necessary to call in an additional body of police for the government of this flourishing watering-place. Up to the present year there has been only one policeman; there are now—*two!*

THE PRIVILEGE OF COUNSEL.

Lord Brougham is of opinion that an advocate ought to sink every consideration for the interest of his client—that, in fact, a counsel ought to forget himself—a thing which Lord Brougham constantly does when sticking up for his new friends, the Conservatives.

Mr. Charles Phillips was a pupil in the same school, and sacrificed, or attempted to sacrifice, two or three characters in addition to his own, when insisting on the innocence of Courvoisier, who had confessed his guilt to his zealous advocate. However, "the instructions" are everything. Counsel must do as they are instructed, and Mr. Cockburn, when he brought certain accusations against Lord George Bentinck, which the latter had no opportunity of disproving, was only acting in obedience to his instructions. What those instructions were may be judged from the following extract from the

Brief for the Plaintiff.

"Counsel is requested to bully Lord George Bentinck.

"It may be as well to observe that he has tampered with the witnesses, and to prove that he has tampered, counsel may put the question at random to any of the shrewdest rascals that may happen to be in the box,

and who have an interest in the success of the plaintiff. One of the witnesses has a new suit of clothes. It is suggested that counsel had better get out, if he can, that Lord George Bentinck bought the clothes with the view of corrupting the witness. It may, perhaps, be urged that these things have nothing to do with the matter at issue between the parties; but it may divert attention from the merits, to bully a nobleman, who is not a party, and the jury may be confused if it is represented that he is indirectly a party to the suit. Counsel will, of course, use his discretion," &c., &c., &c.

Sporting Intelligence.

We perceive, with considerable satisfaction, that a new branch of sport has lately rushed into popularity. Swimming has recently become the subject of considerable excitement, and a match took place in a large tank somewhere in Holborn, when six swimmers contended for the championship of the cistern. The race consisted of three heats, twelve times the entire length of the tank; and the swimmers started off on the firing of a signal gun—which, we presume, must have been a pop-gun—in order to accommodate the nerves of the audience. We understand that it is intended to render swimming—if possible—a sort of rival to horse-racing, and that there will be an attempt to get up a species of St. Leger, to be called the St. Swithin's, in the Serpentine. We heartily wish success to this wholesome branch of British Sportsmanship.

ON THE UNCURBED LICENCE OF COUNSEL.

By dealing out invective vain,
From his instructions false and idle,
The advocate of Running *Rein*
Prov'd that his tongue required a *bridle*.

PEEL'S ULTIMATUM.

We were not astonished at the "Dogs' Protection Bill," as we felt confident, months ago, that, as Parliament was going on, it was sure, before the Session was over, *to go to the dogs*.

FAIR SUFFERERS.

By fair sufferers we mean about ninety-nine out of every hundred of those poor dear young ladies, condemned, through the accident of their birth, to languish, in silk and satin, beneath the load of a fashionable existence.

Ah! little think the gay licentious paupers, who have no plays, operas, and evening parties to be forced to go to, and no carriages to be obliged to ride about in, of the miseries which are endured by the daughters of affluence!

It is a well-known fact, that scarcely one of these tender creatures can be in a theatre or a concert-room ten minutes without being seized with a violent headach, which, more frequently than not, obliges her to leave before the performance is over, and drag a brother, husband, lover, or attentive young man, away with her. If spared the headache, how often is she threatened with a fainting fit (nay, now and then seized with it), to the alarm and disturbance of her company! Not happening to feel faint exactly, still there is a sensation, "a something," as she describes it, "she doesn't know what," which she is almost sure to be troubled with. Unvisited by these afflictions, nevertheless, either the cold, or the heat, or the glare of the gas, or some other source of pain, oppresses or excruciates her susceptible nerves. And when we take one such young lady, and put together all the public amusements which she must either go to—or die—in the course of a London season; and when we add up all the headaches, and swoons, and the somethings she doesn't know what; the shiverings, burnings, and other agonising sensations which she has undergone by the end of it; the result is an aggregate of torture truly frightful to contemplate.

Suppose she is obliged to walk;—this is sometimes actually the case:—happy is she if she can go twenty yards without some pain or other; in the side, the back, the shoulder, the great toe. Thus the pleasure of shopping, promenading, or a pic-nic is embittered: thus is colocynth infused into the *eau sucrée* of bliss!

If she reads a chapter in a novel, the chances are that her temples throb for it. She tries to embroider a Corsair; doing more than an arm of him at a time strains her eyes. Employ herself in what way she will, she feels fatigued afterwards, and may think herself well off if she is no worse.

Nine days out of ten she has no appetite: on the tenth she enjoys her dinner, and is taken ill. Then comes that horrid physic! She cannot take pills: she objects to powders: draughts are insufferable to her. Poor unfortunate! What is she to do?

Without a care to vex her, save, perhaps, some slight misgivings respecting the Captain, she is unable to rest, though on a couch of down. Exercise would procure her slumber; but oh! she cannot take it.

Whether a little less confinement of the waist, earlier hours, plainer luncheons, more frequent airings in the green fields, and mental and bodily exertion generally, than what, in these respects, is the fashionable usage, would in any way alleviate the miseries of our fair sufferers, may be questioned. It may be also inquired how far such miseries are imaginary, and to what extent a trifling exercise of resolution would tend to mitigate them? Otherwise, supposing them to be ills that woman is necessarily heiress to—unavoidable, irremediable: gracious powers! what torments, what anguish, must fishwomen, washerwomen, charwomen, and haymakers, to say nothing of servants of all work, and even ladies' maids, endure every day of their lives!

Punch's Indian Mail.

The Punjaub is in a frightful state; and all the Sings—including Meer Sing, Sheer Sing, Runjeet Sing, Ittur Sing, Dhyan Sing, and about ten more of this very pugnacious family—continue to be at most dreadful loggerheads. Mohammed had refused to put down his Dost, a distinction which has always occasioned much jealousy to the rival potentates.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. O'Connell is devoting his leisure in prison to a new and important work—a second series of "The Epicure's Almanac: or a Dish for Every Day in the Year."

Editorial Thanksgiving.

There are, at present, no less than forty-seven Editors of newspapers imprisoned in France. It is lucky for the English press that Mr. Roebuck does not possess the same power as Louis Philippe, or else Newgate would contain three times the above number; that is to say, every editor in the kingdom who would not praise him.

CELESTIAL SARCASM.

Capt. Pidding tells us, in his *Tea Talk*, that the Chinese call America "the *flowery* country." This looks as if Jonathan had been trying to pass off in China some of his Pennsylvanian bonds.

THE "BUSINESS" OF PARLIAMENT.

A SUNRISE or so ago we paused, as once WORDSWORTH paused on Westminster Bridge, and, smitten by the scene, fell, like the poet of Rydal Mount, into deep, philosophic thinking. We thought of the Abbey, and of the twopences taken at its doors; we thought of the Dean and Chapter, and their tenants; of the Almonry; of the rejected statue of BYRON, and of the onslaught of BARON FITZHARDINGE.—And then we turned towards the rising walls of the new Houses of Parliament, and, thinking of their cost, asked despairingly what is the good of them?

Yes, fellow-countrymen, we put it to you—are not Houses of Parliament, old and new, vain and useless as Egyptian cenotaphs? We put it to the industrious and dispassionate man, who, with a patience that must surely be a set-off to some minor sins, plods his way through the daily debates of Parliament—we put it to him whether the business of the country, as it is gravely called by some droll talkers, might not be more efficiently performed by some mechanic means than by the six hundred and fifty-eight learned individuals who meet in February to do everything, and separate in August, having done nothing? Really, the trick is now so old, that we wonder at the courage of any set of Ministers who can repeat it. At the opening of the Session, how beautiful is legislative alacrity! Measure after measure is promised—nay, is fairly brought in—has one, perhaps two readings, and is dropped for another session to be dropped again. A night or two since, SIR ROBERT PEEL, with one of his blandest smiles, informed the House that he would let it know what time it had lost upon bills not to be proceeded with; yes, he would count the addled eggs, and in the ensuing session they might—poor, defrauded geese!—sit again. If HERR DÖBLER or the Wizard of the North were to conjure after this fashion, the audience would tear up the benches.

Returning to the new Houses of Parliament, we must again protest against the money lavished upon them. For what business, we ask, has been effected in the present session that might not have been as efficiently transacted in a sentry-box? Wherefore, then, these costly buildings for men to do nothing in? Why, indeed, should we have Members of Parliament at all, when sure we are that MR. BABBAGE would construct a legislating machine, which, in the hands of SIR ROBERT PEEL, would fully answer all the purposes of living senators?

We are serious. We therefore propose that, at the next election, every gentleman desirous of affixing M.P. to his name should, on his election, send his proxy machine to the House of Commons, setting the instrument at "Aye" and "No," as MR. BABBAGE will instruct him, on certain questions, and suffering the Ministry to take their divisions accordingly. The result of the present session convinces us that the "business of the country" will be got through quite as well as by the present mode; with this advantage, that the machines may be put anywhere.

THE CHIMES FOR THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

IT is stated in the papers, that Professor TAYLOR is composing a tune to be played by the bells of the Royal Exchange. We have no doubt that the Professor, who liberally abuses the compositions of everybody else, in the calm columns of the *Spectator*, will find himself quite at home in his task. If the bells are to be exposed to draughts, and are liable to be moved about by the air, the music will, of course, consist of a passage for the wind instruments; but if they are to be pulled by ropes, it is the stringed instruments they will bear the nearest resemblance to.

It is to be regretted that the Committee did not place the bells in the hands of Doctor MENDELSSOHN while he was in England; and if they had allowed him full play, he would certainly have struck out something worthy of himself, of the City, and of the bellhanger. By-the-by, it would not have been a bad idea to have adapted SCHILLER'S Song of the Bell, as a solo for the largest bell, assisted by a chorus of little ones. We understand that the question was raised in the Committee, whether AUBER or DONIZETTI should not be invited over to this country for the purpose of composing the chimes for the bells, as it was thought that, when Her Majesty attends at the opening of the Royal Exchange, the works of a French or Italian master would sound more gratefully in the ears of royalty.

A Forlorn Hope.

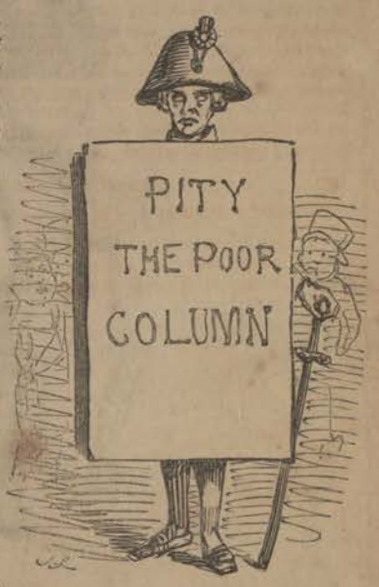
THE Irish papers announce that the "Rent" this year will be upwards of 30,000*l*. We understand that poor LOUIS PHILIPPE, disappointed in his dotations, has written to DAN to ask him "to do a bill."

BANKRUPTCY EXTRAORDINARY.

Before SIR C. F. WILLIAMS.

AT the sitting of the Court, a figure entered, looking as pale as death, and begged to be allowed to surrender himself as a Bankrupt.

The figure represented himself as the statue of NELSON, now and for some time past of Trafalgar Square. He stated that a few friends had been desirous of setting him up in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross, where he had hoped to have cut a good figure, but want of money had for a long time kept him down, and he had been completely laid upon his back for a very considerable period.



SIR C. F. WILLIAMS. What do you want here? I sit here to do justice, and if justice is not most thoroughly done in every sense of the word, it is no fault of mine.

The figure observed that he came to surrender, and to ask for protection against the numerous jokes that were being made at his (the statue's) expense, and which were really almost enough to break a heart of stone.

SIR C. F. WILLIAMS. I can give you no protection against jokes. I can't protect myself. I have been nearly joked off this chair on several occasions. What is the extent of your liabilities?

The figure said he really could not tell. A man and a boy had been employed, who had left no stone unturned, but he (the figure) was not aware whether they had been paid for their labour.

SIR C. F. WILLIAMS asked if there was any truth in the report that the statue contemplated throwing himself off the pedestal, in consequence of his awkward position.

The figure, with large drops of stucco standing in his eyes, observed that he had never thought of throwing himself on the public by jumping down; but he admitted that, if he had had sufficient rope, he might as well have hanged himself.

SIR C. F. WILLIAMS. How much rope have you, then?

The figure said he had got a coil of about a yard, till some of it was cut away, for what reason he did not know—for he was just as much tied by the leg now as he had been always.

SIR C. F. WILLIAMS asked if the statue had no friends who would set him up respectably?

The figure replied that his best friends were for withdrawing him altogether from public observation. He would sooner pave the public street than be knocked about and taken to pieces as he had been lately.

SIR C. F. WILLIAMS. I sit here as a commissioner, and I really can do nothing.

The figure said he had heard so before; and having thanked the Commissioner, he was carried out by the man and the boy who were appointed assignees under the bankruptcy.

WORKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW IN "PUNCH."

BOTTLED ALE. QUARTO. ABBOTT, LATE HODGSON AND ABBOTT.—*London.*

WE have dipped into this production, and are happy to be able to express a favourable opinion of its merits. Much that comes before us for criticism is intolerably dry, but that which we now have the pleasure to discuss is quite of an opposite character. It appeals to the head rather than the heart, but it possesses all the sweetness of the MEUX combined with the bluff bluntness of the BARCLAY. At present we speak only of the quarto edition. When we see it complete in a cask, we shall have a better opportunity of judging more fully of its qualities.

The Gallic Gasconades.

THE *Morning Chronicle* says that the reserve of the French Navy is very considerable. The great reserve of the Navy renders JOINVILLE'S utter want of reserve—or, in other words, his excessive impudence—a matter for increased astonishment.

THE DEBTORS' NEW GAOLER.

LORD COTTENHAM brings in a Bill for the Total Abolition of Arrest for Debt: the measure is received with the apparent good will of all parties. In a few weeks, and, save the fraudulent debtor, no man will be imprisoned for his poverty. This prospect, however, is too delightful for LORD BROUGHAM. So he goes to work—tinkers up another bill—and manages to throw LORD COTTENHAM'S measure into the hopelessness of a select committee: no more of it will be heard this session. Thus the hundreds of debtors confined throughout the country may consider LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX their new gaoler, self-appointed!

IRISH RAZORS.

(PUNCH'S *oration and humble expostulation at the blood-thirsty indignation of the Editor of the "Nation," whom he treats to a jobation.*)

SOME genius has been presenting MR. O'CONNELL with a pair of "rale Irish shuperfine silver-steel rasiers," which have been exhibited by MR. D. O'CONNELL, jun., at the Corn Exchange, with great applause, as beautiful specimens of Irish talent and Irish manufacture.

MR. W. J. O'CONNELL (determined to cut blocks with a razor) nobly said: "He hoped those razors, so kindly presented to the illustrious incarcerated leading friend of Ireland, would cut bigotry and intolerance through for ever."

But this magnificent wish is nothing compared to the graceful and ingenious plan proposed by the *Nation* newspaper, which says: "We observe among the presents to O'CONNELL last week, a pair of razors, of Irish manufacture. When the writ of error succeeds, we will make a special request that he will bestow them to T. B. C. SMITH and ABRAHAM BREWSTER FOR OBVIOUS PURPOSES."

Mr. Punch compliments the *Nation* upon this smart and manly joke; upon the Christian principle which it evinces, the gay and playful wit it exhibits, and the spirit of generous fair-play which distinguishes it.

Mr. Punch has published six volumes quarto of jokes, of which he is naturally a little proud—but he confesses that in all those thousands of pages there is not one epigram at all equal for sharpness to the razor-allusion of 'the *Nation*.'

Were *Mr. Punch* disposed to be bitter, he would hint to the Joker of the *Nation*, that the razor-allusion is rather stale in Ireland, where Parties have been accustomed to cut each other's throats from time immemorial.

But *Mr. Punch* is averse to retort, and declines (from a regard to his fingers) to meddle with edge-tools; he would, therefore, only suggest to his *confrère*, the Editor of the *Nation*, to try upon the amateur assassin who wrote that dastardly joke, not the razor, but the *strap*.

For shame *Nation!* For shame!—Fie—Faugh!—Turn him out!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NECESSITY.

(An Appendix to a book so called, lately published.)

THE first point in the Philosophy of Necessity is, to be impressed with the necessity of philosophy. Philosophers very often find themselves in necessity; and they should take care not to lose themselves in it. In fact, necessity frequently arises from philosophy, which tends rather to make a man think deeply than look sharply; however, where necessity begins, philosophy commonly ends; in like manner as when it effects an entrance by the door, it causes something else (very different from philosophy) to make an exit by the window.

The Philosopher in Necessity will sometimes find his coat out at elbows. Natural Philosophy, under such circumstances, suggests the victimisation of the tailor; but Moral Philosophy prescribes consideration for the sufferer. Practical Philosophy falls back on patching and patience.

Very often, when Self, communing with Self, asks whether a dinner at VEREY'S would be advisable, Appetite replies "Yes," but Necessity answers in the negative. Philosophy, under these circumstances, recommends the eightpenny plate.

Necessity, when it surveys its boot, often beholds a Coburg, where Taste would have preferred to see a Wellington. Or aghast, in the sides of the same, it discovers an awful burst. Vanity would repine; but Philosophy whispers comfort. "What," it inquires, "is the value of mere externals? Thou hast a soul; what will thy boots be to it a century hence? Beatitude is a phase of mind; and what mattereth it, so long as thou art in a state of felicity?"

The four-and-nine is less elegant than the velvet nap; the Berlin glove than the Paris kid; less agreeable is the cotton than the silk pocket-handkerchief; more sightly is the umbrella of the latter than that of gingham. Yet the Philosophy of Necessity reconciles us to the cheaper article. It sweetens Geneva to lips longing for Champagne; it commends the Cuba to the mouth that waters for the Havanah.

Who would wear a pair of trousers three years? The Philosopher, obedient to the law of Necessity.

Necessity, in the garb of Seediness, may excite the ridicule of Beauty; and the heart of the derided may, for a moment, be wrung: but Philosophy whistles peace to it, in the shape of some popular air, and the pang, ere one could articulate JACK ROBINSON, hath fled.

A Good Opening for Sir James.

AT the Custom House things are passed without being opened; at the Post Office things are opened which should be held sacred. Let the officers of the two establishments change places, giving SIR JAMES GRAHAM the control of the Customs, and then the business in each will be properly transacted.

THE CITY OF LONDON DISFRANCHISED.

IT seems that the entrance to the Victoria Tower of the new Houses of Parliament is only just large enough to admit the royal carriage. If this be true, by what entrance is MR. PATTISON to get into the House?

THE ACTUAL LOCUS IN QUO.

WE understand that the next edition of THOMSON'S works will be embellished with a view of the House of Commons, as the best illustration of the "CASTLE OF INDOLENCE."

Notice to Pooh-pooh'd Correspondents.

☞ FOR THE HUNDREDTH AND LAST TIME, *Punch emphatically declares that he will not return any rejected contribution.*

*** **Please to paste this on some conspicuous part of your writing table.**

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PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER VII.

FROM A GENTLEMAN TO HIS FRIEND ON BEING CALLED TO THE BAR.

My dear Tom,

I hope I am the first to congratulate you. What a career is open to you! There is such loftiness of purpose—such true nobility of aim in the profession to which with a lover's fondness you have bound yourself—that in a measure I feel myself glorified by the advancement of my friend!

You are now called to the bar! Yes, you are of the happy few chosen by the solemn election of the law as the privileged champions of humanity. To you the widow and the orphan may prefer their prayers; in you they are taught to look for an adviser and a benefactor. Injured lowliness may claim the bounty of your counsel, and innocence betrayed demand the lightning of your words.

With these thoughts, what strengthening comfort must support you through the paths of study still to be adventured! Feeling the dignity of your mission, your mind will instinctively reject whatever is mean and mercenary—will assimilate to itself all that is beautiful, and pure, and good. In your hours of study you will feel that you are arming yourself for the overthrow of craft, oppression, and all the numerous brood of ignorance and ill: you will be sustained by the thought, that you are dedicating the powers you have received from Heaven to the noblest vindication of its grandest truth,—justice to all men. With this belief, you will labour rejoicingly: you will dedicate your night to study, and the early lark will greet you at your book.

It is, I know, averred that the study of law is dry and harsh—a barren, thankless theme; that "the Books" have that within them to weary the most patient spirit. And so, indeed, it may be to those who as mere wordcatchers would study them; who, incapable of considering them in a philosophic light as operative on the social mass, would seek their pages as Indians seek poison berries,—only for better means to slay their game with.—But you, my dear friend, have nobler aspirations; you contemplate law as the discreet and virtuous daughter of Justice, and not as her Abigail.

When you look around and consider the various occupations of men, how sweet must be your self-complacency! You cannot but observe how thousands are doomed to a plodding obscurity; how thousands pass from birth to death with no one action of their lives to signalize themselves among their fellows: how, like corn, they grow, ripen, and are cut down, leaving behind them no mark of their past existence. Again, how many pass their days in acts of violence, making life one scene of wrong and tumult; whilst others creep and wind through the world, timorous and cunning, with little of the majesty of man to glorify them. Forgetful of the greatness of their mission as human creatures, they dwell within the small circle of their selfishness, all things beyond mere things of fable.

How different is your lot! You are "called to the bar:" you are chosen to play a part before the eyes of the whole world. You are to uplift your voice in defence of all that dignifies our nature: you are to work the daily champion of the weak and the distressed. Is it possible that man can have a more glorious vocation! Is it within the ambition of a truly virtuous mind to achieve greater triumphs!

Again, how beautiful will be the study of human nature laid before you! Every day you will be called to read that wondrous volume, the human heart, in all its strange yet fascinating contradictions. And when, in the fulness of fame, distinguished by every attribute of moral goodness, you are summoned to the bench,—you will display to the world one of its noblest spectacles, a great and good man honoured for his worth. Your elevation, whilst it rewards the labours of your own clear spirit, will, star-like, shine upon the hopes of others, inciting them to act your worthiness again and again. Thus will your excellence be multiplied, and example beget example.

Believe me, my dear Tom,
Your sincere friend,
Justus Hartley.

LETTER VIII.

REPLY OF THE GENTLEMAN CALLED TO THE BAR TO HIS FRIEND.

My dear Hartley,

You are, I find, the same enthusiastic, unsophisticated creature that I left at Cambridge. May you never meet with aught to change the noble simplicity of your nature!

True it is, I am "called;" and most true I may, if I would wish to starve, dub myself knight of all distressed matrons, virgins, and orphans. Unfortunately, however, for your rhapsody, it will always lie in the breast of the mother of accidents, whether I champion the wronged or the wronger; whether I am to pour oil and honey into wounds, or to be the humble instrument that adds another bruise: whether, indeed, I fight on the side of Virtue, or lustily take arms against her. This, however, is the accident of my fate; and so that good retainers come in, I am content to bow to it. In your noble philanthropy, Justus, please to consider the condition of the world, if only what seemed virtuous and innocent were defended—if all, who by the force of circumstance, appeared knaves were left to scramble for themselves. Look at the wrong committed under this ignorant devotion to abstract right. Virtue making victims by her very bigotry!

As for the hours of study, they certainly bring their sweets; but verily not after the fashion you, in your blithe ignorance, imagine. Law, my dear fellow, is not a region of fairy to be searched for golden fruits and amaranthine flowers; no, it is a deep, gloomy mine, to be dug and dug, with the safety lamp of patience lighting us, through many a winding passage—a lamp which, do what we will, so frequently goes out, leaving us in darkness.

I grant you many of the high, ennobling privileges of the profession that your eloquence has dwelt upon; but there are others which, if you know not, permit me in the freedom of friendship to say, you know nothing of the pleasures of the bar. Consider, what invulnerable armour is a wig—a gown! When they are *once donned*, you are permitted, by the very defence you wear, to play with the characters and feelings of men even as little girls play with dolls; ripping their seams, blackening their faces, making sport with them in any way for the prosperity of your cause, and the benefit of your client. By virtue of your profession, you are emphatically a gentleman; and the very mode in which you are permitted to exercise your calling proves you to be a slanderer for so much money. You are protected by the Court, and, taking full advantage of your position, you may say in the face of Justice that which a regard for your anatomy would not permit you to utter even in a tavern. You are protected, and may to your heart's full wish enjoy your abuse. You are pistol-proof, and may therefore throw what mud and call what names you please. You have the privilege of the bar, which in this case means—the privilege of cowardice; and to the last letter you avail yourself of its immunity.

You have likewise forgotten another privilege, that of cross-examination. Ha! my friend, you know my love of a joke, and truly I anticipate much enjoyment from the freedom of tongue allowed me when I shall have a witness to practise upon. How I will "torture him with my wit"—how turn him inside out for the benefit of my client! Indeed, the true heroism of the advocate is only shown by his contempt of all things in honour of his fee. Hence, if retained by homicide to wash white and, if possible, to sweeten the blood-dyed ruffian for the world, I shall not hesitate (though assured of my client's guilt) to blacken all the witnesses against him. In pursuit of this high duty, I shall think it onerous upon me to impugn

even the chastity of female virtue, so that by casting shame upon innocence, I may open the prison door to murder.

Your affectionate friend,

THOMAS BRASSBY.

P.S. Congratulate me. I have just received my maiden brief: a case against a sempstress, for illegally pawning a shirt.

THE LUCIFER MATCH AND THE LUCIFER TONGUE.

AT the Chelmsford assizes, a boy of nine years old, has been found guilty of firing a barn. JOHN HARDY, aged eleven, was also convicted of firing a stack of straw. At Huntingdon, SAMUEL BAXTER, aged ten, was sentenced to fifteen years' transportation for a like crime. These offences are very dreadful—very. We are shocked at the powers of mischief which the Lucifer match places in the hands of the reckless and malignant. Terrible is it to contemplate blazing stacks of hay, and straw, and wheat—most terrible to imagine the savage satisfaction gleaming in the eyes of a starved, and therefore sullen and revengeful peasantry. However, the evil-doers are caught, arraigned, and sentenced; and little would it avail them if, in the dock, they were to make the most contrite, yea, abject apology for their wickedness. The crime, they might declare, was accomplished in an idle, reckless, or passionate moment; and therefore they humbly begged pardon of judge, and jury, and of the directors of the offices insuring the destroyed property,—and so, having apologised, the culprits might trust that nothing more would be said of the matter. Alas! such apology benefits not the incendiary with the Lucifer match; he is not permitted to "explain," but is inevitably transported.

How different the fate of the incendiary with the Lucifer Tongue! He may idly, passionately, malignantly apply his combustible to the character of any man; he may in the House of Commons—beneath that awful roof where laws are made to restrain and punish the vindictive and ferocious passions of men—he may there, in his place and solemn function of statute-maker, cast fire about him,—and when caught in the fact, when become an object of most unenviable attention—he may apologise for his inadvertence; he may declare that he meant nothing; that he is very sorry if he have used his Lucifer Tongue to the inconvenience of any gentleman, and therefore hopes that his accidental use of the brimstone will be looked over. Great is the privilege allowed to the Lucifer Tongue,—but woe to the errings of the Lucifer Match! Is it not so, good MR. WODEHOUSE? The Lucifer Tongue may "apologise," and the Lucifer Match is transported.

A New Excitement.

WE see by the papers that a "*Thé dansante*" was given a few days ago by LADY YARDE BULLER. A "*Thé dansante*"—or, in plain English, a dancing Tea! What an awful rattling of cups and saucers! It must have been almost as bad as our old friend, BARON NATHAN, among the new laid eggs at Tivoli.

We have heard of a leg of mutton and capers, but never did we hear of *café aux entrechats*. This affair seems to have been a sort of Tea and turn-out—the turning-out being applicable to the toes of the visitors.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A WORK is, we understand, in preparation to be called *The Calumniator's Guide, or Every Man his own Apologist*. It will contain copious directions for backing out of slanderous assertions, and will be dedicated to MR. WODEHOUSE.

THIRTY SECONDS' ADVICE TO A CABMAN.

MY GOOD FELLOW,

YOUR being a cab-driver is no reason why you should be dishonest and impertinent, or even express yourself improperly; pray, therefore, take these few words of advice as to your conduct and demeanour.

When a gentleman hails you, do not cry out "Here you are, sir!" What you mean to say is, "Here I am, sir." To tell a gentleman that he is where you are, is nonsense; unless, when he addresses you as "Cab!" you mean to reply that he is another, and then it is impudent. Say, simply, "Here, sir!" which is both concise and civil.

In soliciting for employment, pronounce the word, cab, according to its orthography; that is, as it is spelt, c-a-b—cab, and not as if it were, k-e-b—keb. Your brethren almost invariably cry, "Keb, sir!" "Keb, sir!" There is no such word as keb in the English language; you annoy the correct ear exceedingly by using it; and besides, you set a bad example to youth, who learn to imitate the inaccuracy.

Abstain, while on your stand, from flourishing your whip in the face of everybody who passes you. By this gesture you often needlessly interrupt a train of reflection, and discompose a philosopher.

When you are desired to drive to such a place, go there by the nearest way. Endeavour to do your duty rather than your fare.

"PLEASE, SIR, IS THIS THE BANK?"
"NO, M'EM,—THIS ERE'S TURN'EM GREEN!"

In making your charge, recollect that there are 1760 yards, not less, in a mile; and that miles are to be multiplied by eightpence, not one shilling. At all events, try whether you cannot, now and then, for once or so in the way, receive your just due without grumbling for more, and being abusive if it is not given you.

If it is not really too much trouble to you, mind, a little, where you are driving. If you see a child or old woman in your way, you may as well cry out before you run over them. Should they not hear you, you might even slacken your pace a little.

When any sort of property happens to have been left in your cab, it will not be amiss, provided it is not exceedingly valuable, to take it to the Hackney Coach Office, or to the place at which you set your fare down. Honesty is not altogether ridiculous, and may sometimes prove worth as much as a crown to you.

These hints, my good fellow, are kindly meant by your possible fare,

PUNCH.

"SHAVING THE LADIES."

ONE of the tricks, it seems, of the haberdashery trade, is a process denominated "Shaving the Ladies;" but which would have been much better termed, simply, imposing upon the ladies. This operation is performed by an assistant, and consists in persuading a lady to give some three or four shillings more for an article than the price marked upon it. We now see the reason why the sign of the Golden Fleece is suspended in front of so many drapers' establishments.

THE SEVEN WISE MEN.

[A newly-discovered Tragedy of Æschylus, translated expressly for Punch.]

[This singular Drama is a real curiosity. Our researches, after six months' fag in the British Museum, have been totally fruitless in discovering the period of ancient history to which it refers. The introduction of the wise men of Greece affords no clue at all, for the functions and fate of these persons in the Tragedy are so totally different from those handed down from any other source, that a doubt rationally arises whether they are in fact the "Wise Men of Greece," commonly so called. Some expressions, which seem of a modern character, have led to a suspicion that the Tragedy is not really the work of Æschylus. This suspicion must, however, immediately vanish, if due attention be paid to the stern simplicity of the plot, which most unquestionably shows the hand of the old tragedian, to say nothing of the affinity of treatment which exists between this play and the *Persæ*. In the translation liberties have been taken with the lyric metres, but in the opening speech and the speech of the spectre, the Iambic trimeters and Trochaic tetrameters have been carefully preserved.]

ARGUMENT.

Artaxerxes, tyrant of the Echinades, and a great patron of tragic art, offers the writer of the best Tragedy his weight in gold, and appoints the seven Sages of Greece arbiters to decide the merits of competitors. After fifty years they arrive at a decision, but the Tragedy proves unsuccessful. Artaxerxes, indignant, puts the seven Sages to death, and then, in a fit of remorse, kills himself. The scene takes place in a portico, where the seven Sages are resting from their labours.

Characters.

THE SEVEN WISE MEN. CHORUS OF MALCONTENTS.
SPECTRE. ARTAXERXES. MESSENGER.

THE WISEST OF THE WISE MEN.

Thus forty thousand tragedies have we read through,
And prayed to Bacchus, patron of the tragic art.
Long was our task and weary, but we now shall reap
The mighty praise which labour well bestowed deserves.
When we began to read we were but little boys,
But we went reading on till hair and beard grew white,
And now we look back on our tedious lengthy life,
And only see a vista of long tragedies.
To him that wrote the best of this tremendous lot,
Great Artaxerxes hath allowed his weight in gold,
Appointing us to be the sapient arbiters.
We have decided after reading fifty years,
And now hard by the wondrous tragedy is played,
Of that bless'd wight who gained his weight in solid gold.
But hark, we hear the murmurings are gathering loud
Of that vile herd whose tragedies bestrew the earth.

CHORUS OF MALCONTENTS.

I am neglected,
I am rejected,
Long I suspected
This was a do.
With my head crazing,
With my heart blazing,
Sure I 'll be raising
A phialoo.

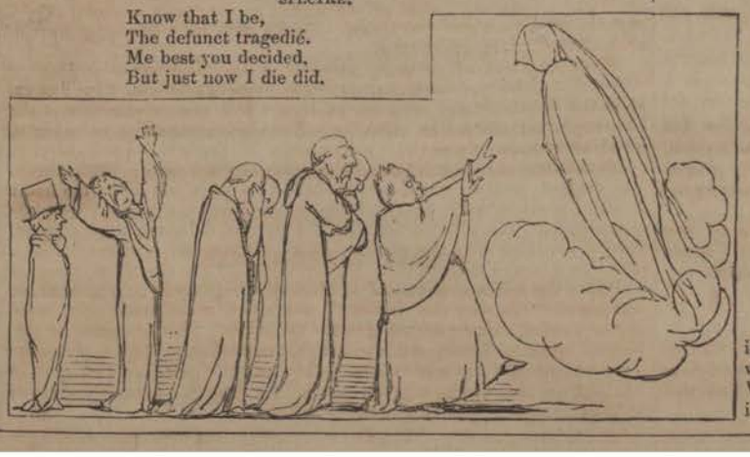
Até rides on wheels of fire,
Makes my arteries boil with ire;
Never again my proud head shall I rear,
Till my thirsty ears the glad news hear
That the tragedy is dammed.
Then will my heart be crammed
With joy transcendant, nigh as
Great as Apollo's when he played Marsyas.

THE WISEST OF THE WISE MEN.

Oh! what 's this horrid form that makes our blood to freeze,
Our skins are chill'd, our hair is standing up-an-end.

SPECTRE.

Know that I be,
The defunct tragedié.
Me best you decided,
But just now I die did.



THE WISEST OF THE WISE MEN.

Narrate then how the sad occurrence came to pass.

SPECTRE.

Sages, scarce had I begun, than horrid foes set up a hiss;
But my friends were strong and mighty, and they said, "Halloh, what 's this?"
"Turn them out," and "Throw them over," "Shame, shame, shame!" and "Ho police!"
"Don't you like it? You can lump it." "Go on, and don't mind the geese."
On we got a little further, and the "row" got louder still;
Such a "row" you never heard, and much I hope you never will.
Some like snakes were hissing, while some others had a mighty cough:
Some cried "Trash!" and some cried "Rubbish!" others loudly yell'd "Off, off!"
Artaxerxes then came forward. To the countless mob he told
How he gave the man who made the Tragedy his weight in gold.
Then the mob roar'd more than ever, and a fellow strong and stout,
Hallooed in a voice of thunder, "That, old boy, is your look-out!"
Thus, thus, I died
In the midst of my pride.

THE WISEST OF THE WISE MEN.

Oh horrid fate, who can our pain assuage?
And here comes Artaxerxes in a rage.

ARTAXERXES.

Yes, you are wise men,
Giving my prize, men,
To him who has written, as surely you 'll own,
The very worst Tragedy ever was known.
Oh, nought could be worse,
It was not worth a curse.

THE WISEST OF THE WISE MEN.

We feel, we feel, to anguish we are brought.

ARTAXERXES.

Feel it! By father Zeus and so you ought.
What ho! my guards—you chaps in waiting there,
Conduct these sapient men to——you know where.

CHORUS OF MALCONTENTS.

We are elated,
Thus it was fated.
Hail mighty Bacchus, Semele's boy!
Let us exult in our terrible joy.

MESSENGER.

Oh, I have very horrid news indeed to tell!
To yonder mount the guards the Seven Sages led,
And in quick order struck off all their seven heads,
For giving Artaxerxes' prize unworthily.
Then dark remorse invaded Artaxerxes' heart,
And in the sea he flung himself, and there was drown'd.
Now, he who is the bearer of unhappy news,
Is most unfit to breathe—so thus I kill myself.

CHORUS OF MALCONTENTS.

We are elated, &c. &c.

WRITE ME DOWN, &c.

Colonel Sibthorp, on a late occasion observed, in his place in Parliament, quoting Shakspeare, that the "galled jade might wince, but that his (Col. Sibthorp's) withers were unwrung." With what animal did the honourable and gallant Colonel identify himself?

EARLY PARLIAMENTARY HOURS!

GREAT MEETING OF MEMBERS.

On Thursday last a large meeting of Members of Parliament was held at Exeter Hall, for the purpose of considering measures to ensure them—in common with linen-drapers and others—the benefit of short hours; that, like their humbler fellow-subjects, they might have the opportunity of improving their minds.

Mr. Brotherton, being unanimously called to the chair, opened the business in an eloquent and feeling address. It had, he said, been his pride to struggle against the system of late hours—a system that had produced incalculable evils, too evident in the speeches and conduct of many members of the House of Commons; who, worn out, by being compelled to sit up for late divisions, were morally and physically unable to cultivate their minds, or to know anything of the real activities of life around them. (*Hear.*) Such a system went to make a Member of Parliament no other than a mere voting-machine. (*Cheers.*) He, therefore, trusted that such a blow would that day be given to the system, that Members of Parliament, like linen-drapers' shopmen, would be allowed some time to attend to their intellectual requirements. At present, no set of men demanded keener sympathy from the public for their benighted condition. (*Hear, hear.*)

Mr. Roebuck proposed the first resolution. He then begged to express a hope that no reporter was in the room; or if he were, that he would take no notice whatever of his (Mr. R.'s) speech, as nothing gave him greater pain than to see any of his speeches reported in low-minded newspapers. The hon. gentleman could give his testimony to the evil of late hours. He had suffered—deeply suffered from it. Worn out and exhausted by late divisions, he had been unable to cultivate that urbanity of manner, and that charitableness of feeling towards all men which—(*here the honourable gentleman was visibly affected*)—which he felt to be so beautiful in theory, and desired to know something of in practice. (*Hear.*) The hon. gentleman concluded by moving the first resolution.

Mr. Wodehouse seconded the resolution. He, too, had felt the hateful influence of late hours. On a very recent occasion he had entirely forgotten himself; had talked he knew not what; made accusations in the dark, and had, he feared, unconsciously played the part of *Snake* in the *School for Scandal*. He could only account for this misfortune by late parliamentary hours. They had, at times, so bewildered him, that he found all his moral faculties in a fog. He wished to cultivate his nobler part, but this was impossible, unless the House of Commons shut up at a reasonable time of night. He was convinced that the public knew very little of the prejudicial effect on the intellects of Members of Parliament, by legislating, or seeming to legislate—(*Hear, hear*)—after midnight.

Mr. D'Israeli moved the second resolution. It had caused him the most painful emotions to witness the evil of late hours on the great body of the House of Commons. How few of them—granting, indeed, that they had the capacity—how few of them had the time to cultivate their intellectual powers! How many sat, torpid as toads in blocks of marble, until two or three in the morning, all their ratiocinative powers blunted and destroyed by the dull, lengthened routine of parliamentary debate. It was true there was one—and only one species of mind—namely, the Hebrew mind—that was able to resist the numbing influence. The Hebrew mind was always wide awake; and for that reason Young England (which he was ready to prove was the lost tribe of Israel) would be the regenerative power that would save England. Had not Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham come of a Jewish stock—and this he (the speaker) was prepared, in the twentieth edition of *Coningsby*, to testify, their intellects, such as they were, could never have survived the wear and tear of late Parliamentary hours. He hoped that the beneficent spirit of the age, so much vaunted, would at least put Members of Parliament on the same footing as the linen-drapers. At present it was really dreadful to contemplate their ignorance. (*Hear, hear.*)

Colonel Sibthorp was only too delighted to second the resolution. No member, better than he, could speak to the dreadful effect of late hours upon the mind of a senator. He could honestly declare it. Sometimes, after stopping till two or three in the morning, when he gave his vote, he didn't know whether he stood upon his head or his heels. (*Hear.*) Moreover, he was so jaded and worn out, that ever since he had been in Parliament he had been unable to read any book, pamphlet, or newspaper soever; that, in fact, he might compare himself to a squirrel in a cage—(*Loud Cheers*)—that went round and round, while all other squirrels were going on. He was convinced that many Members of Parliament, according to Baron Alderson, "kept company with blackguards," only, as he (Col. Sibthorp) thought, because they knew no better; because the late hours of the House of Commons had only left them blackguardism for strong excitement.

Other resolutions were carried, and other eloquent speeches delivered; but we have only room to state that, thanks having been returned to the Chairman, the Meeting broke up, determined to use all legitimate influence to compel the House of Commons to shut up at twelve every night, that the Members might have sufficient time allowed them wherewith to educate their minds.

TOM THUMB AS HE WILL APPEAR AT PARIS.

THE RETREAT OF WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO.

As it is the intention of M. Barnum to visit Paris with Tom Thumb, he in the handsomest manner invited *Punch* to have a private view of the General in the costume in which he will exhibit to our lively neighbours. The General, having worn out Napoleon in England, he will there, in polite deference to French prejudice, appear as the Duke of Wellington. The decided style in which the General wears his hat is in the finest imitation of the noble Duke—whilst his management of the double eye-glass is perfection. He will besides, for the especial delight of the Parisians, dance a hornpipe after the manner of his Grace, and, moreover, sing a comic song on the Reform Bill. When the General returns to America he will, we understand, enchant Jonathan by appearing as Prince Albert.

HEAVY AFFLICTION.

The Paupers in Union Workhouses complain sadly of a feeling of "oppression after eating"—their gruel. This, however, we imagine, is the oppression of the Poor Law Guardians.

SAIREY GAMP AND BETSEY PRIG.

Vide "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT."

SAIREY. I propoge a toast—"Here's better luck next Session."

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.—OF FREEHOLD ESTATES OF INHERITANCE.

BEFORE we go any further we mean to consider an estate—but we shall be very brief, though an estate is just the sort of thing we should like to dwell upon.

A freehold estate of inheritance is either a fee simple or a fee tail, and estates are probably called fees, because the lawyers generally contrived to pay themselves pretty well out of them.

The true meaning of the word fee is the same as feud—a feud signifying a row, because fees, which arise from law proceedings, are the result of a squabble.

A fee simple is an estate that a man may leave to whom he pleases; and it is, perhaps, called fee simple because it is sometimes very simply or foolishly disposed of. "Hence the tenant," says Bracton, "makes good his own title to be called a simpleton."

It used to be thought that a fee or freehold might remain in abeyance—that is to say, without an owner—but modern lawyers cannot tolerate the idea of a fee with nobody to take it, and the doctrine is therefore exploded.

We must now consider a limited fee, which we must take care not to confound with a half-guinea motion, which is a very limited fee indeed—but is not an estate of inheritance, because one's heirs are not likely to see much of it. These limited fees are divided into fees base or qualified, and fees conditional.

Base fees are fees with a qualification subjoined, though, by-the-by, a barrister who takes a base fee, or, in other words, receives less than is marked on his brief, has seldom any qualification at all, either as an advocate or a gentleman.

It is a base or qualified fee, if an estate were granted to A and his heirs, beadles of the Burlington Arcade; for if any of the heirs of A should cease to be beadles of that Arcade, the grant is entirely defeated.

A conditional fee is perhaps the lowest of all fees in its ordinary sense; for when a barrister agrees to receive a fee conditionally on winning his cause, it is a conditional fee that he bargains for. A person seised in such a fee, or caught at such a trick, would deserve to suffer in tail by a general endorsement, without limitation or restriction of any kind. An estate held by a conditional fee is when it is granted to B and his heirs male: so that if he has only daughters, they cannot have the estate.

When an estate is granted to a man and his heirs, he has what is called a fee tail, from the French word *tailler*, to cut, because his heirs must eventually cut him out, or because he may in some cases cut off his own tail, by cutting away the rights of those who come after him.

Tail general is where an estate is given to a man and all his heirs whoever they may be, which is a sort of tag-rag and bob-tail; but where the gift is restrained to certain heirs, the estate is tied up—like the head of a Chinese Mandarin—in a special tail.

Among the incidents of a tenancy in tail, are—first, the right of the tenant in tail to commit waste by felling timber, breaking windows, and other similar acts of mischief, which, if tenant in tail were a troublesome young scamp, he would most probably like to be guilty of. The Marquis, who rode his horse into the drawing-room of a furnished house he had taken for the season was guilty of waste, because he was not seised in tail, though his horse might have been.

Estates tail could not at one time be alienated at all, but it is now quite settled that a man may cut off his own tail under a recent statute which abolished fines and recoveries; for, although the law always delighted in fines, it never favoured recoveries—for an estate in the hands of the law is generally considered to be past recovery.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN ETON AND WESTMINSTER.

THESE two great nurseries for British statesmen have been corresponding, through two of their senior pupils, on the glorious subject of a rowing match. Westminster writes a tolerably business-like note, but Eton soars far, very far, above the trammels of LINDLEY MURRAY. It is true that public schools teach only Latin and Greek, which may account for the fact that Eton cannot write English.

We give, from recollection, a specimen of the style of Eton, and we beg the public to bear in mind that a lot of Eton boys are the chief characters in MR. D'ISRAELI'S Young England Novel of Coningsby. Westminster having written to enquire whether Eton will enter into a rowing match, Eton, in the name of one of its scholars, thus replies to Westminster:—

"Dear Sir,—I don't know what you mean to say, when I read your letter, which I think very absurd. I don't suppose you wrote what you have said in your note, because the match, in the way you propose, is a very strange manner of doing things, which all who have seen it say they think as I do. I hope you will tell me you did not write your last letter, because, then, if you do, I shall be able to understand it better than if you did, which I must say I do not, nor do I see very well how you could have thought how that I ever could. At present

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"ETON."

To the above communication Westminster pithily replied that he retracted nothing, and would publish every thing. Considering that Eton gives so many members to the Senate, can we be surprised at the wretched manner in which those who speak in Parliament are often found to express themselves? It is to be regretted that SIR JAMES GRAHAM did not on this occasion practise his letter-opening propensities, for if he had intercepted the Eton portion of the correspondence, he might have saved the credit of the college. We should suggest that every Eton grammar should have stitched on to the end of it a copy of the Complete Letter Writer.

CROCODILE TEARS!

LORD BROUGHAM having, for the session, defeated LORD COTTENHAM'S Bill for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt, has suddenly become very anxious—very anxious indeed—for the passing of a new Insolvent Bill, that just tinkers the evil. There are, it appears by a recent return, 3,352 imprisoned debtors; of these, 810 are for debts under one pound; under five, 794; and so forth. One man has worn out 32 years in the Queen's Bench! Well, his Lordship hears of this report, and then declares that the account of suffering "makes his hair stand on end!" He, however, presses on the Bill, as "at this period of the session, the delay of every day increased the risk of entire failure." Why, the man knows that, but for his meddlesome interference with LORD COTTENHAM'S Bill, that Bill might by this time have been an Act. But no; it was too much for LORD BROUGHAM, that any large measure should be passed without him. Therefore, he threw it over, and then whimpers about the existence of an evil, which, but for him, would have been remedied. For ourselves, we have no faith in these crocodile whinings. If the Bill do not pass this session, then may there be inscribed on the gateway of every debtor's gaol—"Here are imprisoned the victims of the vanity of BROUGHAM!"

THE RAILWAY TELEGRAPH.

THE papers, the other day, the public will have observed an account of the application of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph to the Great Western Railway, by which messages are sent up and down the line with extraordinary rapidity. The readers of *Punch* will be delighted to hear that the telegraph has been attached to the "Wormwood Scrubbs, Kensington, Warwick Square, Paddington Canal, Shepherd's Bush, Little Western, and No Junction Railway," which connects the two-and-a-half milestone with a field in the Western suburbs. The telegraph has been constantly in full play—it is all play and no work on this secluded little line—since Thursday. We give a specimen of the messages:—

Kensington, 7. 20. A. M. Has the policeman finished his breakfast? No answer.

Kensington, 11. A. M. How are you?

Wormwood Scrubbs, 11. 5. A. M. Tol lollish.

Kensington, 11. 15. A. M. No passengers by any of the trains. Is it worth while to send one down empty?

Wormwood Scrubbs, 11. 20. A. M. You must send something, for here's a man wants to go, and there's nothing here to take him.

Kensington, 11. 30. A. M. The train has just started with nine boys, who have volunteered to go as passengers.

Wormwood Scrubbs, 1. 30. P. M. The train has arrived, but you must send a scuttle of coals to keep the engine-fire in.

Kensington, 1. 35. P. M. The coals have started, and a kitchen poker.

Wormwood Scrubbs, 2. P.M. The coals have come to hand, but the poker fell off the engine just after it started.

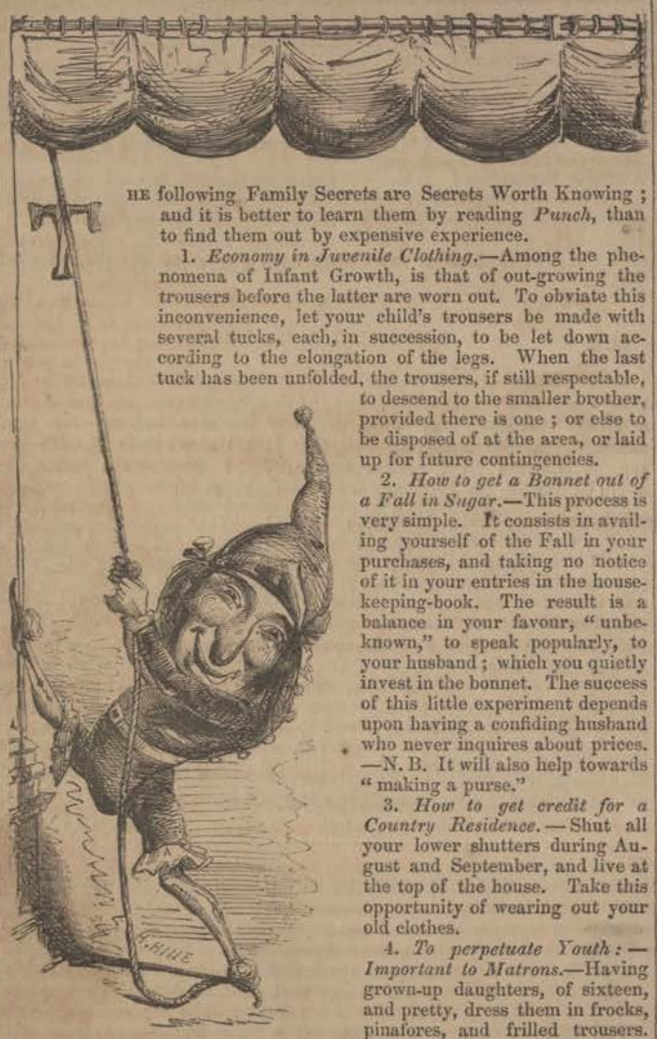
Kensington, 2. 30. P. M. The train has come in, but not the passenger, who was expected.

Wormwood Scrubbs, 2. 35. P. M. He changed his mind.

Kensington, 3. P. M. This is dull work—I'm off for the day.

The clerk at Wormwood Scrubbs having been already "off for the day," there was no answer to the last message.

FAMILY SECRETS.



THE following Family Secrets are Secrets Worth Knowing; and it is better to learn them by reading *Punch*, than to find them out by expensive experience.

1. *Economy in Juvenile Clothing.*—Among the phenomena of Infant Growth, is that of out-growing the trousers before the latter are worn out. To obviate this inconvenience, let your child's trousers be made with several tucks, each, in succession, to be let down according to the elongation of the legs. When the last tuck has been unfolded, the trousers, if still respectable, to descend to the smaller brother, provided there is one; or else to be disposed of at the area, or laid up for future contingencies.

2. *How to get a Bonnet out of a Fall in Sugar.*—This process is very simple. It consists in availing yourself of the Fall in your purchases, and taking no notice of it in your entries in the housekeeping-book. The result is a balance in your favour, "unbeknown," to speak popularly, to your husband; which you quietly invest in the bonnet. The success of this little experiment depends upon having a confiding husband who never inquires about prices. —N. B. It will also help towards "making a purse."

3. *How to get credit for a Country Residence.*—Shut all your lower shutters during August and September, and live at the top of the house. Take this opportunity of wearing out your old clothes.

4. *To perpetuate Youth:—Important to Matrons.*—Having grown-up daughters, of sixteen, and pretty, dress them in frocks, pinafores, and frilled trousers. Encourage them to play with skipping-ropes, battledores, and shuttlecocks, and let them come in after dinner to have half a glass of wine. Or send them somewhere away to school, till people begin to say that you are treating them shamefully. By this means an inference as to their age, and consequently as to yours, will be precluded. For your own part, wear no caps; lace tightly, and if your cheeks should have lost somewhat of the bloom of youth, buy a little. You may thus remain stationary for a long time at eight-and-twenty.

5. *To multiply Sherry.*—Take of old Brown Sherry one bottle; of Raisin, two; of White Currant, three. Mix. This will make an excellent Pale Sherry for supper at evening parties; but you had better not introduce it at dinner.

6. *Axioms.*—Flannel for the fire-side; silk, satin, and velvet, for the *soirée*.

7. *Pudding first and Meat afterwards for little Girls and Boys.*—To cloy is to moderate the youthful appetite. Fat mutton goes far with the young consumer.

8. Scraps on six days; a dinner party on the seventh.

9. Wax, damask, Brussels, magnificence, and profusion, one evening in the year; dips, dimity, drugget, seediness, and parsimony all the rest of it.

10. Pinch the stomach; pamper the back.

If *Punch*, by the above maxims and directions, shall have furnished any family with a hint as to "making it out," he will be delighted.

Historical Negligence.

ABD-EL-KADER has not been taken yet. What is the Editor of the *Moniteur* about? JOINVILLE, we understand, has written over to his father to have him instantly dismissed.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY'S PITMEN

TO THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

THERE has been a great turn-out of the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY'S Pitmen, for which incident—deny it as he may—we have little doubt that the Marquis is uncommonly grateful. And for this reason: It affords him an opportunity for the exercise of his literary powers; and that the Marquis is smitten with the fatal charms of pen and ink and foolscap, who that has read the noble writer's Histories and Travels, can deny? Hence, the Marquis has, from Holderness House, sent to his Pitmen several epistles full of "really *paternal* advice!" The result of this is, the following answer from the pitmen to their anxious father, LONDONDERRY.

"*Durham, July* 22.

"Marquis,—We have received your letter that calls upon us 'to leave the Union and return to our work.' In answer to this we say—'Oh, Marquis! leave you your union, that coals may be cheaper, and the pitmen's labour more abundant.'

"You charge us with combining. We, Marquis, charge you with the like act. We combine with one another, that we may have the value of the sweat of our brows; you belong to the Coal Trade Union—to the Union of Masters, banded together to keep up the price of coals: to stint the supply of the market, that it may always bring a certain price. What, then, wealth may combine—but labour, not?

"You conjure us 'to look upon the ruin we are bringing on our wives, our children, our county, and—*the country!*' We, in reply, conjure you to consider the misery, the wretchedness, the suffering, that every winter is brought upon the London poor by the Coal-owners' Union, that, obstinate for high prices, makes firing an unattainable luxury.

"You say that you will come among us, and 'proceed to eject us,' taking especial care that 'the civil and military power shall be at hand' to support you. Oh, father! is it thus you will show your paternal love to your pitmen's little ones?

"Come among us, Marquis; pray come, and never dream that we shall want 'the civil and military power' to settle the differences between us. No; fear not, after a little talk, we shall agree in amity and love. You will leave your union, we will leave ours, and in the hope of this, dear father,

"We remain,

"Your affectionate Children of the Pit."

[HERE FOLLOW MANY SIGNATURES.]

His Lordship is expected to start forthwith from Holderness House for Sunderland.

THE NEW COMET.

(From our own Astronomer.)

NEVER having seen a Comet, and being most desirous of getting every possible information about this particular one, I took an early breakfast and commenced my observations with the naked eye. A sort of fluid smoke for some time interrupted a clear view of the sky, and I had recourse to my spectacles, which gave me very little assistance. Having read the *Times*, in which I found Professor SOUTH'S report stating that he had "seen the comet for the fraction of a second, but could make no observation of it," I thought that, with great mental energy, I might eventually succeed in doing nearly as much, and thus be in a position to divide the laurel with that very great astronomer. Accordingly, after dinner I sat down with a bottle of wine before me, and my eye-glass in my hand, determined to watch for the comet. Having been unsuccessful for the first hour, I opened a second bottle of wine, and eventually a third, which I had got about half-through, when the dazzled state of my vision induced me to come to the conclusion that, like the celebrated SOUTH, I had seen the comet. Such was my state of happy ecstacy, that I remember nothing more, and I have great pleasure in confirming the report of the great astronomer that no observation could be made of the Comet. Indeed I could make nothing of it at all, but I shall co-operate with the renowned SOUTH, in keeping my eye still upon it.

CAPTAIN WARNER'S DISCOVERY.

We have received the following report of the proceedings the other day at Brighton from Lord Brougham. We are obliged to his Lordship for his prompt attention, but had rather that his style of addressing us had been a little less familiar. We have an objection to liberties being taken with us, but we must, we suppose, allow much for that love of freedom which has always been one of the salient points of Lord Brougham's character.

"*Brighton, July* 20, 1844.

"Dear Punch,—I believe you know my opinion of the invisible shell. I thought it a piece of humbug, and, hating all humbug—perhaps on the principle of two of a trade never agreeing—I came down, determined to blow up Captain Warner, if he did not blow up a vessel, according to the pledge he had given to the public.

"Having reached Brighton, I took up my station on the battery, and amused myself by lying at full length on the wall, making my white hat a support for my telescope, and reporting to the people round me the result of my observations. Two was the hour fixed for the experiment. Two came, but no blowing up. Humbugs are never punctual. They never keep their appointments, though, by-the-by, if I could get a good appointment now, I think I should keep it.

"I, of course, got rather impatient, and spoke my mind pretty freely. They told me it took time to bring the ship up to her moorings. Pooh! All humbug, my dear Punch. As if they could not have hoisted her gaff, put her mizen in the wind, and let her luff on the larboard tack till she got athwart the bows of the steamer. I said as much to the by-standers, who agreed with me, with the exception of a meddling fellow of a naval officer, who was of course in Warner's pay, and put there to puff up the invention. I offered to go myself and bring her up, if they would allow me. I also offered to go and remain in the vessel, while Warner tried to blow it up—so certain was I that the whole affair was a hoax; but even this they would not agree to. At last, tired out by importunities, without which the people would have seen nothing at all—for it was only by sticking to the thing as I did that got Warner to make the attempt—a noise was heard, the vessel went away, and the thing ended in smoke, as I always said it would. The ship turned right over, so that daylight was visible by the aperture in her timbers, and I saw through it of course immediately.

"The ship sunk, true enough; but, my dear Punch, I'll just tell *you* how the thing was done. It was either done by a rope, or else by something that floated up to the ship which pulled a trigger—*that* would be easy enough of course—or an electric battery, or an air-gun, or a quantity of gunpowder made to act by Ryan's process from the bottom of the sea, or a submarine shell—or something or other. At all events it's a mere trick, and being a trick, anybody could do it. I could, at all events, if the proper materials were supplied to me. If you mean, my dear Punch, to assume a sort of scientific air upon the subject, put in the following paragraph, which I should have put into the Penny Cyclopædia, if the work had not been completed:—'There is no doubt that all submarine salts acting in coalition with a pure phosphate, and coagulating chemically with the sublimate of marine potash, will create combustion in nitrous bodies. It is a fact in physics that sulphurous acids held in solution by glutinous compounds will create igneous action in aquiferous bodies, and therefore the pure carbonate of any given quantity of bituminous or ligneous solids, will of themselves create such a result as that which Captain Warner produced on Saturday by his alleged discovery. It will, therefore, be seen that we gain no new fact—that there is, in reality, nothing due—and that the whole is rather a semi-optical delusion than a great truth in science.'

"There, my dear Punch, print that, and you will gain the credit of knowing something about everything. That 's the way I got my reputation for all kinds of useful knowledge.

"Ever, my dear Punch,
"Your devoted friend,
"Brougham."

We need hardly add that we do not quite agree with our noble and learned correspondent's criticism and conclusion on the discovery of Captain Warner.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL LEADER.

The public has lately been startled by an extraordinary glut of pine-apples, and it has been found impossible to turn either to the right or to the left without being, as it were, stared out of countenance by this salubrious luxury. Everybody is asking what can be the meaning of such a sudden influx of this hitherto almost unattainable delicacy. Pines are now thrust under our very noses, and ticketed at the most tempting figures, so that every man may sport his pine-apple on Sunday, for dessert, as reasonably as he could luxuriate in his threepenny pottle of hautboys. Superficial observers see nothing in all this but a fall in the luscious fruit we have alluded to. We, however, take a deeper view of the subject, and look upon these pine-apples as the legitimate fruits of the tariff. The insane and selfish policy which, for a long time, crippled currants, and kept figs at a feverish price; which prevented the Brazilians from a friendly interchange of their nuts for our manufactures; which debarred the merry sons of Naples from sending us their maccaroni, and taking over Birmingham cutlery in return; this insane and selfish policy no longer prevails, and we may hope that Sir Robert Peel will, ere long, give us a cheap loaf, since he has ventured on the experiment of giving us a cheap pine-apple. We trust that the cry of "pine-apples for the people" will henceforth be the watchword of free-trade; and it is very possible that "melons for the million" will hereafter find an echo in the policy of future governments.

TO M.P.'s ON THE USE OF A GUN.

of the Honourable Gentlemen, the business of Legislation having been concluded, will shortly be off to the Moors. *Punch* has sometimes had occasion to give them advice as to their conduct in the Senate, and he now begs to offer them a few friendly hints with regard to their behaviour in the field.

In the first place, he would express the hope that honourable gentlemen will not, in the latter situation, hang fire quite so much as they are in the habit of doing in the former. He trusts, also, that they will now be on their legs from morning till night to somewhat more purpose than they have so been from night to morning; that the grouse they will bag will be proportionate to the time they have killed, and that they will make a great many more hits in the Season than they have succeeded in making during the Session.

He begs to call their particular attention to their priming and loading, matters which, judging from their senatorial proceedings, he fears they may incautiously overlook. Their speeches on various subjects have showed many of them to be very indifferently primed: should this be the case with their guns, the latter will go off like their orations, that is to say, not at all.

He would recommend them to direct their guns in a way just the reverse to that in which they direct their remarks; namely, towards the grouse, or object in view; not against each other. For honourable gentlemen are to remember, that, though words break no bones, the same is not predicable of No. 4; and that, should they, by accident, shoot other honourable gentlemen through the head, however opinions may differ as to the amount of mischief which in some cases will be done, such mischief will be irremediable by apology.

Lastly, he would suggest to them that the Moors are the place for shooting, not for talking about it; but perhaps this admonition is unnecessary; for fowling is one thing, and law-making another; and honourable gentlemen, he has reason to believe, are never more in earnest than when they are in sport.

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE—COTTINGHAM WEIGHT.

William Wilson, a Merton omnibus driver, is charged at Union Hall, before Mr. Cottingham, with a gross assault on a lady named Murrell. He is fined 3*l.* and costs!—Immediately paid.

Henry Shepherd of a Carshalton omnibus, on the same day and before the same magistrate, is charged with furious driving; and is—committed for a month to hard labour.

Next comes, before the same magistrate, John Linton, a butcher of the Waterloo Road, who enters a man's house, and commences a criminal assault on a modest married woman, "using the most disgusting language." Mr. Cottingham expressed his surprise, that the woman's husband did not "criminally indict the man;" and then, as a wind-up to such astonishment, inflicts a 5*l.* fine upon the offender; which, of course, is—Immediately paid.

Thus, you may strike a woman (as it was proved Wilson did) a severe blow on the bosom, and the charge for the same is 3*l.*

An assault with a criminal intent is 5*l.*

But, furious driving is incarceration and hard labour for a month!

Oh, brutes, with money! assault a woman as much as you like—but don't over-drive!

DREAD OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

The Boy Alexis was at the British and Foreign Institute last week. The object of his visit was to try whether it was possible "to see through" Mr. Buckingham or not. Mr. Buckingham, however, with great presence of mind, would not submit to the experiment.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

"THE LOVE CHASE."

THE *Spectator* of Sunday last is as kind as it is usually enthusiastic. In the very fulness of its benevolence it recommends to the Haymarket manager—"if he mistrusts his own judgment" (and we should like to see the manager who ever did)—a certain lady, a retired actress, to read the comedies rejected by the committee.

"There *is* a lady (says the *Spectator*) whom he might consult with advantage; whose judgment *is impartial and discriminating, and who is skilful in suggesting emendations!*"

Really, this is too modest; for can there be a doubt that the *Spectator* suggests no other than the old gentlewoman who writes dramatic criticisms for its own columns! This beats the bashfulness of BROUGHAM!

A LETTER FROM THE BOY JONES.

THE following letter, addressed by the Boy JONES to his uncle MR. GEORGE JONES, has been forwarded to us. It doth, in a singular manner, prove the truth of *Punch's* speculation in his last, that the Boy JONES has been appointed by Ministers as a Boy of Observation on the Boy JOINVILLE,—the *Warspite*, be it remembered, being on the Gibraltar station:—

"*To* GEORGE JONES, Esq.,

"*Foreign and British Institute, Hanover-square.*

"*H.M.S. Warspite, Gibraltar-Roads, July* 10.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,

"Here we are, as merry as grigs! Such a go! We 've been dodging JOHNVILL just as I used to dodge the pages and housemaids in Buckingham Palace. The day before yesterday he comes here, and starts next morning to Tangier (just off where I tumbled overboard), and comes back again at night to take his mess with the Governor, old SIR ROBERT WILSON. SIR BOBBY never had the civility to ask me, but that made no difference. I quietly dropped myself overboard, got ashore, and down the chimney into the Governor's house. All dinner-time I stowed myself in an empty wine-cooler, and saw and heard everything. Master JOHNVILL—a sly-looking chap that, uncle—palavered it very well. They drank his health; and then he got up and drank England's health and VIC's health, (bless the little lady! how is she?) and said he hoped that the English lion and the Gallic cock would play with one another till the world's end; that he loved England very much, indeed, and wouldn't mind spending all his days in an English three-decker, he'd such a taking for that sort of thing. When he said this, I could see that some of our blue-jackets winked at one another, just as much as to say, I wish you may get it.

"Then the PRINCE talked about a book he had writ; and putting one of his hands upon his bosom, and taking the other to stroke down his tip (that hangs from his chin for all the world like a swab of horsehair), he said that if he had written the book, he didn't mean anything in it. He said that nobody prayed against war more than he did; that nobody loved the English so much as he did; that he'd rather die than hurt a hair in the British Lion's tail, and a good deal more flummery of the sort, without blushing a bit more than a figure-head. And then he tossed off his grog to the glory of the British navy; and then I saw our blue-jackets wink at one another again, and so the toasting ended.

"When the PRINCE went away he embraced the Governor, giving him such a hug that all the blood in his body flew into his face—and then the PRINCE embraced the Captains, and then the Lieutenants,—and I did think he was going on with the Midshipmen,—but he brought himself up with a round turn, and then with a low bow, sheered off. This is all I can write to you at present. However, if anything else happens, you shall have all the particulars from

"Your affectionate nephew,

"GEO. JONES, ESQ. "THE BOY JONES.

"P.S. I am sorry to say that your book of *Ancient America* that you gave me has been thrown overboard, by order of the Captain; its weight was found so to stop the ship's sailing. I thought, as I read it, that it got heavier and heavier every day: and so it turned out; for it took ten men at last to throw it overboard. If you write anything more, don't send it to me, for the Captain swears 'twill waterlog the vessel.

"I send you my picture. It was done by the cook's mate, who's got

quite a taste that way. He asked me to ask you if you could get it into some of the newspapers that prints pictures of public people. His charge (he says) is eighteen-pence a-head."

THE SECRET POST COMMITTEE.

Sir ROBERT PEEL grants Mr. DUNCOMBE a committee to inquire into the iniquities practised at the Post-office, but will not suffer Mr. DUNCOMBE to give the committee value by his presence. This liberality is not unlike the generosity of good DOCTOR PRIMROSE, who gives each of his girls a guinea, with the understanding that they are never to SPEND it.

Generous Sympathy.

IT seems, from an account in the French newspapers, that the interest upon Louis Philippe's fortune is only 55 francs a minute! We understand that Rothschild, when he read this, was so moved that he actually shed tears, "as he never could have believed there was such destitution in the world."

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PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER IX.

FROM AN ELECTOR TO A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, SOLICITING HIS INTEREST FOR A PLACE.

HONOURED SIR,

According to my promise, when I last had the pleasure of shaking your worthy and high-minded hand, I take up my pen to let you know how matters go on in our borough of Pottlepot. Oh, sir! the Blues are done for ever! They ought, if they had any sense of their littleness, to crawl upon all fours the rest of their natural lives: it's downright impudence of 'em to think of walking upright on two legs, like incorruptible, independent voters. But, sir, they are done for ever! As I said at the club on Saturday, where we always drink your honoured health standing with nine times nine, as I said, after we had toasted your patriotism and all your public and private virtues,—SIR CURTIUS TURNSTILE, says I, sits for Pottlepot for life; it's as good as his own freehold. And so it is, sir. Be sure of it, there isn't a Yellow that wouldn't die for you, with all their wives and families included. You have touched their hearts, SIR CURTIUS, in the proper way, and there isn't a man that wouldn't bleed for you in return. And then for the women; why, I'm a sinner, if last Sunday there weren't six babies every one of 'em christened CURTIUS. There they were, sir—bless the

little cherubs!—with yellow ribands in their caps, and ribands hung all over them, and their mothers and fathers smiling on the colours with all a parent's fondness. Ha, sir! it would have done your noble heart good to hear how the same night we drank the healths of the young CURTIUSES—the baby Yellows—the future free and independent voters of Pottlepot.

But how, sir, should it be otherwise? Who can forget your kindness when you came among us to canvass? What condescension—what liberality! There's poor MRS. SPRIGGS, the good soul who sells cakes; she never speaks of you without tears in her eyes; and as for her husband—a rascally Blue!—whom the kind creature made so drunk, and then shut the shutters on the day of poll, that when he woke he thought it was still night, and so went to sleep again,—dear MRS. SPRIGGS says she can't enough bless you. Though you bought her jackdaw for ten pounds, she's got another; and for all her husband—like a brutal Blue as he is!—beats her once a week for 't, the public-spirited, patriotic soul, *will* teach the bird to cry out, "TURNSTILE for ever! Down with the Blues!"

You'll be glad to hear, SIR CURTIUS, that little BOBBY WINDFALL, the bellows-mender's child, has got over the small-pox, and won't be very much marked. I'm sure you'll be glad of this, from the kind manner with which I saw you kiss the suffering babe when it was so very bad indeed.

The organ that you sent down to the chapel plays very beautifully—very! It quite melts the heart of every true Yellow to listen to it. But I am sorry to say—I blush for my species while I write it—that several stiff-necked Blues stay away from chapel because of that organ: whilst one of 'em, with a sneer that meant I know not what, said, "The organ was a most appropriate gift from you, as no sinner could listen to it without thinking of corruption." What he meant by this 'twould puzzle me to discover.

Your kind hospitality in inviting all of us to your mansion in town whenever we should come to London, will in a few days be rewarded. CHOPS the pork-butcher, with BRADS the blacksmith, and STRONG-I'-TH'-ARM the farrier, will be with you—they desire me to say—next week. But pray, SIR CURTIUS, don't give CHOPS too much champagne, as he is apt to be very unruly. And MRS. BRADS hopes you'll not let BRADS stir in London without you're by his side; she says she depends upon you. As for the farrier's wife, she says you're welcome to keep her husband for a month; only when he comes back, she says she shall expect to see what sort of caps they wear in London.

We are all on the look out for your first speech, as you promised us on the hustings that it should be a teazer.

I am, SIR CURTIUS,
Your obedient Servant,
And very humble Voter,
HAMPDEN BRICK.

P.S.—I had almost forgotten to say, that my son BRUTUS—the youth to whom you jokingly gave a five-pound note to light a cigar with—is now anxious to enter upon the world. Forgive the feelings of a father; but please to write by return of post whether his place will be in the Excise, the Customs, or the Treasury. I suppose we must'nt expect more than two hundred a-year *to begin with?*

LETTER X.

ANSWER OF SIR CURTIUS TURNSTILE, M.P., TO HIS CONSTITUENT, HAMPDEN BRICK.

MY DEAR SIR,

It gives me the deepest pleasure to learn the happiness and tranquillity of the favoured borough of Pottlepot. Bound up as my future public life is with the sympathies of the noble-minded and incorruptible men by whose votes I hold my present exalted situation—my present enviable prominence in the eye of the world—it must be to me a vital felicity to know of their felicity. As for the Blues—that desperate faction—that band of little Neros preying on the vitals of their mother-country——but I dismiss them from my thoughts. Contempt relieves me from the excess of indignation.

It is to me a deep happiness to find that I am remembered at your hebdomadal meetings at the Angel. Believe me that every Saturday night I shall spiritually return thanks for the honour that you do me.

The thought that I have awakened a feeling of respect in the bosoms of my fair well-wishers and active supporters of Pottlepot, awards to me the proudest moment of my life. That, with a delicacy which peculiarly distinguishes the disinterested excellence of their sex from the too frequent selfishness of ours, they should give my name to the pledges of their hallowed love, produces feelings in my breast much more easily conceived than described. Tell them from me, good MR. BRICK, that whilst they have complimented me, they have imposed a task upon me—yes, sir, a task; for, henceforth, it must be the peculiar study of life to do nothing that shall be in the least unworthy of my interesting namesakes. It would, I assure you, have given me great pleasure to be their godfather, but—another time.

I am delighted to learn that the excellent MRS. SPRIGGS is in good health. Though decidedly not a woman of high education, she has that instinctive patriotism which made the glory of the ancient matron. She might, without a blush, call the mother of the GRACCHI sister. I am more than amused to hear of her jackdaw; and, for her sake, hope for better things from her husband.

Believe me, you only do justice to my feelings when you say that I shall be happy to hear of the recovery of Master ROBERT WINDFALL. Though asleep, and in a sad condition when I saw him, I *do* think I never looked upon a more intelligent child. I trust he will become a blessing to his parents, and an honour to the ancient mystery of bellows-mending.

What you tell me respecting the organ, shocks me. That the spirit of party can, in such a subject, find matter for its bitterness, makes one almost despair of human nature. Alas! alas! that even the humble present of a church organ cannot escape the ribaldry of party malice. But nothing, sacred or profane, *does* escape it!

You speak of a projected visit to town by CHOPS, BRADS, and STRONG-I'-TH'-ARM, my worthy and indefatigable constituents. There are no men for whose honesty—whose singleness of purpose—whose primitive simplicity of character—I have a higher admiration; but was there ever anything so unfortunate? At present my mansion is undergoing a thorough repair; filled with carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers—in fact, turned inside out. Hence, to my inexpressible annoyance, I shall not have the pleasure of seeing them under my own roof; and what is worse, I fear—I say, I fear—that unavoidable business will, for a week at least, take me from

London. However, pray let me know *what day* they intend to set out. I depend upon you not to fail in this.

I have not yet spoken in the House. It is my policy never to throw away powder. But *when* I do make myself heard, depend upon it that Pottlepot will hear the report.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Yours faithfully ever,
CURTIUS TURNSTILE.

P.S.—As for your son, I think it would be a pity that he should bury his precocious talents—for I never saw so young a boy smoke with so much maturity—in either the Excise, the Customs, or the Treasury. Take a friend's advice, and bring him up to the bar.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH SUDBURY?

(From our Hampshire Correspondent.)

Sudbury is disfranchised. Yes, it is blotted out from the political map; and the question now arises, What is to be done with the vacant franchise? It is rumoured that there will be a new metropolitan borough, effected by the conglomeration of Chelsea, Kensington, and Hammersmith. Chelsea has her Piers, and why should she not have her Commons? Kensington has her railway, and why not her rights? Hammersmith has her Chain bridge, and why should she not form a Link in the constitution? Echo answers, "Why should she not?" while Common Sense whispers, "Certainly."

But, then, it may be asked, why should one of the suburbs be favoured to the prejudice of its fellow-outskirts? Is Kensington alone capable of freedom, and can Putney never know the pride of a patriot? Shall there be an honourable member for Chelsea, while Peckham pines in unrepresented hopelessness? Fulham has her feelings, and the heart-burnings of Hackney are proverbial; while the blood of Brixton boils for the enjoyment of that political position which has been hitherto denied to her. The proud population of Pentonville are naturally jealous of any concession to a rival suburb; and, though we do not apprehend the horrors of civil war, we should be sorry to see Islington ranged in deadly hostility to Chelsea, between whom civilisation, and an omnibus every ten minutes, have contributed to establish a most amicable understanding.

But, in the words of the French politician, *nous verrons*, or, as BLAGDEN would express it in his Interpreter, "We shall see"—if we do but keep our eyes open.

THE LAW OF ARREST.

WE understand that, if there should be any alteration in the Law of Debtor and Creditor, involving the abolition of Imprisonment, the trustees of Staples Inn will claim compensation, on the ground of their chambers being greatly reduced in value, through the operation of the measure. It is not perhaps generally known, that the range of buildings on the south side is situated partly in London and partly in Middlesex; so that a debtor in bed has only to draw up his legs into the county at the approach of a city bailiff, or dive down under the bed-clothes into London, if a writ, sued out in Middlesex, should be shown to him.

This freedom from arrest is very ancient; for, while the person living in ALFRED'S time was safe in the precincts of the palace, there is a case in the Books, as old as EGBERT, where there appears to have been a privilege of palliasse, and a rejoinder of *Nul tiel Bedstead* was declared on demurrer to be bad for uncertainty. In another case, *Respondeat ouster* was resorted to by ousting the respondent, or kicking him out of bed, which led to a replication *De injuria;* but as no bruise could be shown, it fell to the ground for want of colour.

A CON.—Why is a piece of plum-cake which has disagreed with the PRINCESS ROYAL like one of the metropolitan suburbs?—Why! because its *Maida Hill* (made her ill).

A YANKEE NOTION.

"REPUDIATION" is a Yankee notion—so is slavery, so is Lynch law, so is annexation, so is Mormonism, so is chewing tobacco. But the Yankee notion which we are about to develop is the notion of a Yankee; and if the reader does not own it to be a considerable one, we are pretty particularly mistaken.

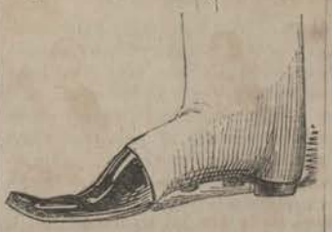
All foreigners, whether counts and barons, or fiddlers and dancing-masters, are distinguished by peculiarities of dress and person. This assertion includes the Yankee, who thus, though untitled, may be ranked among distinguished foreigners.

The Yankee, in the first place, is distinguished by

HIS HAT,

which is something like that devised for the military by our gracious Prince, ALBERTUS PARVUS, so named by us in contradistinction to ALBERTUS MAGNUS, who, as everybody knows, was a conjuror. The brim, however, turns up more at the sides: so that there is much less of the flat about it than there is about the Royal invention; a difference, perhaps, depending on the different minds of which respectively the two hats were emanations.

In the second place, the Yankee may be discriminated by



HIS BOOT.

Wherefore *ex pede Jonathanum* is as sound an axiom as *ex pede Herculem;* since JONATHAN, like HERCULES, may be guessed at, or calculated, by his foot—with the boot on it. The boot of the Yankee in shape very strongly resembles the ox's tongue, as exhibited in the last cut.

Thirdly, the Yankee is denoted by

HIS PHIZ,

in which lankness of feature may be said to vie with sallowness of complexion. The mouth, to speak with mathematical precision, is curvilinear, like that of a steel purse: his nose is as plain as that on your face; probably plainer, whoever you are. It may be defined an incipient aquiline, terminating in a goose-bill. His eye is of the gimlet order; the crow lending its tint to the pupil, and its foot to the outer angle. The same bird, or its first cousin, the raven, affords, in its wing, a comparison to the dye of his hair, of which the mode of growth is typified by the tail of the rat.

The Yankee has also divers moral peculiarities. Of these, one of the most remarkable is his devotion to

HIS IDOL.

There is a hole in his head where veneration, according to phrenology, ought to be; but there is nothing in it. We allude to phrenology, as well as the hole; for his veneration for dollars is immense.

Melancholy State of the Home Navy.

IT will hardly be believed, but it is nevertheless a fact, that all the crews of the river steam-boats are sunk—yes, literally sunk—in the profoundest ignorance. An intelligent traveller, who has favoured the world with "A Scamper through Italy," and contemplates following it up with "A Bolt to Boulogne," has called our attention to the fact, that the boy on board the *Bachelor* steam-boat is in the habit of exclaiming "Stop *her*," when the sex of the *Bachelor* plainly shows that "Stop *him*" would be the proper phraseology. The same brutal ignorance prevails on board the *Bridegroom*, and it is, therefore, in contemplation to distribute gratuitous grammars among the respective crews of the river steam-boats, with a leaf turned down at the place where gender is treated of.

GRAND BALLET POLITIQUE.

IN PREPARATION AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

We shall soon have to congratulate Mr. Lumley on one of the most signal triumphs of a triumphant season. The Grand Ballet now in preparation will be the occasion of the *début* of a young and highly promising *artiste*, Signor D'Israeli, a dancer of the pure Caucassian school, who comes to Her Majesty's Theatre with the strongest recommendations from several distinguished parties, and whose eccentric *Pas diplomatiques* have already excited the attention of the continental *dilettanti*.

We can, as yet, give, from hearsay, no more than a very slight sketch of the action; which, however, if we mistake not, will be enough to put our readers' expectation on tiptoe. The ballet consists of two *tableaux:* and the scene opens in the "Temple of Peel," said to be one of the chastest efforts of the Messrs. Grieves' pencil. Here at first all is harmony, and the *corps de ballet* go through a pretty "Conservative Dance" round the altar; towards the conclusion of which, however, some five or six (the party of Young England) are observed to separate from the rest, and engage in earnest pantomime: these dancers (who are very becomingly dressed, with white neckcloths, trunk-hose, and rosaries) are headed by Signor D'Israeli, who is expected to make a very great sensation in the *pas* which follows. The scene changes, and the Young Englanders proceed at once to their "*Pas de la Nouvelle Génération*;" in the course of which curious and *recherché* dance (said to partake of the *Coranto* of Elizabeth, with a *soupçon* of the Anglo-Saxon jig), they thrice approach Dr. Pusey, who is seated near the footlights, attempting to crown him with a cardinal's hat; which the Doctor as often refuses with inimitable grace. At the end appear, first, Mr. Miles and some West Indians, who dance a "*Pas de Differential Duty*," with a determined air; followed closely by Lord John Russell and the Whigs, who execute a very charming "*Pas d'Espérance*," and afterwards mingle with the rest: the first *tableau* closing with a spirited Tilting Dance, which represents an encounter between the votaries of Peel and the opposing party; who, by means of their increased numbers, come off victorious. The chief feature of the *second tableau* is the "*Pas Tartare et de Screw-driver*" by Peel, which is highly original and forcible, Sir Robert advancing with menacing gesture, and brandishing the instrument at the deserters. No sooner is this dance over, than four of the latter break from the group, and commence a "*Pas Pénitentiel*," which is described as a species of *Mazurka*, all the four repeatedly coming down *sur les marobones* in a deprecatory manner, and finally, on receiving a gracious nod in token of forgiveness, falling gracefully into the ranks of the consistent votaries. The Tilting Dance is then repeated, and this time (from the new change of numbers) with an opposite result, ending in the complete victory of Peel. Young England then performs a Polka of the times of Pharaoh, of a vindictive character; and the curtain falls.

Besides those we have mentioned, there are interspersed throughout the ballet many other very attractive *pas:* the gem of the piece, indeed, is said to be the "*Pas de Chancellor's Wig*," by Lord Brougham (Madlle. Cerito) and Lord Lyndhurst (M. St. Léon). In this *pas*, Cerito (who makes a very fascinating Brougham) executes the most incredible bounds, *tours de force*, and rapid and unaccountable gyrations; while St. Léon, holding the wig at arm's length, and appearing to offer it with each hand alternately to the pretty claimant, always playfully withdrawing it when it seems in the very grasp of Lord Brougham's fair representative. Another very striking feature is the "*Pas de Post-office*," in which Signor Mazzini is observed reading a letter, over his macaroni, when Sir James Graham (it is a *pas tout seul* by that *artiste*) advances noiselessly on tiptoe, and peeps alternately over each shoulder at the contents. Altogether, it apparently may be safely pronounced of the forthcoming ballet, that "Soi-même seul peut se ressembler." *

THE BRITISH PHARMACOPŒIA;

OR, FARMER'S FIRST LESSON IN CHEMISTRY.

A class has been formed at a place down in Hampshire —(*Punch* does not feel called upon to speak more explicitly)—for the study of Agricultural Chemistry. The plan of instruction is catechetical. The following Lesson is founded on the responses, as reported to *Punch* by his own correspondent, delivered at one of its recent meetings. Mistakes, they say, afford often a valuable lesson. If so, it is hoped that the lesson subjoined will be of great value:—

"Chemistry is keepun' a doctor's shop. An atom is a mossel o' zummut; a bit o' dust or zand, loike. The weight of an atom is the heft on un. Light is accordun as it med be: day-light, moon-light, or candle-light. Heat is that are as comes out o' the vire."

[To the question, "What are the phenomena of heat?" the reply was, "Dooan't 'zactly know what you manes, zur."]

"The effect of heat is, rooastun' mate, bilin' 'taaters; burning your vingers if you gets too clooase to 't. Lightning is a thunderbolt fallin' out o' the clouds; a thunderbolt is a thing like a clinker. An acid is any sort o' zour stuff, like vinegar or varjus. An alkali is a foreign-eerun' name vor zummat or other, may be for a pig. Potash is ashes from under a pot. Soda is stuff as washer-women uses. Ammonia is one o' them fine names as your gentlefolks gives their daaters. If you puts zulphuric acid to lime, and makes zulphate o' lime, why, of coorse, if you adds it to wuts (*oats*) youg ets zulphate o' wuts. A simple body means a zimpleton, like Zilly Billy at the Poorus. The laws of Chemical Union is like the laws of any other Union, pretty strictish, and o' coorse every Chemical Union has got a Beadle. Chemical Affinity, Attraction, Cohesion, Composition, Decomposition, Analysis, Synthesis, is a parcel of outlandish gibberish. Justus Liebig is zome Vrenchman."

The foregoing statements, we imagine, exhibit some slight discrepancy with the views of Faraday; but as the agricultural mind expands, its ideas of chemical science will very likely become rather more accurate.

Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Busy Body* is now being performed with great success at two houses. Critics are at a loss to decide whose *Marplot* is the finer bit of acting—Lord Brougham's, or Charles Matthews's,—but, after the astonishing way in which Lord Brougham has acted all through the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, the superiority has been awarded, most justly, we think, to his Lordship.

PUNCH'S OBITUARY.

Died, on the 24th of July, after many Parliamentary attacks, the Franchise of Sudbury. Owing to internal corruption, the Franchise was obliged to undergo the amputation of two of its members, which, mortification having ensued, hastened its death. The pockets of 440 voters have been left to deplore the loss of the Franchise. The deceased, in its life-time, was not much respected, though its death will certainly leave a large void in the annals of bribery and corruption, which will require the united ability of Parliament properly to fill up.

* The concluding words are the French translation of a line of some obscure old poet, "None but himself can be his parallel."

THE COUNSEL'S CODE OF HONOUR.

Common Honour, like Common Honesty, is a thing which, on this side, at least of the Atlantic, is generally understood. The attempt, therefore, to explain it, would be either a superfluity, or an impertinence; sins which were never yet laid at the door of *Punch's* Office.

The Bar is said to be an honourable profession. So different, however, is Forensic Honour from Common Honour, that a frequent question in Society is—"What in the name of goodness does it mean?"

Forensic Honour is a mass of opinion floating about the legal profession. Like the Common Law it is an unwritten code. Its code shall be unwritten no longer. Should the following—(*Punch's*)—be incomplete, there may be found a Queen's Counsel, or, peradventure, a Bankruptcy Commissioner, to amplify it.

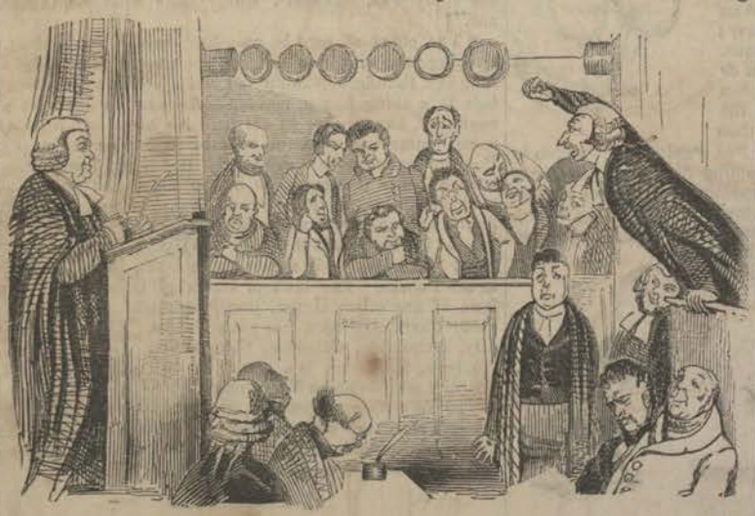
Article 1.—Of Clients.—The client is the person whose cause is to be pleaded. He may be a knave, rogue, or villain of the blackest dye. Yet it is perfectly honourable in a barrister, well knowing him to be such, to undertake his case for hire; and to promote his object, whether fraud, extortion, oppression, or the evasion of justice, to the utmost of his ability.

Art. 2.—Of Briefs.—The brief contains the substance of the story to be told. This may be true, false, or doubtful. Whether true, false, or doubtful, it is all one to the counsel. He may doubt its truth, or have no doubt of its untruth. No matter. He has to tell it, and try, as hard as he can, to make the Court believe it; and this conduct is quite consistent with his honour.

Art. 3.—Of Witnesses.—A witness is a person sworn by a solemn oath to speak the truth. The barrister may honourably entrap him into speaking untruth. He may confuse, intimidate, puzzle and bully him, as much as he likes, so as to force him to say what he does not mean, or not say what he means. It is a mistake to suppose that he thus draws the guilt of perjury on his own head.

Art. 4.—Of Juries.—Juries are sworn to decide according to the evidence. Honour by no means forbids a counsel to make them falsify their oath; by inducing them to decide according to their prejudices and passions.

Art. 5.—Of Pleading.—Pleading is the advocacy of a case by argument and oratory. In argument a barrister may very honourably have recourse to sophistry; in other words, to those verbal artifices which impose on unlearned and undiscerning



minds a wrong conclusion, in plain English, a falsity. As to oratory, he may affect any sort of enthusiasm which he does not feel; and he may malign, asperse, and ridicule, to any extent, the character, however pure and estimable, of his opponent's client and witnesses.

Art. 6.—Of Honour among Barristers.—Notwithstanding that Common Honour, even that which exists among thieves, prescribes mutual civility, it is allowable for one barrister openly to accuse another, deservedly or not, of ignorance, meanness, quibbling, and trickery; provided always, that he speaks of him as his "learned friend."

Art. 7.—Summary of the Code.—The counsel may, with unsullied reputation, be the conscious mouth-piece of the swindler, the seducer, the libeller, the extortioner, the thief, the pickpocket, the murderer. He has a *carte blanche* for aiding, under the name of a gentleman, in the spoliation of the fatherless and the widow. He may, for these noble ends, corrupt testimony, pervert judgment, traduce innocence, deride worth, and call his neighbour all those names which, according to vulgar notions of honour, he has thereby earned for himself: and all this he may do for a consideration—unscouted, unkicked, unpumped upon.

GREENLAND FISHERY.

The *Videcq*, Captain James Graham, has come in with a quantity of Seals on board. The number is not yet ascertained; but it is said the Seals are all more or less broken. The *Videcq* will shortly be brought into dock, and her cargo thoroughly overhauled by Inspector T. Duncombe.

POOR BLOWN-UP GENERALS!

With the prophetic spirit which is the sole property of Punch, he herewith supplies his million of readers with the long hoped-for result—very graphically put—of the invention of Captain Warner. Without waiting for the opinion of Lord Brougham upon the matter, Punch confidently predicts, on the success of the invisible shell, a terrible decline in the world's market of all gunpowder heroes. The great god, Mars himself, will have nothing left him but Basinghall Street: he must give up wholesale carnage, and for an honest livelihood—if he have still a weak hankering after combustibles—sell Lucifer matches. As for Bellona, it will be well with her, if now and then she can get a day's charing.

Punch has had a dream, which "was not all a dream." The destructive power of the Warner shell duly acknowledged, he thought that all the cannon from Deptford—all the shot—all swords and bayonets—in a word, all the metal cast and hammered by Vulcan for the sport of war, were put up for auction; mere waste iron, to be turned into railways and steam-engines. Punch in his dream saw a very taking advertisement, drawn out in his most unctuous style by George Robins, who "had received orders from the Horse Guards to sell"—Punch knows not the number—of helmets, which George, in his prettiest manner, recommended to country wives and farmers as "exquisitely adapted for bee-hives."

Hurrah, then, for the Warner shell, from which—all terrible as it is—peace may be hatched, to the true happiness of man, and the best glory of nations!

LORD ELDON'S LOVE VERSES.

All the world knew Lord Eldon to be a great lawyer, but no one was aware—until Mr. Horace Twiss published the fact—that the great ex-chancellor was a poet of no mean pretensions. His Lordship's lyrics to his Bessy contain all the sweetness of Spencer combined with the copiousness of Coke—all the melody of Moore, with nearly all the precision of Petersdorff. We are happy in being able to furnish a specimen.

LINES TO BESSY.

My head is like a title-deed,
Or abstract of the same:
Wherein my Bessy thou may'st read,
Thine own long-cherished name.

Against thee I my suit have brought,
I am thy plaintiff lover,
And for the heart that thou hast caught,
An action lies—of trover.

Alas upon me every day,
The heaviest costs you levy:
Oh, give me back my heart—but nay!
I feel I can't replevy.

I 'll love thee with my latest breath,
Alas, I cannot *you* shun,
'Till the hard grasp of Sheriff death
Takes me in execution.

Say, Bessy dearest, if you will,
Accept me as a lover;
Must true affection file a bill
The secret to discover.

Is it my income's small amount
That leads to hesitation?
Refer the question of account
To Cupid's arbitration.

WILSON'S RIVAL.

Should the Comet really touch the earth, it will certainly be the last opportunity the public will have of enjoying "a Nicht with *Burns*."

L—d L—d—y. P—e J—v—e. L—d Ell—h. D—e W—n. E—r R—s—a. M—sh—l S—t.

THE POOR BLOWN-UP GENERALS; OR, WARNER *versus* WAR.

"O Farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, the shrill trumpet,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, Pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! The 'Warrior's' occupation's gone!"

WANDERINGS OF OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

[The fattest of our contributors left London very suddenly last week, without giving the least idea of his movements until we received the following communication. We don't know whether he is going to travel, nor do we pledge ourselves in the least to publish another line of the Fat Contributor's correspondence. As far as his tour goes at present, it certainly is, if not novel, at least treated in a novel manner; for the reader will remark that there is not a word about the places visited by our friend, while there is a prodigious deal of information regarding himself. Interesting as our Fat Contributor is, yet it *may* chance that we shall hear enough about him ere many more letters are received from him.]

THERE were eleven more dinners hustling one another in my invitation book. "If you eat two more, you are in for an apoplexy, GLAUBER," said my medical man. But MISS TWADDLINGS is to be at the MACKWHIRTERS', on Thursday, I expostulated, "and you know what money she has." "She'll be a widow before she's married," says GLAUBER, "if you don't mind.—Away with you!—Take three grains of blue pill every night, and my draught in the morning—if you don't, I won't answer for the consequences.—You look as white as a sheet—as puffy as a bolster—this season you've grown so inordinately gross and fa* * *

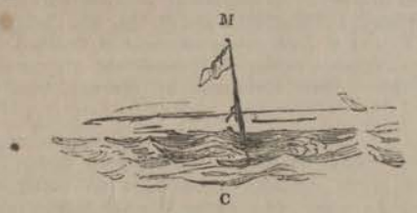
It's a word I can't bear applied to myself. I wrote letters round to decline my dinners; and agreed to go——

But whither? Why not to Brighton? I went on the 18th July. The day before the blow-up. I was out for four hours in a fly on that day. I saw LORD BROUGHAM in a white hat and telescope—I

saw the sea lighted up with countless smiles—I saw the chain-pier, and the multitudes swarming on it—I saw the bucks smoking cigars on the terrace of the Albion.

I could not smoke—I was with three ladies in the fly—they were all fat, and, oh! how hot! The sun beat down upon us ruthlessly. CAPTAIN WARNER *wouldn't* come. We drove and put back the dinner. Then MISS BOGLE said she would like to drive to the Library for the last volume of GRANT'S Visit to Paris.

While we were at FOLTHORPE'S, their messenger came running in—he had been out but one minute that day; he had seen it. We had been out four hours; it was all over! All that we could see when we got back was this—



C is the sea. M a mast sticking up in it.

That was what I had come to Brighton for—to eat prawns for breakfast—to pay five shillings for a warm bath—and not to see the explosion!

I set off for London the next day. One of my dinners was coming off that day—I had resigned it. There would very likely be turtle; and I wasn't there! Flesh and blood couldn't stand it. "I will go to Dover to-morrow," I said, "and take the first packet that goes—that goes anywhere."

I *am* at Dover. This is written from the Ship Hotel: let me recollect the adventures of the day.

The Dover trains go from two places at once: but my belief is, the cabmen try and perplex you. If it is the turn of the Bricklayers' Arms train, they persuade you to London Bridge, if of the London Bridge, they inveigle you to the Bricklayers' Arms—through that abominable suburb stretching away from Waterloo Bridge, and into the Great London, which seems as it were run to seed.

I passed a Theatre—these creatures have a theatre it appears—it is called (to judge from a painted placard) the Victoria. It is a brick building, large, and with the windows cracked and stuffed with coats.

At the Bricklayers' Arms, which we reached at length after paying several base turnpikes, and struggling through a noisy, dirty, bustling, dismal city of small houses and queer shops and gin palaces—the policeman comes grinning up to the cab, and says, "No train from here, sir,—next train from London Bridge—hoften these mistakes. Cab drove away only just this minute. You'll be in time if you go."

The cabman gallops off, with a grin. The brute! he knew it well enough. He went for an extra fare.

As I do not wish to have a *coup-de-soleil*; or to be blinded with dust; or to have my nerves shattered by the infernal screaming of the engine as we rush howling through the tunnels: as I wish to sit as soft as I can in this life, and find a board by no means so elastic as a cushion, I take the first-class, of course—I should prefer having some of the third-class people for company, though—I find them generally less vulgar than their betters.

I selected, as may be imagined, an empty carriage: in which I lived pretty comfortably until we got to Reigate, where two persons with free tickets—engineers and Scotchmen—got into the carriage.

Of course one insisted upon sitting down in the very seat opposite me. There were four seats, but he must take that, on purpose to mingle his legs with mine, and make me uncomfortable. I removed to the next seat—the middle one. This was what the wretch wanted. He plumped into my place. He had the two places by the window—the two best in the coach—he leered over my shoulder at his comrade a great, coarse, hideous Scotch smile.

I hate engineers, I hate Scotchmen, I hate brutes with free tickets, who take the places of gentlemen who pay.

On alighting at Dover, and remembering the extravagance of former charges at the Ship, under another proprietor (pray Heavens the morrow's little bill may be a mild one!) I thought of going elsewhere. Touters were about seizing upon the passengers and recommending their hotels—"NOW, GENTS, THE GUN!" roared one monster. I turned sickening away from him. "Take me to the Ship" I faintly gasped.

On proposing for dinner, the waiter says with an air as if he was inventing something extremely clever "Whiting, Sir! Nice fried Sole!"

Mon Dieu! what have I done to be pursued in this way by whiting and fried sole? Is there nothing else in the world? A'int I sick of

fried sole and whiting—whiting and fried sole! Having eaten them for long years and years until my soul is weary of them. "You great ass" I felt inclined to exclaim, "I can get whiting and sole in London, give me something new!" * * *

Ah for that something new! I have seen the dry toast come up for my breakfast so many, many times—the same old tough stiff leathery tasteless choky dry toast, that I can bear it no longer. The other morning (I had been rather feverish all night) it came up and I declare I burst into tears, "Why do you haunt me," I said, "you *demd* old toast? What have I done that there is no other companion for me but you? I hate and spurn you—and yet up you come. Day by day, heartless brute, I leave you in the rack, and yet it's not you that suffers torture:" and I made a passionate speech to that toast full of eloquence, and howled and flung the plateful at the door—just as Mary came in.

She is the maid. She could not understand my feelings. *She* is contented with toast for breakfast, with bread I believe, poor wretch! So are cows contented with grass. Horses with corn. The fine spirit pants for novelty—and mine is sick of old toast.

"Gents" are spoken of familiarly even at this hotel. During dinner a messenger comes to ask if a young "gent" was dining in the coffee-room?

"No," says the waiter.

"How is that," thinks I, "am I not a young gent myself?" He continues, "There's two holdish ladies and a *very* young gent in No. 24; *but there's only a* MIDDLE-HAGED *gent in the Coffee-room.*"

Has it come to this, then? Thirty something last birthday, and to be called a middle-aged gent? Away! Away! I can bear this ribaldry no more. Perhaps the sea may console me.

And how? it's only a dim straight line of horizon, with no gaiety or variety in it. A few wretched little vessels are twiddling up and down. A steam-tug or two—yachts more or less—the town is hideous, except for a neat row of houses or two—the cliffs only respectable. The castle looks tolerable. But who, I should like to know, would be such a fool as to climb up to it? Hark! There is a band playing—it is a long mile on, and yet I go to listen to it.

It is a band of wind-instruments of course, a military band, and the wretches listening in their stupid good-humour are giving the players—*beer*. I knew what would happen immediately upon the beer, (I'm forbidden it myself). They played so infernally out of tune that they blasted me off the ground — away from the Dover Bucks, and the poor girls in their cheap finery, and the grinning yokels, and the maniacs riding velocipedes.

This is what I saw most worthy of remark all day. This person was standing on the beach, and her garments flapped round about her in the breeze. She stood and looked and looked until somebody came — to her call apparently. Somebody, a male of her species, dressed in corduroys and a frock. Then they paired off quite happy.

That thing had a lover!

Good night, I can say no more. A monster has just told me that a vessel starts at 7 for Ostend: I will take it. I would take one for Jericho if it started at 6.

Better Late than Never.

THE Lord Mayor is *now* visiting all the floating piers. An overloaded steamer has only to be sunk, and some fifty souls or so drowned, and then what a magnificent edict will emanate from the Mansion-House, checking the number of passengers that now—at the "sweet will" of the proprietors—crowd their boats. Death makes sudden reformers!

NATURAL CONFUSION.

THERE is no truth whatever in the report that MR. GRANT is exhibiting at the Adelaide Gallery. This error must have arisen from the circumstance of the "AUTOMATON WRITER" being advertised there.

LORD LONDONDERRY'S SECOND UKASE.

LONDONDERRY has issued another tremendous ukase, warning all the shopkeepers of Seaham against giving credit to his rebellious pitmen. We have not room for the document which appeared in the *Chronicle*, but its literature, without any signature, showeth its origin. The egg declares the bird. If the inhabitants of Seaham continue to trust the pitmen, LORD LONDONDERRY threatens that he will immediately go down, and, carrying away the ocean from the place, in some bucket made for the occasion; ruin the town for ever.

ROYAL SPOONS!

THE ordèr of the Golden Fleece owes its origin to a Spanish king; we think we may very soon expect that ISABELLA OF SPAIN will establish the order of the Wooden Spoon. We found this belief on the following recent incident:—

The QUEEN OF SPAIN, with her pretty sister and gracious mother, has visited Barcelona; and with a fit of condescension that does sometimes attack royalty, personally inspected all the barracks. The soldiers were about to have their supper—a mess of *rancho*—served to them, when, says the *Times* correspondent—

"At her Majesty's request the corporal, charged with the inspection of the cooking, presented to her Majesty, *in a wooden spoon*, a portion of the *rancho*, which she touched with her royal lips, and pronounced to be excellent, as a matter of course."

The QUEEN MOTHER next tasted the *rancho*, and declared "it was exquisite." Then the INFANTE tasted, and in the ingenuousness of youth made wry mouths at the mess, declaring she should be sorry to have nothing else for dinner. How strange! The daughter of CHRISTINA, yet doubtless the child spoke the truth.

Now, the three spoons provided for the three pair of royal lips were, we are told, shaped like the soldiers' spoons, but were of finer material, and had the royal arms engraved thereon.

Now comes the reward of merit!

"After the ceremony of tasting was over, *the spoons* were presented to three *of the oldest and best-conducted soldiers*, as a present from her Majesty, and a suitable speech was made them by the BARON DE MEER, congratulating them on having *in their possession those useful articles* which had the *high honour of having touched the lips of the Queen of Spain, her mother, and sister.*"

The spoons, being laurel-wood of course, have perhaps by this time sprouted anew, and may be seen in full leaf in the caps of their happy successors!

BURKE talked of "the chief defence of nations," meaning thereby the types of chivalry, as titles, stars and garters, &c.; but surely even BURKE never dreamt of such cheap material of defence as wooden spoons. Happy soldiers! taking their *rancho* out of spoons that have touched royal lips. How fortunate, by the way, that wood is a non-conductor.

However, the QUEEN, in a fine utilitarian spirit, presented the soldiers with really "useful articles." Had it been LOUIS PHILIPPE, he would have given worthless crosses, of no utility whatever. Hence, we would have the Order of the Wooden Spoon, as one beautifully combining usefulness with distinction. When we see stars and crosses, and Orders of the Swan, the Eagle, the Elephant, and of fifty other honest animals, whose names have—as we have often thought—been equivocally dealt with,—we are sometimes inclined to ask—what is the good of them? Now, of the Order of the Wooden Spoon, we could put no such question. Besides, there are so many men, with such very little right to the Orders they wear, and yet who seem expressly made for the Order of the Spoon, as, indeed, the Order of the Spoon should be instituted solely for them.

And then, in the case of lowly merit, could there be a more significant gift from the great—born with Silver Ladles—than the present of a Wooden Spoon?

Meteorological Intelligence.

DURING a recent thunder-storm it was observed by the passenger of WIMBUSH's omnibus that the lightning was scarcely visible in consequence of the conductor having stepped inside; and at a dinner-party on the same day, three of the guests were laid prostrate by a sort of fluid—not the electric fluid—with which they had very highly charged their glasses.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

(From our Dublin Correspondent).

THE Liberator is a greater man than ever since his imprisonment, for he has gained in bulk what he has lost in influence. Good living has told terribly on his waistcoats, which have been of necessity let out, though the Liberator is himself kept in for the present.

Imprisonment we always said would be of no use, and it will only cause the patriot to proceed to larger measures. A letter to his tailor confirms our worst suspicions OF this head. O'CONNELL'S coat's seams may give way, but his proud spirit never. We have heard that the repeal Buttons of his waistcoat started open while he was talking in his usual inflated style on the subject of his country's wrongs, and he laid open his heart in reality with a splendid burst of nature. Gymnastics have been recommended to the Liberator as the only means of bringing him down, and a pole has been erected in the precincts of the prison, with a Repeal Cap on the top of it. To this O'CONNELL clings with all that affectionate intensity which characterises the ivy or the scarlet runner. He will never sigh for other climes, while he has repeal in view for his grand climacteric.

LORD BROUGHAM ON DEBT.

LORD BROUGHAM will very probably carry his Debtors' Bill, to the temporary confusion of LORD COTTENHAM. The comical HENRY was more than usually jocose on bringing up the report of the measure. After his most approved fashion did he taunt LORD COTTENHAM. He said :—

"If a man with 100*l.* a-year only ran in debt 20,000*l.*, or if, having little or no property, he went to a tradesman, and induced him to give up his property, a couple of thousand pounds' worth of goods in which his capital was invested, by appearing to him as a person of wealth, he might as well rob the tradesman at once, and he ought to be sent to Botany Bay for it, not because he was a debtor, but because he was a fraudulent individual, or an individual *quasi* fraudulent."

After this, LORD BROUGHAM complained that LORD COTTENHAM'S Bill brought noble peers, nay princes of the blood, within the operation of the Bankrupt Act!

"Well, now suppose the PRINCE to make some inquiries into *this unwelcome interference with his freedom*. 'What is the official assignee?' asks the PRINCE OF WALES. 'Oh! Sir, he is a very drastic person; he sifts people's affairs and property, and takes possession of what they have not got rid of.' '*Well, but cannot you let me keep my pictures at Carlton-house?*' 'Oh! dear no! not one. Your Royal Highness is an adjudicated debtor.' (A laugh.) 'An adjudicated debtor! What is that?' 'Why, please your Royal Highness, or whether it please your Royal Highness or not, it means in plain words you are a bankrupt.'"

And then the PRINCE remonstrates (through his advocate, LORD BROUGHAM):—

"'It is a very hard case,' complains the PRINCE, 'why did you not apprise me of this before? *I should not have spent so much money in plate, or in horses; I should not have bought so much marischal powder; I should not have presented so many jewels to this person and to that.* Why did you not give me notice of this before?'"

Now, surely, a Prince who outruns his income is no jot more pardonable for the extravagance than a poor man: nor should he have a greater right to ask to keep his pictures, than the meaner person to demand the use of his chairs and tables. As for the plate and horses, and marischal powder, and jewels,—why, change the words for cigars and wine, and other creature comforts, and the like excuse may be allowed to the poorest insolvent. There is, however, no doubt that LORD BROUGHAM will carry his Bill. Can we wonder that laws sometimes fall into contempt, when we consider the vain and petty motives of those who make them?

O'CONNELL AT HIS GYMNASTICS.

THE SONG OF THE PINE APPLE.

THE extraordinary glut of pines has made a deep impression on the public mind. These are, indeed, revolutionary times, when the highest luxuries of the aristocratic table are meted out to the very mob at one penny per slice. As for ourselves, we can only give full vent to a melancholy strain of sentiment, which finds a natural termination in the

SONG OF THE PINE-APPLE.

The gooseberry hath a pleasant gush,
As it leaps from its prison of skin,
And deep is the blackheart cherry's blush,
From the dark red juice within.
The raspberry hath a graceful hue,
As it grows on its stem so fine,
But hurrah! hurrah! hip, hip—halloo!
For the pine apple—the pine!

There 's deep philosophy in the peach,
If its meaning were only known,
For a soft external (doth it not teach?)
May hide a heart of stone.
But, oh! there 's a fruit that is rough to view,
While within is a flavour divine,
Then hurrah! hurrah! hip, hip, halloo!
For the pine apple—the pine!

Let others sing of the melon soft,
Which I own is exceedingly nice,
But remember that indigestion oft
Will lurk in each savoury slice.
And thou art wholesome and savoury too,
No flavour can equal thine;
Then hurrah! hurrah! hip, hip, halloo!
For the pine apple—the pine!

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER V.—OF FREEHOLDS NOT OF INHERITANCE.

A FREEHOLD not of inheritance is an estate, held for one's own life, or for the life of somebody else, so that, a cat having nine lives, it would seem that a grant to a cat and his heirs would be almost as good as an estate in tail, for it would extend to so many lives as to make it nearly equal to a freehold.

A tenant for life has the right to enjoy the land in whatever way he pleases, so that he may roll about in the asparagus beds, play at leapfrog over the gooseberry bushes, or indulge in any other species of enjoyment which he thinks the land is capable of affording him. He must not, however, be guilty of waste on the premises, such as felling timber; but he is not prohibited from domestic waste, such as neglecting to eat his crusts, or buttering both sides of his bread "as some folke," says SPELMAN "dydde formerlie."

If a tenant for life sows the land, and dies before harvest, the executors are entitled to the crop; and it seems that if a tenant for life has planted mustard and cress, but dies before it comes up, his personal representatives may enjoy the salad.

These profits are called emblements, and the doctrine of emblements applies not only to corn, but to roots—though not to fruit-trees, so that the heir would have the apples, but that the executors would have the parsley, and, perhaps, the rhubarb. Fruit-trees are not included, because they are not planted annually for immediate profit; but if a gooseberry bush, recently put in, bears fruit the first year, and the tenant for life dies, it would be difficult to say whether the gooseberries would vest in the heir or the executor. The better opinion seems to be, that it would be better for the executor to relinquish the new gooseberries than to go to law with the heir, which might play old Gooseberry with both of them.

There are one or two other kinds of life estates, which it is not necessary to go into. Among them is tenancy by the curtesy of England. Any gentleman endeavouring to keep up his tenancy by curtesy alone—without being able to pay the rent—would very soon be curtsied out by his landlady, or bowed or kicked out by his landlord. There is also tenancy in dower, where a widow gets one third of her husband's estate. But a recent act has made it so easy to bar the dower, that the widows are generally done out of their thirds; and instead of the corn, the fruit, or even the vegetables, there is nothing left but the Weeds, with which the unfortunate widows can console themselves.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORT.

(From our own Spy.)

THROUGH a private channel *Punch* has been favoured with the following revelations which have been elicited by the Dog Stealing Committee.

"MISS TABITHA CRUMP examined:—Is a maiden lady; her age of no consequence to anybody. Is labouring under severe domestic affliction from the loss of her dear Pug. Should know him among a thousand. Answered to the name of Cupid. His muzzle was black; the rest of him whitey-brown: the little creature was slightly corpulent. Should rather think she knew what it was to have a lover. Would much sooner have lost one than her Pug. Couldn't think who had stolen her little dear. Meant her Pug, not her lover. Wished she did. Thought nothing would be too bad for him: should like to see him hanged—transported—anything."

"MR. JOHN THOMAS.—Is footman to LADY DOWAGER DODDLESWORTH. Has various duties. Has to attend upon her Ladyship; also on her Ladyship's poodle—that is to say, her Ladyship's poodle as was. The hanimal in question is stole. Should say he was an ansome dog. He was white, and wore a ribbon the colour of his (JOHN THOMAS'S) inexpressibles round his neck. His name was Fy-Dell. His (JOHN THOMAS'S) duties towards the poodle consisted in giving him his meals, washing him with soap and water, and combing him every morning; and shaving him, as such dogs usually was, three times a week. The poodle had six meals a day of milk and bread. Eat more than would keep three poor people's hinfants. LADY DODDLESWORTH used often to nuss him. Slept on a cushion in her Ladyship's apartment. Thought the dog had an uncommon good place of it: had a tolerable one himself, but shouldn't mind changing places with him any day. Suspected some of them dog fanciers of having stole him. Would swear he had not sold or made away with him himself."

"SUSAN TRIMMER.—Had been living in service, as nursemaid to MRS. ALDERMAN COLLOP, at a terrace near Regent's Park. Her mistress was very fond of dogs; keeps about nine. They were little dogs. King Chawls's, she thinks. One of their names was Wenis. She (Wenis) used very often to be let sit up at the table, and eat off a plate. When she was ill, she was wrapped up in flannel, and put in a little cradle. MRS. COLLOP had three little girls and two boys. Couldn't say which her mistress liked best, them or her dogs. Wenis was lost, and she (SUSAN) had lost her place in consequence. (*Here witness cried.*) Had to take the children one day for a walk in the Park; took Wenis too, by her mistress's order. After walking about some time, sat down on a seat with the children. A gentleman came and sat down near them. He was a gentleman from Albany Barracks; a sergeant. The gentleman began talking to her. Was walking with him, she dared say, half an hour. When she went away, Wenis was gone. Was afraid her mistress would refuse her a character. Bother Wenis, and all the rest!—wished they were drowned—that she did."

On the causes and means of prevention of the crime of canine kidnapping, the labours of the Committee have as yet thrown little light; but more or less information on those important subjects will very likely be developed, in the course of time, by this interesting inquiry.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE next edition of the "LIFE OF NELSON" will, we understand, be "done up in the plainest boards," out of compliment to the present condition of his statue.

RHETORIC OF THE COUNTER.

ANY Advertisements appear, "Wanted a Young Man of Genteel Address, for an Assistant to a Linen-draper." We now see what is meant by a "genteel address." It is that conversational art whereby the process, termed "Shaving the Ladies," is effected.

"Shaving the Ladies" is a very delicate operation; and a few hints as to its mode of performance may be acceptable to those whom they may concern:—

No sort of shaving can be effected without soap, except what is called "close shaving," as practised at workhouses and the mansion-house: without impertinently inquiring how drapers' assistants in general are circumstanced with respect to that article, *Punch* will at once present them with a little cake of it; premising that the soap which the ladies are to be shaved with must be particularly soft—soft soap, metaphorically speaking, is the rhetoric of the counter.

The first figure to be studied in this species of rhetoric, is that called hyperbole; which is derived from two Greek words, signifying to overshoot: a feat to be accomplished by the use of the long bow; that is to say, by telling enormous fibs. So, when a lady asks, "Will this wash?" "Will that wear?" and so forth, no hesitation must be made in answering, or, if necessary, swearing in the affirmative.

Be careful in laying on your soap. You must not do this too violently. Your situation, with respect to the lady whom you are to shave, is not such as to admit of telling her that those sparkling eyes, those raven or auburn tresses, that roseate cheek, that sylph-like form of hers will be set off to such advantage by this or that silk, satin, muslin, bombazine, or what not. You are only to insinuate all this.—As thus:—

"That pink lining, Miss, is lovely:—really quite lovely,—for any lady with a delicate complexion."

"Those flowers, ma'am, are exquisite to match dark hair and a high forehead—I assure you they are considered so. If I *might* venture the remark, ma'am, they would become a lady like yourself extremely."

"This is an article, my lady, which I would strongly recommend to your ladyship. It is true that it would only suit a first-rate figure; but I am quite confident it is just the dress for your ladyship."

You will find it advantageous, having named a sum considerably above the mark, to abate a little of it sometimes, and to lead a lady to suppose that she has won upon you so to do. As, for instance—

"Well, really, ma'am, this is seventeen and six: but to *you*—I don't mind saying sixteen."

You will also do well to practise a little on female apprehension and eagerness; as follows—

"I assure you, miss, 'pon my honour, that this article is the very last we have got; and I am certain you won't meet with it at any other establishment."—The fact may be that both your master, and the man over the way, are overstocked.

Removing the Rubbish.

IT is the intention of Government, as soon as Parliament is prorogued, to introduce the new Sweeping Machine into the House of Commons to cart away those measures that have been dropt during the Session. If this be true, HERCULES'S labour of cleansing the Augean stables will be mere child's-play to it.

Know all Men by these Presents, &c.

THE Russian frigate *Aurora*, has just arrived with some valuable presents for Her Majesty, and a quantity of gold, which, it is rumoured, "has been sent to this country for the purpose of being refined." If this gold comes from the mines of Siberia, the only method by which it can possibly be *refined*, is to give it to the poor Poles.

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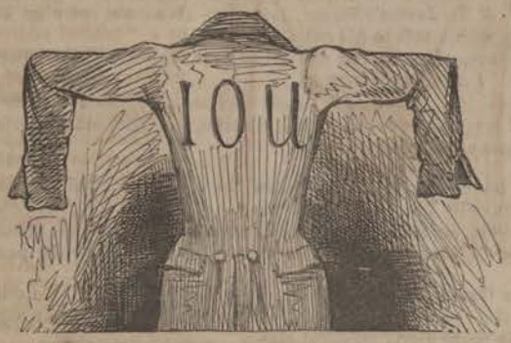
PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XI.

FROM A TAILOR FOR HIS BILL.



SIR,

WHEN you reflect upon the time that has passed, since you did me the honour to enter my books, you will, I am sure, acquit me of any desire to appear pressing. Five years, sir, make a long time in the life of a tradesman; the more especially, with business as it has been. Houses thought good, tumbling down like houses of cards; men, considered men of rock, turning out men of straw; bills sent back, and a thousand other bits of bad luck, enough to break the heart of any tradesman. It is now, sir, two-and-thirty years since I entered business; and, in all my life, I never knew so bad a season: bad enough they have been, to be sure, but nothing like the present. There was a time when a tradesman might now and then think of a little profit; but profits in these days! they don't pay for taking down the shutters.

Therefore, sir, you will, I am sure, pardon me if I solicit you to think of your account. It has been the golden rule of my life never to press a gentleman; but, sir, I am like a peaceable man in a crowd; if I am pushed, I must, whether I will or no, push other people. What has come upon the times I know not; men now ar'n't the men they used to be. I recollect the day when, if a man failed to honour his bill, he was never known to look up again. Now, I'm blessed if he does n't look all the bolder for it. People have entirely lost the shame they had when I was young in business; and, now-a-days, go into the Gazette as they go to Margate, just to freshen themselves up, and feel all the stronger for it. The truth is—or I should never think of pressing you, sir—there seems to be a want of morality throughout all society. One person puts the evil down to one thing, another to another. A neighbour of mine—a shrewd shoemaker of the old school—swears it's all owing to the Adelaide boots.

For which reason, sir, I hope you will not think me urgent if I call your thoughts to my bill. There was a time, sir, when I never believed I could do such a thing; but, as I've said, I fear there's no morality left. And how, indeed, should there be? Gentlemen are no longer gentlemen. I have my grandfather's pattern-books by me, sir. He—rest his soul—made for the West End eighty years ago, and, when he died, was buried in superfine black, with twenty coaches to follow. Now, die when I will, I much doubt if—but I have no right to trouble you with my griefs—and so, sir, will stick to business. In grandfather's time gentlemen were known to be gentlemen by their coats. They walked about clothed and marked as superior people; there was no mistake in them, and the lower orders knew their betters by their satins, their velvets, and their gold lace. Now, sir, how are we to know a gentleman? There is no mark, no difference in him: we can only come at his gentility by his manners; a very roundabout way, sir; and one that has led to a great many mistakes. According to the good old plan, you might stand at your shop-door, and count the real gentlemen as they passed; they wore—if I may say as much—their proper uniform, and the common people paid them proper respect for it. And now, if the grandfathers' ghosts of the gentlemen of our day were to meet their grandsons in Piccadilly or Bond Street, they'd take half of 'em for a set of carters, or drovers, or some such low animals; they wear nothing but sacks or smock-frocks, with cotton buttons to 'em. Every day of his life, a Duke passes my door to Parliament in a pepper-and-salt linsey-woolsey, duffel, flannel sort of thing, that his tailor, try as hard as he may, can't charge him more than two pounds for. And in this condition his Grace goes to make laws in Parliament. After this, I should like to know how it's to be hoped that common folks are to respect the House of Lords? It's flying in the face of nature to expect it.

No, sir, there is the evil; there the abuse that has, as I've often said, sapped the morals of the world, by hustling all folks together in the same cloth and the same cut. It was never intended that the lines of society should be so finely drawn by the tailor, that you could not see them; yet, because it is so, you now have all sorts of discontent, no stability in trade, and no real morals in gentlemen: if the upper classes would only show their true dignity, and return to cut velvet and gold lace, there might even now be some hopes of the country; but while noblemen and gentlemen dress in thirty-shilling coats, there is an end to England. Her real glory set with gold lace. If men never felt the National Debt, it was because they wore embroidered pocket-holes.

You will forgive me troubling you with all this, but I could not think of putting your account into my lawyer's hands without showing to you the troubles that a tradesman has in these days to fight with.

Hoping you will therefore not take the writ amiss,

I remain, your obedient Servant,

SAMUEL STITCHINGTON.

LETTER XII.

THE GENTLEMAN'S ANSWER TO THE TAILOR.

MR. STITCHINGTON.

Is it indeed five years that I have graced your books! How fleet is life—it scarcely appeared to me as many months. Although I have never given you a bill for the amount, how have the years passed by! You will guess my meaning when I assure you it is a theory of mine that the wings of time are no other than two large bill stamps, duly drawn and accepted. With these he brings his three, six, or nine months into as many weeks. He is continually wasting the sand from his glass, drying the wet ink of promissory notes. But let me not moralise.

You want money, MR. STITCHINGTON. As I am exactly in the like predicament, you are in a capital condition to sympathise with me. You say you never recollect so bad a season as the present. Of course not; no tradesman ever did: the present season is always the worst of the lot, however bad the others may have been. It says much for the moral and physical strength of such shopkeepers to see them still flourishing from worse to worse; they really seem, like churchyard grass, to grow fat and rank upon decay. You touchingly observe that present profits do not pay for taking down the shutters. My good sir, then why proceed in a ruinous expense? In the name of prudence, why not keep them continually up?

You say you never press a gentleman. Why, in familiar phrase, we never press a lemon; but then we squeeze it most inexorably. That men should go into bankruptcy, yet live and laugh afterwards, is a great proof of the advancing philosophy of our times. A Roman tailor, incapable of meeting his bill, would, heathen-like, have fallen upon his own needle, or hung himself—in a bottom of whitey-brown. The English tradesman suffers christian hope to play about his goose, and fresh from Basinghall-street dreams of golden eggs.

Whether your neighbour is right in attributing our present social laxity to the Adelaide boot, is a matter I have no time to consider. The speculation is curious; nevertheless, rigidly to follow the subject would take us even beyond metaphysics.

You are quite right, MR. STITCHINGTON, as to the revolutionary effects of the disuse of velvet and gold lace. It is not, I assure you, my fault that they are not again the vogue. If permitted, I should be happy to have a dozen suits of you. Fine clothes were a sort of gentleman-made-easy; as you profoundly observe, they at once declared the man. Now, one has to work out the gentleman by one's mode and manners—at times, I assure you, a very difficult labour.

I entirely agree with you as to the cause that has lowered the consequence of Parliament—the vile, plebeian outside of England's senators. I hold it almost impossible that a nobleman can vote with a proper respect for his order unless in full court-suit. There is a dangerous sympathy between common garments and the common people. The Reform Bill had never been carried if Lord Brougham had not worn tweed trousers. Universal Suffrage will be carried—

if ever carried—by Peers in check shirts, and, as you pathetically remark, thirty-shilling coats.

I remain your obedient Servant,

WALTER LE DOO.

P.S. My humanity suggests this advice to you. Don't go to any law expenses; as your letter found me making up my schedule. An odd coincidence; I had just popped down your name as the postman knocked.

THE REPORT ON DOG STEALING.

WE have received a copy of the Parliamentary Report on Dog Stealing, which is in a terribly dog's-eared state. The most interesting portion of the Report is a manuscript Appendix, from which we have selected the two following cases:—

CASE I.

EARL GREY had a very snappish dog called BROUGHAM: he was a very sharp animal of the Scotch breed; but so uncommonly vicious that EARL GREY was looking out for an opportunity to get rid of him. Having let his place to LORD MELBOURNE, EARL GREY gave him the option of the Dog BROUGHAM; but LORD MELBOURNE would have nothing to do with him. The dog was left to go astray, and for some time he used to come, and lick the hand of his old master, who used to pat him on the head, and say "poor fellow," but he could do nothing for him. At last the old dog went and scratched at LORD MELBOURNE'S door, wanting to come in, and waited patiently for some time; but at last he got rather savage and barked, but no attention was paid to him. Some Tory dog-stealers who were lurking about the Treasury whistled to the old dog, and by throwing him down a bit of sop occasionally, succeeded in getting him away.

Somebody who took an interest in the dog then called at the treasury and wanted to get them to buy BROUGHAM back again. LORD MELBOURNE said the dog was of no use, that he was more trouble than he was worth, that he was dangerous, and that he, LORD MELBOURNE, would rather do without him. The dog is now in the hands of the people who lured him away, and it is said they would be very glad to give him up, for he is of no use except to worry the rats now and then; but he will hang about the old place, and fawns so upon his new masters that they don't like to kick him out entirely. The old dog has got some funny tricks, and is now rather an amusing animal, but beyond this he is now of no value.

CASE II.

A little turnspit named ROEBUCK came from Bath, and was picked up by somebody who offered him for sale, but for a long time the dog could not find a purchaser. At last it was thought he might be useful in snapping at people's heels, and he was bought by the late LORD DURHAM. The dog got a good deal kicked about and was bought by an Ex-Chancellor, who dressed him up in a silk gown, and made him cut a very laughable figure. After this he was offered for sale again, and he could easily be had if the price were to be given.

THE FÊTES OF JULY.

ON Saturday LOUIS-PHILIPPE visited the fortifications, and was graciously pleased to express his royal satisfaction as to the very handsome way in which Paris had been "taken in." In the evening the whole of the "*enceinte continuée*" was brilliantly illuminated.

On Sunday the 47 editors imprisoned in France were regaled, by the KING'S orders, with an additional allowance of *pain bis* and *vin ordinaire*. Several toasts in honour of the revolution were drunk in—cold water.

TRAVELLING NOTES

BY OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

THE SEA.

I HAD one comfort in quitting Dover. It was to see TOWZER, my tailor, of St. James's Street, lounging about the pier in a marine jacket, with a tuft to his chin.

His face, when he saw me in the boat, was one of the most intense agony. I owe TOWZER 203*l.*

"Good bye, TOWZER," I said. "I shall be back in four years." And I laughed a demoniac yell of scorn, and tumbled clattering down the brass stairs of the cabin.

An Israelite had already taken the best place, and was preparing to be unwell. I have observed that the "Mosaic Arabs," as CONINGSBY calls them, are always particularly amenable to maritime discomfiture. The Jew's internal commotions were frightful during the passage.

Two Oxford youths, one of whom had been growing a moustache since the commencement of the vacation, began to smoke cigars, and assume particularly piratical airs.

I took the picture of one of them an hour afterwards—stretched lifeless on the deck, in the agonies of sea-sickness.

I will not print that likeness. It is too excellent. If his mamma saw it, she would catch her death of fright, and order her darling TOMMY home. I will rather publish the following—

That man is studying LEVIZAC'S grammar. He is a Scotchman. He has not the least sense of modesty. As he gets up phrases out of that stale old grammar of 1803 (he bought cheap on a stall in Glasgow), the wretch looks up, and utters the sentences he has just acquired—serves them up hot in his hideous jargon. "*Parly voo Fransis*," says he, or "*Pranny garde de mong tait*." He thinks he has quite the accent. He never doubts but that he is in a situation to cope with the natives. And *au fait*, he speaks French as well as many Belgians or Germans in those lands whither he is wandering.

Poor Caledonian youth! I have been cramming him with the most dreadful lies all the way. I should have utterly bewildered him, and made him mad with lies, but for this circumstance:—

In the middle of a very big one, which (administered by me) was slipping down his throat as glibly as an oyster, there came up from the cabin a young woman, not very pretty, but kind-looking, and she laid her hand upon the shoulder of that Levizac-reading Scotchman, and smiled, and he said with an air of immense superiority—

"*Wall*, Eliza, are ye batter noo?"

It was his wife! She loved him. She was partial to that snob. She did not mind the strings of his shirt-collar sticking out behind his back.

Gentle Eliza! a man whom you love and whose exposed follies would give you pain, shall never be made the butt of the Fat Contributor.

It will hardly be credited—but, upon my honour, there are four people on deck learning French dialogues as hard as they can. There is the Oxford man who is not sick. A young lady who is to be the spokeswoman of her party of nine. A very pompous man, who swore last night in my hearing that he was a capital hand at French, and the Caledonian student before mentioned.

What a wise race! They learn French phrases to speak to German waiters, who understand English perfectly.

The couriers and gentlemen's servants are much the most *distingué*-looking people in the ship. Lord Muffington was on board, and of course I got into conversation with his Lordship—a noble-looking person. But just when I thought he might be on the point of asking me to Muffington Castle, he got up suddenly, and said, "Yes, my Lord," to a fellow I never should have suspected of a coronet. Yet he was the noble Earl, and my friend was but his flunky.

Such is life! and so may its most astute observers be sometimes deceived.

Ostend, August 6.

While the couriers, commissioners, footmen, gentlemen, ladies'-maids, Scotchman with the shirt-collar, the resuscitated Oxford youth, the family of nine, and the whole ship's passengers are struggling, puffing, stamping, squeezing, bawling, cursing, tumbling over their boxes and one another's shins, losing their keys, screaming to the commissioners, having their treasures unfolded, their wonderful packed boxes unpacked so that it is impossible ever to squeeze the articles back into their receptacles again; while there is such a scene of Babel clatter and confusion around me, ah! let me thank Heaven that I have but a carpet bag!

Any man going abroad who purchases this number of *Punch* a day previous to his departure, will bless me for ever. Only take a carpet bag! You can have everything there taste or luxury demands; six shirts, a fresh suit of clothes, as many razors as would shave the beards of a regiment of Turks, and what more does a traveller require? Buy nothing. Get a reading of Murray's Guide Book from your neighbour, and be independent and happy.

My acquaintance, the Hon. James Jillyflower was in the boat with fifteen trunks as I am a sinner. He was induced to take packages for his friends. This is the beauty of baggage—if you have a bag, you can refuse. On this score I refused twenty-four numbers of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, a teapot, and a ham, which he accepted.

Lady Scramjaw—the packet was opened before my eyes by the custom-house officers at Ostend—gave Jillyflower a parcel of law papers to carry to Italy, "only deeds upon her honour," and deeds they were, but with six pair of gloves inside. All his fifteen trunks were opened in consequence of that six pair of gloves. He is made miserable for those gloves. But what cares Lady Scramjaw! Let all travellers beware then, and again and again bless me for the hint.

I have no passport. They have arrested me.

I am about to be conducted to the police. I may be put into a dungeon like O'Connell. Tyrants! lead on!

THE STATUE OF WELLINGTON.

The following piece of City news is extracted from the *Examiner*:—

"The name 'Wellington' is about to be inscribed on the four sides of the base of the Wellington Statue in the City; and 'The 18th of June, 1815,' on the upper edge, under the fore feet of the horse, and also under the hinder feet."

This is almost as good as the name of the raging lion being inscribed on the signboard of the raging lion, to indicate the fact of the lion being a lion, and also a raging one. To put the 18th of June under all the feet looks a good deal like keeping it out of sight; but perhaps it is meant to show that the 18th of June is what Wellington's military reputation chiefly stands upon.

British and Foreign Institute.

The *Times* has been requested by Mr. Silk Buckingham to state that the bankruptcy of the Hotel next door does not affect the solvency of the British and Foreign Institute. We have ascertained and have been requested by nobody to add, that the British and Foreign Institute takes such good care of itself that the bankruptcy of the whole street would not affect the solvency of the concern.

The British and Foreign Institute is next door but one to the corner of George-street, and is consequently No. 2, while the Hotel is No. 1. The bankruptcy of the latter is an extraordinary instance of Mr. Silk Buckingham not having taken that care of Number One, which it is customary for him to bestow upon it.

SPEAKING TO THE LETTER.

There was a division in the Cabinet about the "Right of Search." Sir James Graham refused to sign the treaty, as he contended the "Right of Search" ought to remain an "*open* question."

"WITH VERDURE CLAD."

In Pennsylvania there is a detachment of Irishmen called "The Hibernia Greens." This wouldn't be a bad title for the contributors to the Repeal Fund.

THE GREAT AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

Having despatched a correspondent to Southampton, expressly to report the proceedings at this Show, we are sorry to say he was so hustled among heifers, pushed about among pigs, horrified at the hogs, deafened by the shouts of the drovers, and, in fact, so completely worried on all sides, that he is unable to remember anything. He tells us that he got his toes trodden on by a Prize Bull; and the noble beast, being quite unaware of the circumstance, did not move his hoof for ten minutes, during which our "own correspondent" was in agony, attempting in vain to withdraw his foot, or to push the leg of the generous animal from the top of it.

The agricultural implements were completely beyond the comprehension of our correspondent, who could not make out what they were intended for, and, venturing on a closer inspection, got caught in a sort of ploughing apparatus, from which he was extricated by one of the attendants, after having been abused for his clumsiness. The whole affair was exceedingly unsatisfactory to our "own correspondent," whose report is extremely meagre in consequence.

He, however, furnishes us with an extract from a Southampton paper containing an account of a public dinner given on the occasion, which we are sorry we cannot give at length, for the report is replete with richness. "The dinner," says the provincial historian, "was a cold one—and the wines were—for the price—very good."

What a world of meaning lurks in those little words "*for the price.*" How craftily qualified is the praise bestowed on the wines; "very good *for the price*," speaks volumes, and the phrase brings us back to those days when the enterprising Cann offered "a devilish good dinner for 2½*d.*"—and worked out the theory by an arithmetical diagram exhibited on a window-bill:—

A large basin of leg of beef soup	1½*d.*
A slice of bread	1
Constituting together A DEVILISH GOOD DINNER for .	2½*d.*

The bill of fare of the very good dinner "for the price," would lead us to calculate that, instead of Bordeaux of the vintage of '42, there might possibly have been Cowslip of the haymaking of '43; and a choice bin of Elder was, we believe, opened to do honour to the truly British occasion, where truly British hearts were inspired by truly British wines with truly British sentiments.

The following is an extract from the bill of fare; which, though consisting of next to nothing, was set out in three columns, with all the pomp of a bill of fare on Lord Mayor's Day, at the Mansion House:—

BEEF.	HAM.
HAM.	BEEF.
SALAD.	
BEEF.	HAM.
HAM.	BEEF.
POTATOES.	

In looking critically into this bill of fare, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that beef and ham constitute the principal—nay, the only—meats; while, in the matter of vegetables, there is a struggle for ascendancy between salad and potatoes. On the subject of salad, it would be idle to say a word; while, as to potatoes, the track is so beaten that we should be travelling over unprofitable ground were we to go deeply into them.

THE LORD MAYOR'S VISIT TO THE RIVER PIERS.

The King of the City having expressed his determination to pay a round of visits to the whole of the river pierage, the necessary steps were taken—a temporary ladder—to assist the embarkation of his civic Majesty. At the appointed hour the civic barge was alongside the stairs, and the sight at this moment was a very impressive one. The proud and flauntily-coloured craft in the foreground, with her cutwater turned contemptuously round towards the shore—this, and the other adjuncts of the gorgeous scene, presented a *coup-d'œil* which few could witness without emotion; and, when the barge was pushed off with a tremendous splash, there was scarcely a dry eye among all the bystanders. The party consisted of some civic friends, and at a given signal the Lord Mayor manned the easy chair that had been prepared for him, while a select party of Aldermen took up their places on either side as ballast, and trimmed the boat with a seamanlike precision which would have done Nelson's heart good if he could have witnessed it.

A shout from the shore, echoed by a scream from the boat, as she lurched while shoving off, announced that the voyage had commenced, and the barge, with its illustrious cargo, was soon cutting away at ten knots an hour, in half a fathom of water, with a sou'-westerly breeze, and the ship's compass pointing towards Baker Street. It was soon announced by the larboard watch on the look-out ahead that Southwark was heaving in sight on the starboard quarter; and a signal having been hoisted—a bird's-eye gules, on a Bandanna argent—it was answered from the bridge by the national variations of *Lul-li-e-tee*, executed by a juvenile band accidentally in attendance, arranged as a concerted piece for four windpipes. A salute, consisting of several handfuls of gravel, was discharged from the bridge as the barge passed under it; and the juvenile band, with considerable promptitude, ran to receive the craft at the other side with a renewal of the popular air with which the first appearance of the barge had been greeted.

His civic Majesty then neared the pier, having carefully avoided the

ROCKS AHEAD,

and received the following address, which was read in a loud and impressive style by the check-taker:—

"The pier of Southwark, though of comparatively modern creation, will yield to no member of the pierage in firmness to support the civic throne, or to bear the weight of any responsibility your Majesty may think fit to impose upon it."

To the above address the Lord Mayor made the following gracious reply:—"If every pier were as firm as the pier of Southwark, the whole of the river pierage might, indeed, be most implicitly relied upon."

Having admired a marquee over the Southwark pier, his civic Majesty was graciously pleased to command that the Southwark pier should, in honour of the said marquee, assume the title and dignity of a marquess.

The barge having passed Blackfriars, the Temple pierage was the next in order. The patent of pierage dates from a comparatively remote period, and the dignity was first conferred upon one of the elder Barges for some services rendered in landing some packages intended for William IV., and conveyed through Messrs. Chaplin and Horne, the carriers. Here, unfortunately, a feud happened to be raging, for the dignity is hotly contested by two parties, whose retainers are stationed to enforce allegiance from the passengers to that particular pier of which each is a partisan.

The Lord Mayor, declining to venture into the bosom of a civil, or rather most uncivil, war, gave a signal to the coxswain to keep the barge's head still to leeward, and having put up an umbrella to act as a gaff, which the captain of the vessel said, if he had got, he should certainly like to hoist, the craft went on at an improved pace towards Hungerford.

It would be tedious to accompany his Lordship on his visit to the whole of the River Pierage; and the civic authorities who went with him would have been of the same opinion if the vessel had not been liberally victualled from the larder of the London Tavern.

Having regaled themselves freely with the wines, the Lord Mayor and his guests came to the conclusion that the piers came doubly as far into the river as they ought, that they shook about prodigiously with craziness, and that they seemed to be turning round and round with the force of the current. Upon these grounds the whole of the river piers were universally condemned as nuisances, and the following regulations were drawn up on the spur of the moment—the said regulations having been subsequently put into the shape in which they appeared in the newspapers.

The following were the rules drawn up immediately after the dinner, which took place in the civic barge:—

1st. That no pier shall be allowed to go beyond a certain length, and that the lengths Lord Brougham goes to, as a peer, are greater than ought to be permitted.

2nd. That every pier shall be of a certain thickness at the head, but that no peer ought to be thicker in the head than Lord Londonderry.

3rd. That there should be a chain and a drag ready on every pier, in case of any one tumbling into the water, which, by the by, is very likely to happen with a chain for everybody to trip over.

4th. That there shall be holdfasts driven into every pier, to catch any one who falls overboard—if, as he is tumbling, it occurs to him that he may as well stop half-way down before he reaches the water.

The resolutions were here interrupted by a general chorus of "We won't go home 'till morning," and the Lord Mayor having vacated the chair, the Aldermen presented sundry Heads, which were laid upon the table.

EDUCATIONAL HANDKERCHIEFS.

We have seen with considerable satisfaction that the schoolmaster has been abroad even to the Bandannas—or, in other words, that fine moral lessons are imparted through the medium of silk pocket handkerchiefs. Instead of the old unmeaning bird's-eye pattern, by which the *mouchoir* was formerly adorned, we have a series of highly finished designs illustrative of "great facts" in reading, writing, or arithmetic. Science of every description is now taught through the medium of the pocket handkerchief, and learning is thus thrust under the very nose of the public. Some were inclined to think that pocket handkerchiefs applied to science, would be the means of giving it a very severe blow; while others believed that the plan would be sure to succeed, for the public are easily led by the nose, and a great moral truth is never so well inculcated as when it is nicely wrapped up in the folds of a silk pocket handkerchief. It is true that philosophy is not a thing to be sneezed at, and the Lights of the age might stand a chance of being snuffed out, if the pupils took snuff while using the handkerchiefs on which the glorious coruscations of the luminary in question might be emblazoned. We are, however, happy to find that the experiment is to be tried, and we are enabled to state that a Primer has been prepared, in a series of two handkerchiefs, one in use and the other at the wash, according to the custom of most economical families.

A geography will be comprised in a set of four handkerchiefs, so that the student may wipe away the dust from his forehead with a map of his native land, and he will thus be able to keep England in his eye as long as he may find it convenient.

An arithmetical series will also be very interesting, and that this idea can be carried out is easily proved by the fact that the pocket handkerchief has often served for working various lessons in Subtraction, some of which have required considerable ingenuity.

Law may also be inculcated in the same manner, and as it is often paid for through the nose, it may surely be acquired through the pocket handkerchief. We understand that the series will be placed under the superintendence of the editor of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, who is likely to produce a dry soft article, extremely well adapted to the purpose.

CITY NAVIGATION COMMITTEE INSPECTING THE NUISANCES ON THE RIVER.

THE AFFAIR AT TAHITI.

ALL the following are unpublished proclamations of the French Commandant. They were a few of the original drafts from which he concocted the documents that were actually issued:—

No. 1.—A French sentinel has had his nose pulled in the night; perfidious Albion has had a finger in it. The inhabitants are warned against having lights in their houses after dark. All candles must be extinguished at three o'clock in the afternoon; and any stranger found in any house after gun-fire, will subject the landlord to death, and all the lodgers to banishment.

No. 2.—A French sentinel has been insulted. A blacking-bottle has been thrown at him; and one PRITCHARD is believed to have been at the bottom of it. The inhabitants must hold no communication with each other after twilight. If anybody causes disturbances, everybody is subject, not only to be shot dead, but to be arrested.

No. 3.—PRITCHARD is taken! Perfidious Albion is in the station-house, in the person of her consul.

No. 4.—The inhabitants are prohibited from setting a light to any thing—even a cigar—after gun-fire.

No. 5.—PRITCHARD is to be waited upon by one servant, who is not to speak to him. Clean clothes are to be conveyed to him once a week, and his washing-bill is to be examined by the gendarme on duty, and countersigned by the corporal. PRITCHARD is to put out his candle at gun-fire, and he must also put out his boots so that they may be returned to him cleaned at sun-rise.

(Signed) D'AUBIGNY.

RATIONAL READINGS FOR GROWN-UP PEOPLE.

THE grand object of modern educational science is the instruction of the asinine intellect. This is the great problem of which each new hornbook professes to be a solution. Among various notable expedients for the enlightenment of the dolt and the edification of the booby, is a late invention, of a two-fold title, denominated "Rational Readings" and "Elliptical Questions;" well known, we apprehend, to the world in general, from having been ridiculed in the last *Quarterly*.

These "Readings" and "Questions" consist of sentences wherein a word or phrase is omitted; what such word or phrase, if inserted, would have been, being obvious to the meanest, one degree above the idiotic, capacity. As, for instance—

"Vinegar is ——, and sugar is *sour*."

From this example (and it is a fair one) it will appear that about these "Questions" and "Readings" there is much more of the "Elliptic" than of the "Rational."

Now, it has occurred to *Punch*, that this device, if not available for the purpose of instruction, might yet be rendered conducive to that of amusement; in the shape of what are called puzzles. His readers, no doubt, will find themselves agreeably puzzled to fill up the blanks in the ensuing:—

The Income —— imposed upon the country by Sir ROBERT PEEL, is a heavy —— on the back of —— BULL.

Lord —— and VAUX has a —— in every pie.

"Great cry and little ——" should be the motto of the House of Commons.

MR. JOSEPH HUME is always putting his —— in it.

COLONEL SIBTHORP never gets on his legs without creating a —— at his own expense.

Whether or not the sense of the country brought Ministers "in," it has certainly "found them ——."

The boast of Old England are its "Wooden ——" and white cliffs,—
Young England is renowned for —— heads and —— waistcoats.

If people may, without rebuke,
Call Wellington the "Iron ——,"
Why then we safely may presume
The "Brazen Peer" to term Lord ——."

The above "Rational Readings," like the originals, will have probably taught people nothing but what they knew before; but if the facts contained in them are not very new, *Punch* verily believes they are extremely true.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.—OF ESTATES LESS THAN FREEHOLD.

ESTATES less than freehold are of three sorts: 1st, for years; 2d, at will; and 3d, by sufferance.

An estate for years is where a man takes premises on a lease, which may be for half a year, or even a quarter; but still it is a lease for years, because the law does not take notice of anything less than a year—for the law has nothing to do with halves—never doing anything by halves—and will not recognise quarters; "for the law," says Jones, "giveth quarter to nobody."

The law of England has a peculiar division of time; and though the old wags have said in the books, that "legal time shoudde bye ryghte be sixe-eighte time—for thatte sixe and eighte pence be ye lawyer's fee"—still the old wags have thrown no light upon the subject.

A year, says Cocker, consists of 365 days, except in leap-year, when there are 366, but the 21st of Henry the Third merges the added day in the day before; so that, on the 28th of February, to-day is, in fact, to-morrow, while the day after is, by act of Parliament, yesterday, for all legal purposes. A month is either lunar or calendar; but a month in law is lunar, unless otherwise expressed,—for there is a natural affinity between law and lunacy. A day includes all the twenty-four hours, for the law makes no distinction between day and night, but loveth the darkness of the latter better perhaps than the light of the former.

We are however losing sight of an estate for years, which is often called a term, because it must have an end or *terminus;* but it might as well be called a railroad, as far as that goes, because every railroad must have a *terminus*.

Estates for years must also have a certain beginning and a certain end; but so must almost every thing, except a jack-towel, which has neither one nor the other.

It is a settled principle of law, that an estate is a freehold if it is for one's own life, or for anybody else's; the latter being called in the sort of Cockney French of the jurists, who probably picked it up at Boulogne during the long vacation, an estate *pur auter vie*. But an estate for 1,000 years is only a chattel, and less than a freehold, which we can hardly understand, unless the *auter vie* should be such another *vie* as that of METHUSALEH or WIDDICOMBE, but even then the estate for 1,000 years would have a small majority in its favour.

A freehold must commence immediately and not *in futuro*, because there must be seisin; but a lessee for years need not be seised, though his goods may be seized, and probably would be seized if he neglected to pay the rent of his premises.

A tenant for a certain number of years is not entitled to emblements, because if he is fool enough to plant peas in February, and he is compelled to march out of possession in March, he must leave the peas and take the consequences. In the same way if he has sown wheat in June, and is compelled to quit at Midsummer, he cannot reap the wheat, nor reap the benefit to be derived from it.

An estate at will is where the lessor may kick out the lessee at pleasure; as where A lets to B, and A changes his mind directly B has moved in his goods, and A orders B to be off, and B, being merely tenant at will, is compelled to mizzle. It is evident that lessor gets the best of it in an estate at will; and, as to *lessee*, "it is clear," says SALKELD, "the *less he* has to do with such an estate, the better."

An estate at sufferance is where a man is not actually kicked out, but is clearly kick-out-able; as if he has taken a lease for a year, and the year has expired, and he either won't or don't go—he is a tenant at sufferance. When, however, tenant at sufferance becomes insufferable, the landlord must enter and oust him, or he will be guilty of *laches*, or neglect. But if tenant locks himself in, the landlord can avoid *laches*—or *latches*—by forcing the bolts, after a regular process of ejectment.

By recent statutes an insufferable tenant at sufferance must pay double rent if he refuses to go after regular notice, but if he has been in the habit of paying no rent at all, the penalty will not be a very heavy one.

Health of the Metropolis.

THERE has been a good deal of illness in the City, and some of the civic dignitaries have not escaped. There have been some severe cases brought on by an over indulgence in the luxury of gooseberry-fool during the early part of the fruit season. SIR PETER LAURIE has been among the principal sufferers; and, though the skill of his physician has succeeded in getting rid of the gooseberry, the other part of the deleterious mixture, there is reason to fear, is regularly implanted in the system.

THE BONDS OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE Pennsylvanians have been shedding each other's blood. This is the last method they have adopted for "*paying people off.*"

THE MINISTERIAL WHITE BAIT DINNER.

THIS affair came off on the 3rd of August. It was arranged that the party should go down by a wherry, though some of the Ministers have not been in the habit of rowing in the same boat on ordinary occasions. BROUGHAM was not invited to be of the party, but the Ex-chancellor had made up his mind to hook himself on to their boat, in accordance with his usual custom. The particulars of the White Bait Dinner itself would not be interesting. On the bill being brought in there was a good deal of inferior joking on the subject of "passing it," letting it "lie on the table," and having it "read again on that day six months." The waiters of course were compelled to laugh at these miserable specimens of ministerial wit, and SIR JAMES GRAHAM even went so far as to let the document fall in order that he might pun upon the circumstance by alluding to the bill as one of the dropped bills of the session. Even the waiter was unable to laugh at this exceedingly small wit, and the Home Secretary was put down by the general "Oh! oh! oh!" of the entire company. While the glass was circulating pretty freely the Premier was called upon for a song, and he immediately burst forth into the following impromptu, written for him expressly to order, by the only English Improvisatore :—

Come, list my lads, my jolly lads, and now without digression,
I'll sing the speech intended for the closing of the Session ;
To tell official secrets, p'rhaps, is like a raw beginner,
But isn't this, in double sense, quite an *of-fish-al* dinner.
With my whack row de riddle row, fol lol de la.

Chorus. With my whack, &c.

My lords and gentlemen, we've got her Majesty's commands,
To do what she is glad enough to get quite off her hands :
She wishes us to tell you all—at liberty you are
To go where'er you please ; indeed she does not care how far.
With my whack, &c.

Chorus. With my whack, &c.

She thanks you for the industry that all of you have shown,
In doing many things (that p'rhaps were better let alone) ;
The Acts she can't enumerate—in crowds they seem to rise,
But the best act you 've done, she thinks, was voting the Supplies.
With my whack, &c.

Chorus. With my whack, &c.

Your measures, many of them, p'rhaps, would approbation claim ;
But really she can't recollect of one of them the name.
Something she heard about the law of Creditor and Debtor,
And said there 's also been a fuss 'bout opening of a letter.
With my whack, &c.

Chorus. With my whack, &c.

[*Spoken.* And now I'll give you a Postscript, involving Her Majesty's private opinion on a certain point.]

But, by-the-by, it just occurs the Session don't end quite,
Until it's known if DAN O'C.'s imprisonment is right ;
'Twixt you and me, it does appear particularly odd,
That while the point is still in doubt, the man is kept in quod.
With my whack, &c.

Chorus. With my whack, &c.

[The Song excited considerable laughter and applause, particularly that part of it alluding to SIR JAMES GRAHAM and the Post-Office, at which part of the song LORD HAWARDEN, the chairman, good-humouredly "jerked him under the ribs."]

PUNCH'S STATUTES IN LITTLE.

WE perceive that a Bill has been printed to provide "for the care and preservation of Trafalgar Square." We are happy in being able to give a copy of this interesting Act of the Legislature :—

PREAMBLE.

Whereas there is a place called Trafalgar Square, with a column in the middle, to wit, the Nelson column ; and things to contain water on each side, to wit, reservoirs : **And whereas** it is natural that the boys should damage the Column, and cast missiles, to wit, orange peel, into the things to contain water, to wit, the reservoirs :

And whereas it is expedient that they should be prevented from carrying on their games, to wit, having their larks, in the spot, to wit, the place alluded to.

ENACTING CLAUSE.

Be it therefore Enacted, by and with, &c., That the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, to wit, the trustees of Regent Street, be empowered to elect two individuals, to wit, Beadles, who shall from time to time, and at all times, kick, whack, whallop, and otherwise pacify, all boys, urchins, lads, youths, children, adults, and others who may, in the opinion of the said Beadles, do anything to deserve the kicking, whacking, whalloping, and otherwise pacifying, as aforesaid :

And that the said Beadles shall be empowered to tan, dust, or trim the hides or jackets of the said boys, urchins, lads, youths, children, adults, and others.

Such are the words of the Act, which contains the usual clause, providing for amendments being made in the present session ; and there is also a sumptuary clause, stating the expense, with a fiscal section, determining the salary of the Beadles, which will be a charge on the consolidated fund, or paid out of the revenues of the duchy of Paddington.

PUNCH'S DEMONOLOGY.

HERE are some persons who deny the existence of Demons; but *Punch* begs to assure them that they are quite wrong, for he has seen thousands with his own eyes. It was but the other day that he beheld some twenty fiends, with horns, and tails, and cloven feet, brandishing torches, seize upon an Italian gentleman of the name of FORNASARI, and descend with him bodily, in the midst of fire and smoke, through the floor, in the presence of a large company of fashionable people, to the great admiration of the lookers-on. After which a number of gay young ladies, in short dresses and spangles, came and danced over the very spot, just as if nothing had happened.

The Prince of Demons is not, as has been erroneously supposed, an old gentleman, but one under the middle age, and his name is O. SMITH. *Punch* has seen him appear repeatedly; but not of late. At one time he used to be raised nearly every night, by a conjurer of the name of FITZBALL, at a place in the Strand, where another conjurer was exhibiting his wonders. This demon takes many shapes, and has several names, of which the most notorious are "The Bottle Imp" and "The Flying Dutchman."

The following are Demons of great celebrity :—

1. ZAMIEL.—This is a demon in the shape and attire of a huntsman. He does not, however, wear cords and top-boots, nor what you would exactly call a scarlet coat. His apparel consists of a great slouched hat and feathers, a huge cloak, and buskins; all of which, together with his hands and face, are of one uniform red tint. He looks, in short, as if he had been rolled in brick-dust or powdered red ochre. He has a particularly large hooked nose, something like a Jew's, which there is good reason for believing to consist of paste-board; and he wears his locks, or rather his wig, for that is what it really is, very long, all down his shoulders. He has been several times seen to throttle HERR STAUDIGL, and to carry away MESSRS. H. PHILLIPS and PAUL BEDFORD to the infernal regions. His apparition is generally accompanied by a gong, and attended with a strong smell of brimstone and saltpetre. He seems partial to snakes and skeletons, of which, on grand occasions, he has always a lot surrounding him. His other names besides ZAMIEL are W. H. PAYNE and HOWELL, under which he sometimes appears as Harlequin.

2. MEPHISTOPHILES.—The demon so named appears as a gallant of the middle ages, in his Sunday best: with slashed sleeves and hose on, and a little round cap with a cock's-tail feather in it on the top of his head. He looks very sly and sarcastic, an expression which he owes to his eyebrows being touched up and pointed with cork, and to a slight smudge of paint, made by a hare's foot on either cheek. The rest of his face is deadly pale, except his eye-lids, round which also the hare's foot has been applied. He carries a little spit of a rapier at his side, and wears a slight, peaked moustache on the upper lip. Sometimes he is seen as a dancing devil, in the person of a little Frenchman.

3. ASMODEUS.—This is a little imp, otherwise called WIELAND. He goes hopping about on a couple of crutches, illustrating the academico-arithmetical operation denominated "dot and go one." He is a terrible devil among the fair sex, to whom he plays the dancing-master, and with whom, divers pranks, to the great diversion of the British Public.

Besides these, there are—

Certain WITCHES, whose names are MEADOWS, HARLEY, and COMPTON.

A castle-haunting SPECTRE, now seldom seen, at least on this side of the water.

A GHOST; whose Christian-name is JOHN and surname COOPER, and who used to appear every Easter Monday, or Boxing night, in the shape of *George Barnwell*.

A supernatural STATUE on horseback, who nods and sings in his saddle, accepts a libertine nobleman's invitation to supper, and comes there stalking on foot.

Other demons, witches, and spirits, there are, of less note, to be seen. The majority of them drink porter when they can get it; eat bread and cheese, provided they can earn it; which is not always: and smoke more or less tobacco. *Punch* is sorry to say that they are mostly very poor devils, in many cases with wives and families, and deserving much to be pitied.

THE FRIGHTS OF THE BALLET.

THE announcement of a work on the subject of the Beauties of the Opera has suggested to *Punch* the happy notion of a literary undertaking, to be devoted to the Frights of the Ballet. Each fright will be complete in himself, and four frights, stitched in a neat wrapper, will constitute a part, while a dozen frights done up in cloth—though anything but lettered—will form a volume.

In order to put the very worst face possible upon the matter, we commence our frights with MONS. APLOMB, who enjoys, it is said, the countenance of the aristocracy. We are thus enabled to view him under a new aspect, and to dwell on those features of his history which are the most pleasing, if not the most prominent.

APLOMB is one of those artists who, instead of trusting to his face, is content to stand upon his legs, and these have successfully carried him to that position in public favour which he at present occupies: his parents lavished hundreds on the tuition of his toes, which have turned out exceedingly well; and it has been said of these toes, that they have proved little fortunes to their lucky owner. APLOMB paints passion with his pumps, and while others have their profession at their fingers' ends, this very popular Fright has his art at the points of his toes, which can express all the noblest sentiments that are capable of being embodied by the human ankle.

It has been sometimes objected to the feet of APLOMB, that they are destitute of sole; but this is not where the shoe really pinches. In private life the Fright must be a very estimable man, for he is evidently impressed with the idea that one good turn deserves another, inasmuch as after one extraordinary *pirouette*, he always indulges in a second.

INELIGIBLE INVESTMENT.

THE following extraordinary advertisement appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of Thursday last :—

"ELEPHANT FOR SALE.—A fine male Elephant, very tame, is just arrived from Calcutta, and is for sale."

We anxiously looked to another part of the paper, expecting to find an announcement of the arrival of LORD ELLENBOROUGH. Perhaps, however, the advertisement is put out as a feeler, so that either party may make a bid for the late Governor-General. The Tories have evinced a disposition not to have him at any price. Whether the tame elephant will submit to be ignominiously knocked down to the Whigs is nevertheless exceedingly doubtful. We suspect he would turn out a very bad lot to any one who purchased him.

A NEW POSTMASTER GENERAL.

M. CONTE, the *Directeur* of the Poste at Paris, has published a report, in which he states there is a person in his office who reads 3,000,000 letters every year. Now, if this person can read English only one half as well, he is worth his weight in gold at St. Martin's-le-grand. Only imagine, SIR JAMES, what an invaluable co-operator that man would be to you, who could devour—say 30,000 secrets a day!

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX'S

READINGS AND RECITATIONS FROM JOE MILLER.

RIDAY last, Willis's Rooms were crowded to hear the opening lecture of LORD WILLIAM LENNOX, who, we are happy to learn, proposes to give an entire reading of JOE MILLER. Nothing could exceed the curiosity and enthusiasm of the audience. Indeed, when we reflect on the peculiar reputation which his Lordship has obtained from his *Tuft-Hunter*—when the extraordinary contents of that composition are duly considered—we cease to wonder at the applausive shouts that yesterday hailed the lecturer's appearance.

His Lordship, having swallowed a little water from a decanter before him, at once entered upon his task. He showed himself wonderfully at home in the antiquarian knowledge of every joke; began with its birth, and traced it throughout every part of its literary history—now shewing us where it had gone to the playhouse, and now where to the bookseller's.

The most effective part, however, of the performance, was his Lordship's recitations. Into these he seemed to throw his whole soul. His eye flashed, his voice trembled, his form dilated; and, indeed, he presented to the imagination of the beholder a very lively hint of his Lordship's appearance, when, doubtless, inspired by the composition of the *Tuft-Hunter*. Had he only grasped a pair of scissors, the resemblance must have been perfect.

We cannot follow his Lordship through every jest of the immortal MILLER, but must content ourselves with dwelling on two or three, recommended for quotation by their brevity. LORD WILLIAM's first :—

"A man was once carrying a hare along Fleet Street, when DEAN SWIFT stopt him, and, in his waggish manner, asked, 'Friend, is that your *own hair* or a *wig*?'"

LORD WILLIAM read this with exquisite delicacy. He began the passage in a light colloquial tone, rising in purpose as he came to DEAN SWIFT. His pause between the words "asked" and "friend," shewed the student of the human heart; and the deep, not loud, and absorbing chuckle with which he rolled out "or a wig!" caused a sensation much more easily conceived than described. We proceed to a second example :—

"Two friends once met, one with a very short coat on. 'How now, Jack?' said one, 'your coat is much too short for you!'—'That may be,' answered the wag, 'but it will be *long enough* before I get another.'"

LORD WILLIAM here produced a startling effect. The artistic way with which he for some time coaxed the joke, until he sent it cracking among the audience, was—tremendous. Reading the third :—

"GARRICK was once passing by, when one chimney-sweeper cried to another, 'Jack, that 's a player.'—'Hush!' cried the second sweep, 'you don't know what you may come to yourself!'"

We have heard much of public recitations, but we never heard anything equal to LORD WILLIAM's "Hush!" It went point-blank to the hearts of his hearers; and the half-jocose, half-moralizing way with which he gave the reproof of the sweep, did equal honour to the speaker's heart and head. Our next quotation must be poetical.

"The witty CHARLES THE SECOND having asked LORD ROCHESTER how he would write his epitaph, the waggish nobleman immediately answered as follows:—

'Here lies our sovereign, CHARLES the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.'"

LORD WILLIAM's recitation of this was probably his crowning triumph. His Lordship has evidently exquisite ears for verse. There was a sweet gravity in his intonation of the first line—a deepening feeling in the second and third—and a solemnity of manner in his delivery of the fourth, that took our heart and imagination right away to a place of tombs. Like the writings of JEREMY TAYLOR, the verse, under the treatment of LORD WILLIAM, seemed to smell of the grave. But doubtless the heart of the speaker was touched by the recollection of the virtuous CHARLES—the great progenitor of the illustrious house of LENNOX—illustrious in the field, the senate, and the Betting Ring. This may reasonably account for the emotion of the reciter.

We are happy to state that the audience were numerous and more than respectable. We noticed among the visitors the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, who seemed to relish the culinary jokes with all the *gusto* of the House of Brunswick; SHERIFF MOON; SILK BUCKINGHAM, with his SANCHO. GEORGE JONES; TOM THUMB; MR. OSBALDISTON, of the Victoria, and others of equal celebrity.

These readings by LORD WILLIAM present a curious anomaly, when we think of the deserted condition of our playhouses. Here is a man who, by his unassisted genius, attracts a large audience to hear the reading of jokes, when the same things in "new" comedies and farces, with all the adjuncts of rouge, wig, wardrobe, and scenery, are spoken to empty benches. Verily, it is a strange public!

HER MAJESTY'S ACCOUCHEMENT.

PUNCH has it in command to announce, that in celebration of the Birth of the INFANT DUKE OF YORK, Roast Beef and Plum Pudding will be distributed on Sunday next to the inmates of every Poor Law Union throughout the kingdom.

Vivant Regina et Princeps.

A DUPLICATE.

MR. FABER, in a fit of temporary derangement, has destroyed his "speaking-machine." If he repent the rash act, we advise him to take out a patent for LORD BROUGHAM, sending in his speeches as the List of Specifications.

THE PAUVRE LISTE CIVILE!

LOUIS PHILIPPE is coming over in September. We hope the Mendicity Society will give him a hospitable reception.

COMFORTABLE LODGINGS.

IND MR. PUNCH,

I AM a promising, amiable, and rather a fine young man, of about five-and-twenty years of age; but alas! I have every reason to believe that there is a horrid conspiracy against my life, for ever since the Introduction of the Polka into Great Britain I have undergone a series of tortures that must ultimately cause my premature death. My occupation being a sedentary one, I am obliged to be engaged nearly all day in my study, which is at the back of my family mansion, and in this hot weather it is very necessary to sit with the windows open; the same cause I suppose induces all my neighbours to adopt the same means of cooling themselves. Well! that is all right and proper; but, my dear *Punch*, in every house near me there are some four or five very pretty girls: all of these very pretty girls seem to have grand pianos, and they, one and all, play that inf——, no, THAT Polka. Now, added to all this, six of my sisters have just come to spend the day with my wife, and they too, have all brought Polkas; so that I am afraid by four o'clock or thereabout I shall be defunct—miserably—cruelly—Polka'd to death. Do, *Punch*, pray do step forward and use your powerful influence to put a stop to this present "Great Plague of London." There—there it goes again, and Good Heaven! BALFE's "Marble Halls" (which I hate) has broken out in Great Ormond Street. I am nearly mad!

Yours, distracted,
BEETHOVEN WEBER SMITH.

RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Kensington and Wormwood Scrubs Little Western and No Junction Railway remains as *per* last. A servant of all work has been engaged, who takes a pride in scouring the wooden sleepers and black-leading the rails throughout the entire line every Saturday. The clerk is still enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*. He seems fully impressed with the truth that "the post of honour is a private station," and the Kensington station being a very private one, the honour of the post is quite undeniable.

We understand that the Directors have it in contemplation not to run their carriages at any particular hour, but to allow the public to hire a carriage and an engine for a run up and down the line at so much *per* hour. The plan is to be the same as that adopted at livery stables, and a board is already being painted, announcing, "Neat engines by the day or hour." Parties wishing to bring their own coke will be permitted to do so, and they can have hot water supplied them by the company.

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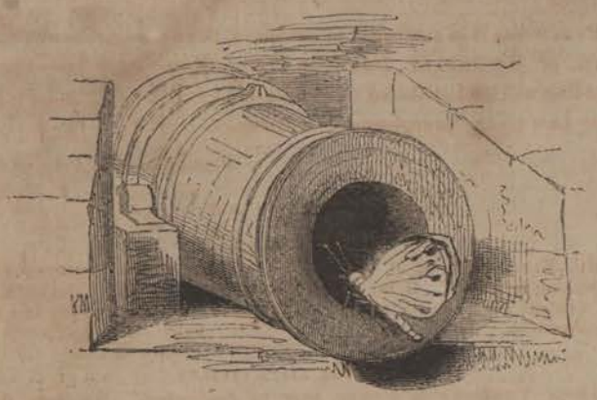
PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XIII.

FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, DESIROUS OF ENTERING THE ARMY, TO HIS GUARDIAN.



My dear Sir,

In our last conversation, you more than hinted at the necessity of my making choice of a profession. I have again and again considered the important subject, and am at length resolved. Yes; I have made my election—I will become a soldier. I have looked about me, I trust dispassionately; I have weighed and counterweighed all other things with the sword, and found them as nothing to the glorifying steel. Do not believe, sir, that I am biassed in my judgment by the outward show and ceremonious parade of military life; no, sir, although I can well believe that they have a false influence on the youthful mind, I nevertheless trust that I have too well benefited by your philosophy to confound the noble profession of arms with its holiday blazonry—its review-day splendour. The mere human clod may turn from the plough, beckoned by the fluttering ribands of the recruiting-sergeant—the clown's heart may, to his astonishment, beat to the beating sheepskin, and so beguile him into the ranks—but, sir, I trust that education has taught me a truer valuation of things, enabling me to consider the profession of a soldier in its abstract glory, in its naked loveliness. I look only at the wreath of Cæsar, and care not for the outward splendour of his legions.

Oh, sir, when I read the career of conquerors, I have a strange belief that I was born to be a soldier! I feel such a sympathising throb of heart at the achievements of an Alexander, that all other pursuits, save that of arms, seem to me poor, frivolous, and unworthy of the highest dignity of human nature. To me, soldiers appear the true lords of the earth; and other men, however rich, but as mere greasy serfs—creatures with their souls dwelling darkly in money-bags. The game of war is a pastime for gods, and man is sublimated by its exercise. And then death—death in the bed of glory—with a whole country weeping over our ashes! is not that a prospect, sir, to quicken the blood of youth, and intoxicate the brain with the sweetest, the noblest draughts of ambition? And then, sir, the laurel, flourishing in everlasting green, and circling our memory for ever!

Nevertheless, should you wish me to delay the purchase of a commission for a few months, I trust you will permit me to visit Germany this autumn to witness the reviews. It is said that the troops expected to assemble will be the flower of the world. I know not, too, how many thousands. What a sublime spectacle! In their different uniforms—with their banners, their artillery, and their leaders—many of them with the history of the last wars cut in scars upon their bodies! I do not think the world can show a nobler sight. So superhuman in its power—so awful in its beauty!

And now, sir, having freely communicated to you my desire to enter the army, permit me to assure you that I shall devote my entire soul to the study of my duties as a soldier. They have I know their severity: but have they not also their rewarding sweetness? Yes, sir, for how delicious must it be—the heat and fury of the battle over—to solace the wounded, to protect the helpless! In those moments the noblest emotions of our common nature must be awakened; they must repay the warrior for toil, privation, suffering unutterable. Yes, sir—to know that in such an hour we are lessening the anguish of a fellow-creature must for a time elevate us beyond the common impulses of poor humanity.

Anxiously awaiting your reply—and with it, as I fondly believe, your consent—

I remain, your affectionate ward,

Arthur Baytwig.

P.S. Do not think, my dear sir, that the opinions of a certain young lady, who has always declared she would marry no one but a soldier, have had the least influence upon my determination. No, sir; not the least, I assure you.

LETTER XIV.

ANSWER OF THE GUARDIAN TO THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

My Dear Arthur,

I thought more highly of your discrimination. I believed that you knew me better than to make so foolish a proposition. My opinions on war and its instruments are, I know, not the opinions of the world; it would save the world—I am vain enough to think—much guilt, much misery, if they were so.

You, doubtless, believe your letter the result of an honest enthusiasm; and yet, to my fancy it is nothing more than the folly of a boy, who, unconscious of his prompter, writes with a fiend dictating at his elbow. Yes, my boy, a fiend; he is too often busy among us—one of the vilest and most mischievous demons of all the brood of wickedness. To be sure, he visits men not in his own name—oh no! he comes to them in the finest clothes and under the prettiest alias. He is clothed in gay colours—has yards of gold trimming about him—a fine feather in his cap—silken flags fluttering over him—music at his heels—and his lying, swindling name is—Glory. Strip the thing so called, and how often will you find the abhorred nakedness of a demon. Be assured of it, fife and drum make the devil's choicest music. He blows and beats—for, being a devil, he can do this at the same time—and makes the destructive passions of men twist and wriggle in the hearts of even peaceful folk, and with the magic of his tattoo drives them on to mischief. You know, people say I have strange, violent thoughts. Well! I think every sheep whose skin is turned into drum-parchment, has been sacrificed not to the gods but devils.

You tell me that you are smitten with glory in the abstract—with its naked honour. Pooh! like a poor-souled footman, you are content to take the blows for the fineness of the livery.

You say, that when you read the history of conquerors, you yearn to become a soldier. Well, I dispute it not; there have been men made soldiers by tyranny and wrong, whose memories may, like the eternal stars, shine down upon us; these men may be envied. But I, too, have read the lives of conquerors; and, as I live, they no more tempted me to emulate them, than the reading of the Newgate Calendar would make me yearn to turn foot-pad or house-breaker.

At best, soldiers are the evils of the earth. The children of human wrong, and human weakness. Understand me, I would not have men ground arms, and, with quaker-like submission, cry "friend" to the invader. Nevertheless, do not let us prank up a dire necessity with all sorts of false ornament, and glorify wholesale homicide. You say war is the pastime of gods. Homer tells us as much. And pretty gods they were who played at the sport! In my time, I have known many men who, for very humbly imitating them in some of their amusements, have died on the gallows or withered on board the hulks. I trust the time will come when it will bring as great shame to men to mimic Mars, as it now deals upon the other sex to imitate Venus.

You talk glibly enough of the bed of glory. What is it? A battle-field, with thousands blaspheming in agony about you! Your last moments sweetened, it may be, with the thought that somewhere on the field lies a bleeding piece of your handiwork—a poor wretch in the death-grasp of torture! Truly, that is a bed of greater glory which is surrounded by loving hearts—by hands uplifted in deep, yet cheerful prayer. There are thoughts, too—it is my belief—better, sweeter far than thoughts of recent slaying, to help the struggling soul from out its tenement.

You talk, too, of the nation's tears! In what museum does the nation keep her pocket-handkerchiefs? Depend upon it, nations that love to fight, are not the nations that love to weep. I grant it; many a fine, simple fellow, has died in the belief of being wept over by his

country, who has nevertheless been shamefully defrauded of his dues. My dear boy, never sell your life for imaginary drops of water. And then you rave about laurel—an accursed plant of fire and blood. Count up all the crowns of CÆSAR, and for the honest, healthful service of man, are they worth one summer cabbage?

You would wish to see the German review—you think it so noble a sight? Be assured, if you can teach your eyes to look through the spectacles of truth, there cannot be a sadder, a more rueful exhibition—one reflecting more upon the true dignity of human nature—one more accusatory of the wisdom and goodness of man—than thousands of men dressed and harnessed, and nicely schooled for the destruction of their fellow-creatures. All their finery, all their trappings, are to me but the gimcrackery of the father of wickedness. In my time, I have seen thousands of soldiers drawn up, with a bright sky shining above them; and I have thought them a foul mass—a blot—a shame upon the beautiful earth—an affront to the beneficence of heaven! But then, I have odd thoughts—strange opinions.

You say it will be sweet, the battle over, to solace the wounded. My dear boy, it will be sweeter far not to begin the battle at all. It may be very humane to apply the salve after you have dealt the gash,—but surely it would be better wisdom, truer humanity, to inflict no hurt. And, in time, men will learn this truth; they *are* learning it; and as I would not see you in a profession which I trust is speedily becoming bankrupt, you will never, with my consent, purchase into the army.

Your affectionate friend,

BENJAMIN ALLPEACE.

THE RAILWAY MORAL CLASS BOOK.

BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

Morals for the First Class.

The morals prescribed for this Class are the same on all days of the week. An act which is moral on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, is moral also on Sundays. The reason is, that this class employs the best tailors, eats the best food, drinks the best wines, in short, lives the best; and lastly and especially, pays the highest fare of all the three Classes. Moreover, being accustomed to amuse themselves all the six days of the week, it would be cruel to deprive them of recreation on the seventh; and having little or no business on any day, they have as much business to travel on Sunday as on any other.

Morals for the Second Class.

It is not, strictly speaking, quite proper for persons of this Class to do the same thing every day; so that a perfect system of morality would prohibit them from Sunday travelling. Many of them go to Holborn and the City for their clothes, dine upon two courses, and cannot afford Hock, Claret, and Champagne, or even good Port and Sherry. However, on the whole, they are pretty respectable. Thus, for the transgression, the rigid rule of right may be relaxed, and they may be permitted to travel on Sundays; but they are to understand this permission as a sufferance merely, and their conduct in availing themselves of it is by no means to be approved of.

Morals for the Third Class.

For this Class of people to travel on Sundays is a heinous crime. They are meanly clad, and live upon a coarse kind of food. Toil and hardship are their portion during the week, and enjoyment on the Sunday would make them discontented with their lot. The Third Class of railway passengers is formed of the inferior classes, and not being respectable, no respect whatever should be shown to its inclinations. Its fare is nothing like an atonement for the crime in question. The Legislature, therefore, has acted very improperly in compelling Sunday trains to run Third Class carriages; and the statute, if possible, should be evaded.

A TESTIMONIAL TO THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WE really think, now that the Session is over, that a Testimonial ought to be presented to the Speaker of the House of Commons, as an expression of public sympathy for his unprecedented sufferings this year; for if it be true, that there is nothing so fatiguing as having nothing to do, what must it be to watch six hundred people, night after night, doing nothing for six months in the year! We propose that the testimonial consist of a handsome night-cap, with an air cushion and pillow; a warming-pan, and a copy of "Sleep at Will," to enable the Speaker to pass future Sessions in greater comfort and repose.

THE MINISTERS' HOLIDAY LETTERS.

THE following holiday letter, written in consequence of the approaching vacation, has been forwarded by SIR ROBERT PEEL to his Tamworth constituents, whom he has always regarded as his political parents:—

"MY DEAR PARENTS,

"I write with much pleasure to let you know that our vacation will commence next week, when I hope to see you in good health.

"I think you will be satisfied with my progress, and though I have not been fortunate enough to get many good marks, I have had a very few crosses.

"I have had some very hard French lessons in the course of the half year, and I have got a very difficult one for my holiday task, but I shall do all I can to beat MASTER GUIZOT.

"I have got on very well with my arithmetic, though at the beginning of the half year I had a good deal of trouble with compound fractions. I have thrown off weights and passed measures; but I have skipped corn-measure, because of its being so very difficult.

"My geography has given me a good deal of trouble, particularly India, which I nearly got punished for, through the fault of another boy named ELLENBOROUGH. But ELLENBOROUGH has been turned back; and now that he is out of the class, we go on a great deal better.

"I have not spent all my money, but have got a large surplus; which MR. BULL, my master, says is much more praiseworthy than what was done by those naughty boys, MASTER MELBOURNE, MASTER MONTEAGLE, and MASTER RUSSELL, who spent all the money they had, and got into debt very much besides.

"In my drawing, I have done very little; but I have got a good many pretty designs, and I hope next half year to finish them.

"Our Vacation will end at the usual period; and

"I remain, my dear parents,
"Your affectionate offspring,
"ROBERT PEEL."

FROM LORD ABERDEEN.

IN order to show the proficiency he has acquired in French, LORD ABERDEEN has written his holiday letter in that language.

"*Mes chers Parens,*

"*Je suis heureux* (I am happy) *de vous dire* (to tell you), *que notre saintes jours* (that our holy-days) *sont bien près à la main* (are very near at hand). *J'ecrit celui ci lettre* (I write this letter) *en Francais* (in French) *en ordre de vous montrer* (in order to show you) *comme j'ai obtenu en avant* (how I have got on) *dans mon Francais* (in my French). *J'ai eu un dur tirage* (I have had a hard pull) *avec Maitre Guizot* (with MASTER GUIZOT) *qui a essayé diaboliquement dur* (who has tried deuced hard) *d'obtenir le mieux de moi* (to get the better of me). *Je crois, pas-avec-restant-debout* (I think, not-with-stand-ing), *que je serais un allumette* (that I shall be a match) *pour lui* (for him). *Il n'est pas allant* (he is not going) *de faire un fou de moi* (to make a fool of me). *Il me prend pour une jean ane* (he takes me for a jackass), *mais je suis rien de l'espéce* (but I am nothing of the sort).

"*Toujours, mes chers parens* (always, my dear parents),
"*Votre affectionée soleil* (your affectionate son),
"*Doyen d'Aber* (ABERDEEN)."

FROM SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

"MY DEAR PAPA AND MAMA,

"I am very glad to tell you that the holidays will begin next week.

"I am sorry to say that my master, MR. JOHN BULL, is not pleased with me, and I have been in a great deal of disgrace about my letters.

"I hope when I go back to school I shall be a better boy, and I remain,

"My dear Parents,
"Your undutiful, but repentant, child,
"JAMES GRAHAM."

NOTICE OF MOTION.

EARLY in the ensuing Session a return will be moved for, (we believe by COLONEL SIBTHORP,) of the number of words eaten by Hon. Members from the commencement to the conclusion of the present Session.

MIGRATION OF THE ITALIAN SINGING BIRDS.

THE migration of the Italian Singing Birds from this country is about a month antecedent to that of the martins and swallows, but nearly simultaneous with that of the swifts, or squeakers, to which last-named genus they thus present an analogy in more respects than one.

The swallows and martins, previously to their departure, collect, with much twittering, on the tops of houses or trees, in large flocks, for the purpose, apparently, of practising flying before they set out. The Italian Singing Birds, also, not without much chattering and twittering, collect themselves, when about to migrate, in the first-class train of one of the great railways. This takes them into the provinces, where they collect something beside themselves. Other birds of passage have by this time of the year abandoned their nests; not so these, who labour at the feathering of theirs unceasingly.

A brief account of the principal of these interesting warblers will not, perhaps, be unacceptable to the reader:—

THE LABLACHE.

This is a very fine bird, not only considered with reference to the fine feathers, or state of feather, which he appears in, but, taken altogether, for the combined power and richness of his song he is unrivalled; and his singing, it is worthy of remark, is much less frequently interfered with by the pip and other ailments than that of the generality of his tribe. He is a bird that can sing, and will sing, never requiring any compulsion to make him sing. He is distinguished by great capacity of chest, exceeded only by that of an inferior region, and of the upper story, or head, which has evidently a great deal in it, to judge from the scope of his abilities. His general habits may be represented as easy. He may often be seen sunning himself in Regent Street, or sailing down Waterloo Place. Birds of this class feed generally on macaroni, ravioli, and similar kickshaws; and their drink is mostly acid and meagre: but we strongly suspect the individual under consideration of being addicted to beef and pudding, and doubt if he would object to ale.

THE GRISI.

Among Italian Singing Birds the female is equally musical, to say the least, with the male. The song of the Grisi is remarkable for its variety, strength, and sweetness. The habits of the Grisi, from what we have been enabled to glean respecting them, seem to be those of a bird that contrives, in a considerable measure, to enjoy its own existence. Whether rising with the lark is one of them, or not, we do not know, but we are certain that singing with it is; for the Grisi may undoubtedly be said to vie with the lark, or even the nightingale, in singing. The Grisi is evidently a bird of a kind disposition, and susceptible of affection and attachment; but we should conjecture that she would be apt to peck if ruffled. The kind of food best adapted for this very fascinating songstress is to be obtained at M. VEREY'S.

THE FORNASARI.

The Fornasari, we believe, first visited these shores in the Spring of 1843. This is a large well-proportioned bird, standing no less high on his own private supporters or legs, than he does in the estimation of his public supporters. He is remarkable for a tufted or beard-like appendage to the lower mandible or chin. His song is much prized, being considered to be in no sense inferior to that of the TAMBURINI; to which, by many indeed, it is preferred. This bird is occasionally to be seen in the Quadrant. His habits are not generally known; but there is no reason to suppose that they are otherwise than generic; and it is probable that, with a good cook, he might be fed and reared without difficulty.

THE PERSIANI.

This delightful warbler is very highly esteemed for the delicacy, flexibility, and mingled ease and brilliancy of execution which characterise her strain, which is a term that perhaps we are wrong in using, as she sings apparently without the slightest effort. Her principal habit is that of walking in her sleep, a peculiarity which, as she sings divinely during this state of somnambulism, has procured her a great reputation.

THE MARIO.

A very pleasant vocalist. He is now regarded as an efficient substitute for the RUBINI, to whose note, his own, in point of quality, is somewhat similar. He differs, however, from the latter bird, in singing, like a good bullfinch, the airs which he has acquired without any admixture of certain "native wood-notes wild" which, however well enough in their way, are no embellishment to such music as MOZART'S. We lately had the pleasure of hearing him deliver "*Il mio tesoro*" with very commendable fidelity. He is in the habit of being frequently encored; which is the only habit that our knowledge enables us to ascribe to him.

So highly are these Italian Singing Birds prized that many of them fetch, on an average, fifty pounds a night for a mere performance. The sum that would be required to buy one of them up altogether, would be enormous. Whether it is the length of JOHN BULL'S ears, which causes him to pay so dearly for their gratification, we do not know. Would he give as much to relieve the National distress? Perhaps: if it were set to music, and sung at the Italian Opera!

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER VII.—OF ESTATES UPON CONDITION.

ERE we come to Estates upon Condition—which are sometimes estates that are sadly out of condition, and must be considered as estates that a man may call his own if he can, but if not he mustn't.

An estate on a condition implied by law, is where a man has a grant of the office of beadle—the implied condition attached to which is that he do act as beadle, or he might be ousted by the grantor and his heirs for ever. Thus the Beadle of Golden Square runs after imaginary boys at least twice a-day, in order to fulfil the condition on which his office is held; for if he did not make some show of this sort, the cane would become a mere badge of indolence, rendered more conspicuous by authority. This would come under the head of non-user, for which any public office would be forfeited; and a beadle, having nothing to do, often walks an applewoman off to the station-house, lest, by non-user, he may be considered useless, and lose his appointment.

On the principle of either non-user or mis-user, all forfeitures of estates proceed—as if a man had taken a house for a few years, and he has the impudence to call it his own freehold and sell it, he incurs a forfeiture of his lease—"which is," says COKE, "the *leased* punishment that can be given him." Felons used to forfeit their estates, but as they often got better estates in New South Wales, it did not signify. The law was therefore altered, and the descendants of felons may now take—whatever they can get, from their worthy ancestors.

An estate on a condition expressed will be understood at once, by reading the words, and taking them to mean what they say—which in a legal definition is very unusual.

Some conditions are void:—1st. If they are impossible, as if an estate be given to LORD BROUGHAM, on condition that he keeps himself out of mischief. This would be clearly an impossible condition, and BROUGHAM would have the estate. Here the law is at variance with its general principle, for while it requires impossibilities in many cases, it doth in this instance set its face against them. 2ndly. A condition is void if it is against the law. As, if an estate be granted to B., on condition that he do stick a bill on the gate of Buckingham Palace—this condition would be void, and B. need not stick the bill, but he would take the freehold.

Some estates on condition are held in pledge, as where a man borrows £200, and grants an estate of £20 a year till it is paid, after which the estate is at an end—and this is called a Welsh mortgage. Why it should be called Welsh is a puzzler, for it has nothing Welsh about it, any more than a Welsh Wig or a Welsh Rabbit. Next comes a mortgage—*mort-gage*, or dead pledge—called dead, because the estate is dead to the mortgagor if he does not look alive and pay off his mortgage in good time. A mortgagor has, however, the equity of redemption, which is the privilege of taking his estate out of pawn, by paying up the principal and interest at any time within twenty years after the mortgagee has taken possession; so that mortgagee is kept for twenty years in a precious state of uncertainty as to whether he shall say "Mine own is not mine own," which is extremely possible.

The other estates on condition are estates by statute merchant, statute staple, and elegit. The two former are intended to benefit commerce; but as they are nearly obsolete, we leave it to commerce to make what it can of them. An estate by elegit is where a plaintiff occupies and enjoys half the defendant's lands and tenements, as if defendant has a two-stall stable, and plaintiff turns a horse into one of the stalls; or if the former has a lot of chickens, and the latter takes by *elegit* every alternate egg that may be laid in the poultry-yard. This troublesome sort of estate may be ended by the payment of the debt that gives rise to it. These estates are chattels and no freehold, so they go to the executor instead of to the heir, though, by a little alteration in the spelling, these estates may be said to go to the *heir* or *air*, for property of all kinds will vanish *in tenues auras*, when the lawyers once get a hand in it.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

TOM PITHEY, the juvenile pet of Leicester Square, undertook for a trifling wager to knock at four doors, ring three bells, get up behind two carriages, and leap over six street posts within a quarter of an hour. He got through the knocking very cleverly, and had proceeded as far as the second ring, when the police interrupted the sport by carrying him off to the Station House.

MUSIC FOR RAILWAYS.

WE understand that the Electro-Telegraph is to be further improved by the tuning of the wires on the same principle as the guitar or fiddle-string. A celebrated composer has been requested to furnish a series of airs, so that the correspondence kept up between the stations may be of a musical character.

We have much pleasure in giving our aid to this admirable idea by writing some of the poetry, which is quite at the service of the Great Western Railway, if paid for by the Line, that is to say, if the Line will give a fair price for it.

The following is intended as a duet between the Kensington and the Great Western Railways:—

AIR—"*Isabelle.*"

KENSINGTON.

Stay, only stay, where our rails uniting,
Will let us join your train;
Why, all our humble efforts rudely slighting,
Still treat us with disdain!
Our passengers at Wormwood Scrubs alighting,
Are doomed there to remain;
'Tis not well! 'tis not well! 'tis not well!
Unless a fresh engine we borrow,
Truth to tell! truth to tell! truth to tell!
At the Scrubs they must stay till to-morrow.
Ah me!

GREAT WESTERN.

Stow, prithee, stow your sad entreaties,
To them we can't attend;
Our train, you know, direct and fleet is
Unto its journey's end.
The lot of passengers by you we meet is
Scarce worth your while to send.
But some day! but some day! but some day!
Good fortune the capital sending,
It will pay! it will pay! it will pay!
By to Knightsbridge your railway extending.
Ah me!

THE WARNER INVENTION

THE excitement occasioned by the bare possibility of CAPTAIN WARNER getting a good sum for blowing up the British navy, has set all the small maritime geniuses to work, and offers are pouring in upon the Treasury from all directions to shiver ships to atoms at reduced prices.

A civil engineer at Jersey has written up to town to say he shall be very happy to blow-up something small upon very moderate terms—and he proposes to smash a barge for 120*l.*, so that, we presume, he would annihilate skiffs and wherries at proportionately low charges.

If money is to be really given to these explosive gentlemen, PUNCH does not see why he should not have his chance, and he therefore proposes to blow-up that crazy old funny—Brougham,—for any sum that the achievement may be thought entitled to. PUNCH is aware that the difficulty about placing confidence in CAPTAIN WARNER's blowing-up arose from the suspicion that there was a communication between the blower and the blowee—a doubt which could not arise in the case of PUNCH and the old funny Brougham.

A Royal Circular.

THE following is a faithful copy of the lithographed circular the DUKE DE BORDEAUX has been sending to the different capitals in and out of Europe:—

"The DUKE DE BORDEAUX begs respectfully to inform the Courts of Europe, Asia, Africa, Van Diemen's Land, and America, that he has for the present retired from the profession of royalty, and is now carrying on business of a private nature at Goritz, under the title of 'CHAMBORD ET COMPAGNIE.' The DUKE DE B. returns his most grateful thanks to the public in general, and the Carlists in particular, for the liberal patronage he has hitherto been honoured with; and hopes, under his new auspices, to be favoured with a continuance of the same. Orders from any of the crowned heads executed at the shortest notice, and the smallest contributions most thankfully received. State secrets bought up in any quantity, and matrimonial offers answered per return of post."

"*** No connexion with the Orleans firm of 'Louis-Philippe & Co.'"

AN EXTINGUISHER FOR ALEXIS.

THERE is a youth at the Adelaide Gallery, so exceedingly *clairvoyant*, when he is in the mesmeric state, that he can actually *see into the middle of next week.*

A ROYAL NURSERY RHYME FOR 1860.

"There was a Royal Lady that lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she did n't know what to do."

THE BURNS' FESTIVAL.—"REPENTANT" SCOTLAND.

August 6, Banks o, the Doon.

TO-DAY, Scotland did penance for past coldness of heart, and avarice of pocket. She had degraded her poet into an exciseman; she had snatched ROBERT BURNS

"—— from the sickle and the plough,
To gauge ale-firkins,"

and finally saw him on his death-bed agonised by a most trumpery debt, without once drawing her purse-strings.—Well, to-day

"Caledonia stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child,"

(albeit her nursing of the Ayrshire ploughman was very much after the fashion of MRS. BROWNRIGG)—to-day, repentant Caledonia confessed her sins of neglect and selfishness, and by the Banks of Doon, supplicated forgiveness of the ghost of ROBERT BURNS. And was her penitence genuine? Did she really feel the birth of gratitude to the sublimating spirit of Poetry? And if another BURNS—yea, or a lesser genius—were to manifest himself, would she honour him living, or would she again suffer him to be—

"Oppressed with grief, oppressed with care,
A burden more than he could bear?"

And after he had passed away some fifty years from this earth,—

would she then rend her garments and cast ashes on her head, and wail and wring her hands in most theatrical remorse for the callousness of her neglect? Well, it is a hard question; we cannot satisfactorily answer it; but we beg to refer the curious to THOM, the living poet of Inverary. He, doubtless, can give testimony of the tenderness of Scotland; can show the sincerity of her repentance for past omissions, by the activity of her sympathies towards present suffering. For, of course, Scotland would hardly play the hypocrite to the Shade of BURNS, whilst THOM—a man of exquisite powers—was ground to the earth by the tyranny of want. No, no; Scotland on this sixth of August, comes, a true penitent, to the Banks of Doon, and she has therefore first visited the poet of Inverary with sympathising gladness.

PUNCH—he says it with all manly modesty—has ever been distinguished for the exclusiveness of his intelligence. Whenever he has condescended to chronicle the events of the times, he has generally contrived to enrich his narrative with incidents which have altogether escaped the attention of his soberer contemporaries; nay, he has often reported circumstances wholly unknown to the actors thereof. Nevertheless, by so doing, he has endeavoured to deliver himself in the true spirit—if truly developed—

of the event. If in his reports he narrates not precisely what really happened, but what—tested by the thing professed—*ought to have taken place*, he may certainly violate historic fidelity, but he submits that the fiction may have its moral utility. With this little preface, PUNCH begins his brief report of the late doings at the Banks of the Doon.

Scotland is tremendously in earnest in all that relates to BURNS; in earnest alike in her gratitude and her penitence. This is strongly and most touchingly shewn even in the grave of BURNS's father; the rustic patriarch of "the big ha' Bible," embalmed by his immortal son in verse beating with the pulses of the human heart. The grave is in "Auld Alloway's" haunted kirk-yard: and, gentle reader, if any one returning therefrom tell you that the said grave was on the 6th of August a trodden mass of mud, with nothing to protect it—nothing save a low stone—to distinguish it from the graves around,—then, reader, confound the traducer of Scotland, by declaring to him—(on the authority of the pilgrim PUNCH)—that the grave of BURNS's father is reverently cared for; is held as precious dust, dear to the heart and memory of Scotland, as a part of him who is now her especial glory! Is it likely that, at the time thousands and thousands were pouring in procession past Alloway Church, to pay heart-homage to the memory of BURNS, that the grave of his father should be a mere heap of mire—so much unregarded muck? No; it was beautifully planted about: every rustic care was bestowed upon it; the national veneration for the son was manifested even in the dust of the sire!

At intervals throughout the day the rain poured steadily down—and then the sun flickered out, and veiled himself again, as though refusing to shine upon the tardy penitence of Scotland. However, the procession—and to our fancy there was nothing in all the glories of the Eglintoun show equal to the Ayrshire ploughmen in their homely plaid—the procession, made up of various bodies, passed the cottage in which BURNS was born, vailing their banners and doffing their caps, as they looked upon the hovel made glorious by the immortal mind that dawned there. There was a false legend that this house was turned into a dram-shop; a way-side hut for the sale of whiskey; that the room in which BURNS was born was suffered to remain a dirty, fetid nook, fit for the stying of a hog. All base calumny against the enthusiasm of Scotland! No: the cottage has been bought by the Township of Ayr: has been properly repaired, and is shown to pilgrims by an honest matron, who keeps the cottage beautifully clean and neat; as, indeed, Scotch cottages peculiarly are. It is said that the Town of Ayr will, in a short time, surround the cottage with a silver rail.

As the procession passed over the Doon, an incident occurred—suggestive of a strange freak. The Box-makers of Mauchline carried an enormous thistle, under which was well inscribed:—

"I turned aside my weeding hook
And spared the symbol dear."

PROFESSOR WILSON—caustic enthusiast!—seized the thistle, and plucking a piece of it, pressed it to his bosom; the COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN and others did the same. Whereupon PUNCH could not but think that the act was satirically typical of the treatment of BURNS by Scotland; for truly, did she not press her living poet to her beating heart, even as men *press a thistle*—shrinkingly, cautiously?

The procession passed into a field, where a large temporary building was erected, capable of dining the whole dining population of Scotland; that is, all of the enthusiasts willing, in honour of BURNS, to pay the sum of fifteen shillings per month for a piece of cold tongue, a plate of gooseberries almost ripe, and a pint of some mystery, calling itself Sherry. There was, however, a deep meaning in the sum of fifteen shillings. It was an unerring test of the sincerity of the heart through the breeches pocket.

Down poured the rain as about a thousand persons sat down to affect to eat a dinner; but the pavilion was water-proof, and they ate and were dry. But how went it with the thousands who composed the procession, and who could not pay fifteen shillings? Why, gentle reader, they were all fed at the EARL OF EGLINTOUN'S cost; for is it likely that the EARL—the same princely nobleman who expended a tolerable fortune upon knights and squires for three days only—would stint on such a national occasion? Oh no! all the procession folks were feasted at some house, though, after the most industrious search, PUNCH could not discover the sign.

The speeches were very excellent. LORD EGLINTOUN delivered himself with such fervour on the genius of BURNS, that, sure we are, he would have willingly exchanged his rank and possessions for the fame of the Ayrshire Ploughman. PROFESSOR WILSON'S speech had one fault—it was too short;—"brief as the lightning in the collied night;" and the hearers could not repress the expression of their disappointment at this; for they now and then scraped the floor with their feet, and rattled their knives and forks. The speech, however brief as it was, was beautiful. The Professor did not, before the sons of BURNS, exhume their father to read a lecture on his moral diseases; certainly not. He was content, (or might have been,) to expatiate solely on the genius of the Bard, and on the immortal wealth that he had bequeathed to all generations of his kind. The Professor knew that it was his business to deal only with the Poet—for the Man BURNS had already answered to his God.

The sons of BURNS were present; so was his sister, with her daughters. It was delightful to behold them. The sons of BURNS had already made good their claim to the high nature of their father in their conduct to his widowed sister, left struggling with the worst necessities; and had, of course, assisted their helpless aunt, and her cordial, fine-hearted daughters. ROBERT BURNS, late of Somerset House, and MAJOR and COLONEL BURNS—who could doubt it?—had acted worthy of their name, imperishable from its associations with all that is lofty of mind, and profound of heart.

The hospitality of Scotland is proverbial. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the committee who arranged the festival, to those who were *not* Scotchmen. Indeed, it was sufficient to have the meanest title from English letters, to receive from the Scotch gentlemen in authority on the occasion attentions the most delicate and cordial. Many English writers had been invited, but sent excuses of some sort. Perhaps, with the intuitive forecast of genius, they thought that, if they came, they would be left to shift for themselves, and stayed at home accordingly.

The proceedings of the day were wound up by the EARL OF EGLINTOUN, who proposed the health of MR. ROBERT CHAMBERS, which was drunk with an enthusiasm truly national. And well did MR. CHAMBERS merit the distinction. For it was he who first sought out the suffering sister of ROBERT BURNS; it was he who brought a tardy blush into the cold face of Scotland for her neglect of one dear to her dead poet—BURNS' aged sister, saved only from the direst want by the needle of her sempstress daughters. Truly, indeed, did the EARL OF EGLINTOUN say (or might have said) that it was to the active kindness of MR. ROBERT CHAMBERS that Scotland was spared the crowning shame—GOD knows, the needless ignominy—of the misery of the widow BEGG and her children—the sister and the nieces of ROBERT BURNS.

The festival will be long remembered in Scotland. Certain we are, that no Englishman present can ever forget it.

That everything may be in accordance with the genial spirit that begot the festival, PUNCH understands that the wood composing the temporary Pavilion will be divided amongst the poor of Ayr; and that the thousands of yards of calico which covered ceiling, seats, and tables, will be made into "cutty sarks" for those who may need them.

"FULL INSIDE."

A little book is just published under the title of the "CROTCHET SAMPLER." We have been told it is illustrated with a frontispiece of LORD BROUGHAM'S head.

PROFESSOR WILSON'S NEW WORK.

SEVERAL volumes have been published of *The Beauties of Burns*. We understand that the Professor has a book in hand to be called *The Faults of Burns*. He proposes (with singular taste) to dedicate the work to the Poet's sons.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

THERE is a "CLUB DES INVENTEURS" just established at Paris, for the purpose of encouraging discoveries. Let us propose that the first premium be awarded to the person who discovers an article in the French press that is written with the least good feeling towards England.

TRAVELLING NOTES

BY OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

I WAS not led to prison, as might have been expected. I was only conducted to a corner of the room, where was an official with large mustachios and a conical cap. Eyeing me with lowering brows, the following dialogue took place between me and this myrmidon of tyrants :—

Man in the Cap—"Monsieur, votre passeport."

Fat Contributor—"Monsieur, je n'en ai pas."

Man in the Cap—"Alors, Monsieur, vous pourrez passer à votre hôtel."

Fat Contributor—"Bonjour, Monsieur" (*ici le Gros Rédacteur tire un profond coup de chapeau*).

Man in the Cap—"Monsieur, je vous salue."

We separated. I want to know how long Britons are to be subjected to such grinding oppression?

We went then to our hotel—the Hôtel des Bains. We were so foolish as to order Champagne for dinner. It is the worst Champagne I ever drank in my life: worse than Champagne at Vauxhall—worse than used to be supplied by a wine-merchant at the University—worse even than the Bordeaux provided in the Hôtel des Bains. Good Heavens! is it for this I am come abroad?

Is it for this? To drink bad wine—to eat fried soles as tough as my shoe—to have my nerves agitated about a passport—and, by way of a second course, to be served with flabby raw mutton-chops? Away! I can get these in Chancery Lane. Is there not such a place as Greenwich in the world; and am I come two hundred miles for such an iniquitous dinner as this?

I thought of going back again. Why did I come away? If there had been a gig at the door that instant to carry me to my native country, I would have jumped in. But there is no hope. Look out of the window, miserable man, and see you are a stranger in a foreign land. There is an alehouse opposite, with "HIER VERKOOPT MAN TRANKEN" over the porch. A woman is standing before me—a woman in wooden shoes. She had a Belgic child at her neck, another at her side in little wooden shoekins.

To them approached their father—a mariner—he kisses his wife, he kisses his children, and what does he do next? Why he wipes the nose of the eldest child, and then the fond father wipes the nose

of the youngest child. You see [his] attitude—his portrait. You cannot see his child's face because 'tis hidden in the folds of the paternal handkerchief.

Fancy its expression of gratitude ye kind souls who read this. I am a fat man, but somehow that touch of nature pleased me. It went to the heart through the nose. Ah! happy children, *sua si bona nôrint*; if they did but know their luck! They have a kind father to tend them now, and defend their delicate faces from the storms of life. I am alone in the world—sad and lonely. I have nobody to blow *my* nose. There are others yet more wretched, who must steal the handkerchief with which they perform the operation.

I could bear that feeling of loneliness no longer. Away! let us hasten on the dyke to enjoy the pleasures of the place. All Ostend is there, sitting before the Restaurant, and sipping ices as the sun descends into the western wave.

Look at his round disc as it sinks into the blushing waters!—look,

too, at that fat woman bathing—as round as the sun. She wears a brown dressing-gown—two bathers give her each a hand—she advances backwards towards the coming wave, and as it reaches her—plop! she sits down in it.

She emerges, puffing, wheezing, and shaking herself. She retires, creeping up the steps of the bathing machine. She is succeeded by other stout nymphs, disporting in the waves. For hours and hours the Ostenders look on at this enchanting sight.

The Ostend oyster is famous in Paris, and the joy of the gormandizer. Our good-natured neighbours would not enjoy them, perhaps, did they know of what country these oysters are natives.

At Ostend they are called *English Oysters*. Yes; they are born upon the shores of Albion. They are brought to Belgium young, and educated there. Poor molluscous exiles! they never see their country again.

We rose at four, to be ready for the train. A ruffianly boots (by what base name they denominate the wretch in this country I know not) was pacing the corridors at half-past two.

Why the deuce *will* we get up so confoundedly early on a journey? Why do we persist in making ourselves miserable!—depriving our souls of sleep, scuffling through our blessed meals, that we may be early on the road? Is not the sight of a good comfortable breakfast more lovely than any landscape in any country? And what turn in the prospect is so charming as the turn in a clean, snug bed, and another snooze of half an hour!

This alone is worth a guinea of any man's money. If you are going to travel, never lose your natural rest for *anything*. The prospect that you want to see will be there next day. You can't see an object fairly unless you have had your natural sleep. A woman in curl-papers, a man unshorn, are not fit to examine a landscape. An empty stomach makes blank eyes. If you would enjoy exterior objects well, dear friend, let your inner man be comfortable.

Above all, young traveller, take my advice and never, *never*, be such a fool as to go up a mountain, a tower, or a steeple. I have tried it. Men still ascend eminences to this day, and, descending, say they have been delighted. But it is a lie. They have been miserable the whole day. Keep you down: and have breakfast while the asinine hunters after the picturesque go braying up the hill.

It is a broiling day. Some arduous fellow-countrymen, now that we have arrived, think of mounting the tower of

ANTWERP.

Let you and me rather remain in the cool Cathedral, and look at the pictures there, painted by the gentleman whom LADY LONDONDERRY calls REUBEN.

We examined these works of art at our leisure. We thought to ourselves what a privilege it is to be allowed to look at the works of REUBEN (or any other painter) after the nobility have gazed on them! "What did the Noble Marquis think about REUBEN?" we mentally inquired—it would be a comfort to know his opinion: and that of the respected aristocracy in general.

So thought some people at the *table-d'hôte*, near whom we have been sitting. Poor innocents! How little they knew that the fat gentleman opposite was the contributor of—ha! ha! My mind fills with a savage exultation every now and then, as, hearing a piece of folly, I say inwardly—"Ha, my fine-fellow! you are down." The poor wretch goes pottering on with his dinner: he little knows he will be in *Punch* that day fortnight.

There is something fierce, mighty, savage, inquisitorial, demoniac, in the possession of that power! But we wield the dreadful weapon justly. It would be death in the hands of the inexperienced to entrust the thunderbolts of *Punch*.

There they sit, poor, simple lambs! all browsing away at their victuals; frisking in their innocent, silly way—making puns, some of them—quite unconscious of their fate.

One man quoted a joke from *Punch*. It was one of my own. Poor wretch! And to think that you, too, must submit to the knife!

Come,

Gentle victim! Let me plunge it into you.

But my paper is out. I will reserve the slaughter for the next letter.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

Sir James Graham being on his legs—if it can properly be said that he has still a leg to stand upon—remarked the other evening, in the House of Commons, on the question of Medical Reform, that

"He now approached the subject of Quackery"—

A delicate subject for the Home Secretary to handle; and delicately, indeed, does he handle it. He "approached" it—for the first time, of course. It was something quite new to him in principle, and, *à fortiori*, in practice. Behold how reverently he "approached" it.

"When they considered with what tenacity men clung to life under every variety of circumstances, it was not to be wondered at that, at the period of illness, the person labouring under what he conceived to be a mortal malady should fly (if he could obtain relief from no other quarter) to the quack for assistance."

Exactly so. The country labouring under what it conceived to be a mortal malady, flew, unable to obtain relief from Professor Melbourne, to Messrs. Peel & Co. However, Sir James Graham might have spoken a little more to the purpose: let us speak for him.

"When they considered how large a revenue was derived by Government from the duty on quack medicines, although such medicines, generally, were either useless or mischievous, it was not to be wondered at that Ministers should uphold quackery."

But moreover, continued Sir James,—

"In the act of being cheated, the person so imposed upon often felt a great pleasure,

"For sure the pleasure is as great
In being cheated, as to cheat."

We wonder which enjoys the greater pleasure just now; the Nation, or the Ministry? Sir James Graham seems to express himself very feelingly. Does he speak from reminiscence of his own sensations "in the act of being cheated?" Did he ever consult a mesmerist? fee a homœopathic doctor? or buy a box of vegetable pills? and has he had personal experience of the "great pleasure" felt in being "so imposed upon?" Be that as it may, the Right Honourable Baronet declared that—

"It was not his intention, however, to attempt to suppress quackery by introducing new statutes."

The gentleness with which Sir James Graham "approaches" the subject of quackery, is equalled only by the quietness with which he shirks it. No marvel. He admirably appreciates the nature of the "house he lives in;" and accordingly, with judgment, abstains from throwing stones. Destitute, indeed, must that brain be of the organ of comparison, which fails to perceive that the Cabinet is the Political College of Health, with Sir Robert Peel for the Hygeist, and the Income-tax for the universal medicine. How many more doses of that bitter panacea are we to swallow?

ANOTHER TAHITI ON THE THAMES.

At the very time Tahiti was being a bone of contention abroad, the Thames was almost set on fire by the flame of discord at home. The affair at the Society Islands has found a parallel in a series of proceedings at the Eel-pie Islands, where a sort of Queen Pomare has long held peaceful dominion in the person of a respectable landlady.

It appears that a party of Frenchmen landed a little while ago on the Eel-pie, and endeavoured to make themselves masters of the island. The Twickenham policeman, who acts as a sort of *chargé d'affaires*, merely watched the proceedings without taking any part in them, but he reported what was going on from time to time to the seat of government at the station-house. The civic consul, who acts as British resident to look after the swans belonging to the corporation, kept a jealous eye on all that was being done, but observed for some time the strictest neutrality.

A little while after lamplight the Frenchmen became exceedingly noisy, and a shot was fired from a pea-shooter, which shivered to atoms the glass of a clock, and stopped the minute hand, so that the inhabitants were prevented from ascertaining the hour.

A scene of riot then ensued, the French were in a state of fierce intoxication, and the landlady, the Pomare of the Eel-pies, screamed for help, upon which the Frenchmen offered their assistance, and at once proclaimed a French protectorate.

Poor Pomare fled for succour to the only British vessel, which happened to be a coal-barge; for it will hardly be believed that such has been the apathy of the government, there was not even a steamer on the station.

The French, then finding themselves masters of the island, began to insult the helpless natives, and the civic consul having advised resistance, was at once seized and shut up in a small boat-house, where he was kept a prisoner until Captain Snooks, of the *Vivid*, having arrived, demanded his release in the name of the Civic Government.

Mrs. Pomare remains on board the coal-barge, where she bears her misfortunes with becoming dignity.

The following scene in the Twickenham Vestry will throw some further light on this affair, which it is hoped may be yet arranged satisfactorily:—

Mr. Swaddles, seeing the Churchwarden in his place, would ask if there was any truth in the despatches that had been laid upon the table from the Eel-pie Islands? (*Hear.*)

The Churchwarden said that advices had certainly been received which had caused some embarrassment; but in the present state of affairs he was unprepared to say anything.

Mr. Swaddles would only ask whether it was true that the only force we had at the Eel-pie was a coal-barge? (*Hear.*)

The Churchwarden replied it was true that a coal-barge was at one time our only force, but a punt had since been sent out, and a wherry of observation had been commissioned for the Eel-pie service. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. Swaddles was of opinion that there should have been a steamer on the spot. It was wilful negligence to leave the Eel-pie exposed to the chances of surprise. The island might be sacked in a few hours; and if that were done, what was to prevent Twickenham falling into the jaws of the foreigner? (*Hear, hear, hear.*)

The Churchwarden thought that if it became a question of jaw, there could be no fear while the Vestry could boast of the honourable member's countenance. (*A laugh.*)

The subject here dropped, and the Vestry adjourned.

THE TYPE OF A FRENCH PRINCE.

The Comte de Paris has a small printing-machine fitted up in his room. Louis Philippe is determined his successor shall learn at an early age the necessity of having the press continually "*under his thumb.*"

CAPTAIN PRUDENCE.

By the version given in the *Emancipation de Toulouse* of the late occurrences at Tahiti, we learn that the French vessel, the *Phaëton*,

"Passed along the coast on her return, throwing shells *on all the houses* within her reach."

Gallant *Phaëton!*

Whilst, however, pursuing this generous mode of warfare, the heroes of the *Phaëton*—

"Perceived with astonishment two intrenchments, sufficiently capacious to shelter 200 combatants, whose heads appeared above the parapet . . . Some Europeans, who appeared to command them, came to the shore to challenge a landing. *Prudence commanded that nothing should be done.*"

Cautious *Phaëton!*

"Prudence commanded that nothing should be done." Prudence, then, was commanding-officer. Commend us to CAPTAIN PRUDENCE. We must suppose, however, that whilst the *Phaëton* was throwing shells on the houses of the defenceless Tahitians, CAPTAIN PRUDENCE was taking a nap in his hammock; the vessel being under the direction of LIEUTENANT CRUELTY.

CAPTAIN PRUDENCE, we find, was—

"Satisfied with sending them some broadsides, which appeared not to frighten them, as they did not stir."

Much, we apprehend, to the astonishment of CAPTAIN PRUDENCE, who, no doubt, under similar circumstances, would have run away as fast as his legs could carry him.

PRETTY POL-KA.

THE SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY AT THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON 1844.

DARLING Polka! ere we part
Hear th' outpourings of my heart!
Since the season now is o'er,
Wretched I can Polk no more.
Hear my vow before I go,
Polka μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ!

By those steps so unconfined,
By that neat kick-up behind,
COULON'S hop, and MICHAU'S slide,
Backward, forward, or aside,
By the alternate heel and toe,
Polka μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ!

By the waltz's giddy round,
By the galop's maddening bound,
By the obsolete quadrille,
Polka mine! "I love thee still."
Compared with thee each dance is slow,
Polka μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ!

Happy season! thou art gone,
I, alas! must Polk alone!
Though the country now I roll to,
Almack's holds my heart and soul too.
Can I cease to love thee? No!!
Polka μοῦ σάς ἀγαπῶ!

GONE TO THE DOGS.

THE papers have informed us of the death and burial of YEOS, a greyhound to which her MAJESTY and PRINCE ALBERT were both "greatly attached." The death of the beast appears to have been so sudden, that the QUEEN suspected foul play, and MR. BROWN, of Windsor, who is, it seems, the royal dog doctor, was immediately sent for, that a *post mortem* examination might take place immediately. Several of the servants gave evidence at the inquest. The following extracts will show how carefully the investigation was conducted.

"SARAH SCRUB, the scullery maid, was now brought in, and cautioned by MR. BROWN that her testimony would be taken down, and might be used elsewhere against her. Her examination then proceeded.—Knew the dog YEOS. Saw her last alive poking her nose into a dish of sweetbreads on the pantry dresser. The dog was allowed to go everywhere by HER MAJESTY'S command, and was not to be thwarted in anything. The dog was a very great favourite with the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT. Witness was in the habit of feeding YEOS: gave her a *pâté de foie gras* the day before her death. She seemed in good spirits, and ate it with appetite.

By PRINCE ALBERT.—Did you make him too rishe by too mush of de nastie salt buttare?

The witness replied distinctly that fresh butter had been used.

PRINCE ALBERT.—Can you sware dat?

WITNESS.—I can. (*Great sensation*).

DR. PRÆTORIUS, who had been watching the case on the part of PRINCE ALBERT, thought it would be useless to carry the criminal part of the matter further. He (DR. PRÆTORIUS) would candidly admit he had no stronger evidence to offer.

MR. BROWN.—Then I suppose, Doctor, you withdraw from the inquiry?

DR. PRÆTORIUS.—Certainly, unless you think there is enough for a remand. In the case of the MARQUISE DE BRINVILLIERS, which a good deal resembles the present, a remand was allowed. Or to come to later times, if we are guided by the rule in the prosecution of MADAME LAFFARGE——

MR. BROWN (*interrupting*)—No, Doctor, I think we must not do that.

The surgeon then, assuming the office of coroner, proceeded to sum up as follows:—This affair was apparently involved in a good deal of doubt, until this inquisition was held. The deceased (*weeping*) might have been poisoned, or might not, and here the difficulty comes in to determine whether he was or wasn't. On a post-mortem examination, there was a good deal of vascular inflammation about the coats of the nose, and I have no doubt the affair of the sweet-bread, which was possibly very highly peppered, had something to do with these appearances. The pulse had, of course, stopped; but, as far as I could judge from circumstances, I should say it had been pretty regular. The ears were perfectly healthy, and the tail appeared to have been recently wagged, showing that there could have been nothing very wrong in that quarter. The conclusion at which I arrive is, that YEOS came to his death from old age, or, rather, by the lapse of time; and a deodand is therefore imposed on the kitchen clock, which was rather fast on the day of the dog's death, and might have accelerated his demise.

This verdict having been regularly entered, the inquest was broken up, and the scullery-maid set at liberty.

Scholastic Intelligence.

WE have been requested to insert the following intimation to Parents and Guardians:—

The MISSES WHALEBONE take in a select number of young ladies to board, wash, and educate, at Twenty Guineas per annum. A coal merchant's daughter might be received on terms of mutual accommodation; the usual branches being considered as an equivalent for the best Walls'-end coals.

The MISSES WHALEBONE would be glad to meet with a butcher who would place a young lady under their care, and take out the amount of meat in the polite accomplishments. A young greengrocer might also be finished in the piano, as a compensation for the potatoes required for the use of the establishment. There is also an opportunity for a milkman to place a young lady, who may dance out the milk score, at the rate of 84 quarts for six lessons. There is still a vacancy for a parlour boarder; and any landlord having a large house might arrange to receive the rent, in the shape of lodging for one of his daughters, who could receive her board and education on the usual terms.

N. B.—An assistant is required to superintend the school-room in the absence of the principals, and who would be expected to look upon her tuition in those branches she may be deficient in, as a compensation for her general services.

A CHANCE LOST.

MR. PUNCH, in respectfully congratulating his Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT upon the birth of his royal son, cannot but point out with a mournful satisfaction a suggestion which was offered to the Government by MR. PUNCH himself.

MR. PUNCH insinuated (as well as the delicacy of the august subject permitted), the propriety that her MAJESTY should visit Ireland, and that an Irish Prince should be born there.

Had this humble suggestion been followed, the DUKE OF YORK would have been born in Dublin on the birthday of DANIEL O'CONNELL.

And the little New-comer might have asked a holiday for the old one, and the QUEEN might have numbered ONE LOYAL IRISH SUBJECT MORE.

HEAR, HEAR!

AMONG the Iowa Indians, now being exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, is a certain "NO-HO-MUN-YA," a name signifying "One who gives no attention." MR. HUME declares that NO-HO-MUN-YA is the House of Commons personified.

THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.

The very early and unfashionable hour at which her Majesty happened to be confined, caused a tremendous commotion among the Ministers. The intelligence reached town at a few minutes after six; and a Treasury Messenger was pulling away at Sir Robert Peel's area-bell by half-past; while a policeman was furiously kicking at Lord Lyndhurst's door by five-and-twenty minutes to seven. The Premier, who was the first to hear the noise, popped his head out of his bedroom window, and ascertained the cause of his rest having been disturbed. Lord Lyndhurst, who had laid down with his clothes on, in expectation of the event, was soon on his way to the station of the Great Western; while the Bishop of London, in St. James's-square, hearing a terrific tattoo at his knocker, turned round upon his pillow, and half muttering, "Humph! another party from The Café de L'Europe," was presently locked once more in the arms of Morpheus. The Duke of Wellington was roused by his valet with the intelligence, and merely replied, "Yes—yes. There 's plenty of time: these matters always take time!" after which he went through his customary toilette without any particular haste. The Earl of Liverpool, to whom the news came last, would not believe the messenger, and took it cool; while Lord Wharncliffe got hold of a blunt razor, and lost three-quarters of an hour in a desperate effort to shave himself.

The scene at the station at Paddington was very amusing. Earl Delaware was the first who reached the spot, and he waited nearly half an hour before he ventured to order a special train on his own responsibility. He was subsequently joined by Lord Lyndhurst, Sir James Graham, and two others, who thinking he had ordered a special train, omitted to do so, and, after waiting for some time, inquiries were made, and the mistake having been found out, it was unanimously declared to have been "very stupid of Delaware." They were no sooner off than Peel and Stanley came rushing breathlessly into the office, and ordered "special trains for two," which were taken and paid for; but the regular train having gone on first, the special train was compelled to follow at a very sober pace to the Slough station. The Duke of Wellington arrived next, and did not find out how wrong he had been in his calculation, and how little he knew about these matters till he got to Slough, when he found no carriage waiting for him, and he was compelled to jump into a hack fly, exclaiming, "Onwards, onwards! Charge, forward—charge, charge!" an injunction he found had not been forgotten when he paid the bill furnished to him. Lord Wharncliffe, who had waited to shave, and the Earl of Liverpool came on leisurely enough by the regular train, their lordships not having thought it worth while to pay for a special one.

A tremendous deal of quizzing took place on the return home at the expense of the Bishop of London, who was leisurely walking up from the station to Windsor Castle, when all the Cabinet Ministers were coming back again. The Bishop felt so ashamed at being so late, that he would not show his face at the Castle, and was easily persuaded to join the others to go back altogether; so that, with the jokes at the Bishop's expense, the Ministers made up a very jolly party for the journey home again.

As Sure (and Slow) as a Gun.

The news of the birth of the young Prince was known at Edinburgh at twelve o'clock at noon, and many unthinking ladies expected an immediate salute from the Castle. Scotch cannon, however, take time to deliberate: no salute was fired. It, however, being customary to gunpowder new-born princes, the guns of the Castle called a meeting, with Mons Meg in the Chair, when it was determined that a salute should be given—*the next day!*

THE GREAT BRITAIN STEAM SHIP.

A Gentleman has offered to get this vessel out of the dock at Bristol. We don't see how this is to be done; but Punch will have the greatest pleasure in rigging it—by running his own peculiar rigs upon the majestic vessel.

"'TIS DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT, &c."

We propose that Captain Warner be allowed to try the virtues of his "long range" on the "Mauvais" Comet, as being the object furthest off; or, as the Insurance Offices might object to this, what does Sir Robert Peel say to the Captain being allowed to have a shy at the Repeal of the Income tax? It is the most remote object any "long range" could reach; and, if "Captain Warner" can only bring it down, we are sure the nation will willingly award him the 100,000*l.* he modestly asks for the experiment.

Daniel the Drainer.

Ireland, they say, requires, for the development of her resources, a thorough drainage. The Repeal Rent of Mr. Daniel O'Connell is stated by the *Dublin Evening Mail* as averaging from 50,000*l.* to 60,000*l.* a year. How can Ireland be drained more effectually?

THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH OF JULY" AT PHILADELPHIA.

account has reached us from our (native) American correspondent of the rejoicings which took place at Philadelphia on the fourth of last July; the anniversary of that independence which, our correspondent observes, "his forefathers wrested from the proud Britishers, after having licked them with an elegance unparalleled in history."

The Philadelphians appear to have celebrated this day with uncommon splendour; which our correspondent ascribes to the circumstance that they had a double triumph to commemorate; for, as their ancestors formerly, had burst their bonds in general, so they, recently, had cancelled their own in particular.

We omit all notice of such festivities as are the common attendants on a holiday; and shall record those only which were distinctive of this special occasion.

Pleasure parties were formed in various parts of the city and its neighbourhood; also on the Delaware, whereon floated an immense number of boats, crowded with dense masses of human beings. The greatest harmony, morally speaking, prevailed; although, in a physical sense, this does not seem to have been the case, since patriotic vociferations, intermingled with the discharge of fire-arms, and the hissing and popping of squibs and crackers, resounded on every side: added to which, hundreds of bands were playing, and thousands of people singing, different tunes at once—the national anthem of "Yankee Doodle" preponderating over the rest considerably.

Military and civic processions paraded, at intervals, about the city all day, halting from time to time in front of the different stores, to partake of mint-julep and other refreshments. They bore numerous banners, displaying appropriate legends and devices. The more conspicuous and generally admired were the following:—

A colossal head of Liberty, painted on an immense sheet of canvas, her cap adorned with a huge feather; the word "REPUDIATION!" in bronze characters, being inscribed thereon.

A black flag, with a skull and cross-bones depicted on it, and "NO LIQUIDATION!" in large capitals, underneath the same.

A standard, exhibiting an allegorical figure in a garment of drab, meant as a representation of Pennsylvania, one hand clutching a bag of dollars, marked, "LOAN!" the other derisively applied, with a peculiar gesture, to the nose.

Other flags, banners, and placards, of various sizes, stencilled, and painted in different colours, with the sentences, "WE NEVER WILL REFUND!" "DISTRAIN IF YOU CAN!" "WE DEFY PROSECUTION!" and many manifestoes of like tendency. There was also an emblem carried about, consisting of a bucket, labelled "WHITEWASH," on the end of a long pole.

At the various dinners, public and private, which took place in the afternoon, speeches of a tone highly moral, with sentiments to match, were delivered in great abundance. A State, it was contended, was an irresponsible abstraction, and amenable to no law whether of honesty or honour. Liberty of conscience, it was asserted, was an American's birthright; liberty of conscience involved liberty of action; liberty of action rendered payment or non-payment optional. One speaker remarked, in a glow of philanthropy, that the interest of Pennsylvania was now identical with that of the human race, since she had appropriated everybody's principal; and another, unaccustomed to public oratory, contented himself with declaring that, as to the merits of the question, people might say what they liked, but for his part, before he would agree to pay one cent, all he had to say was, he would be hanged—a declaration which was received with unbounded applause. Among the toasts proposed, "WASHINGTON AND WIPE OUT YOUR SCORE," "JEFFERSON AND JOCKEY THE UNIVERSE," "DUFF GREEN AND DO YOUR CREDITORS BROWN," may be enumerated.

The day and fire-works went off without any, beyond the average, damage to eyes, apparel, and property, nor does it appear that the numbers lodged in the lock-up houses at night were greater than they have usually been on previous occasions.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.—OF ESTATES IN POSSESSION, REMAINDER, AND REVERSION.

ESTATES may either be in possession or expectancy—much in the same way as a bird may be either in the hand or in the bush; and the doctrine that one of the former is better than two of the latter, may also apply to some estates, particularly when the bush happens to be that very thorny one—the Court of Chancery.

Estates in possession may be very soon disposed of—too soon, indeed, by some who are forced to sell their property. We shall knock them all down in one lot, by saying that estates in possession are estates that one actually possesses; though estates in expectancy are the subject of some of the very nicest law—the law being, by-the-by, very nice for the lawyers, though anything but nice for the clients who pay for it.

An estate in remainder is where a man, having the fee-simple, grants a lease of twenty years to A, and after that to B; as if a person should treat A to the first drink of a pot of porter, which is afterwards to go to B. Here A is seised of the whole pot during the term of his drink, but afterwards B comes in as the remainder-man. In the first case there is only one estate, though there are two interests; and in the second case, there is only one pot of porter, though two drinks, and, consequently, two distinct interests are carved out of it. So there may be an estate to A, remainder to B, remainder to C, which is like the well-known measure vulgarly known as three outs to a quartern of gin, where A is in possession of the whole quartern, till B, who is a sort of tenant in expectancy, has a term (that is to say a glassful) carved or rather poured out of it, with the residue of the quartern to C, who takes whatever may be left, as the remainder-man.

It is a maxim of law that an estate in remainder must be preceded by an estate in possession, which is tantamount to saying that something must be taken before anything can be left; but there is often nothing left when the law begins to take, and thus the remainder-man finds nothing remaining. It is another rule of law that a remainder commences at the same time as the estate that precedes it; so that the remainder-man gets his estate, in the eye of the law, before he gets it at all—but he does not get it in his own eye, or, if he does, it is just about as much as he may put in his eye and see none the worse for it.

Remainders are either vested or contingent. A vested remainder being one that will certainly be had if the party entitled to it lives long enough; and a contingent remainder being one that a man who is entitled to it will get, if nothing occurs to prevent his having it. To revert to the allegory of the liquor: it is a vested remainder that falls to B, if A may only drink half, because B must have some of it; but it is a contingent remainder when B is to have a drop, supposing that A happens to leave any. A contingent remainder may be dubious on many grounds, 1st. as to person; as, when A has a pint of porter, with remainder over to the first comer, then the moment somebody comes the remainder rests in him, though till then it hath been contingent. This is the same as an estate being left to A, with remainder to B's eldest son; then, if B has no son, the remainder is never vested.

A remainder may also be contingent, where the person is certain, but the event on which it is to take effect is dubious; as where land, or a pint of beer, is given to A, and in case B survives, or drops in after the first draught, then with remainder to B. Here the person is certain; but there the event is dubious, for B may not survive—that is to say, not come till the porter is all drunk up—and then there is of course no remainder. There can be no remainder on any estate less than a freehold, or, to come back again for the sake of familiarity to the beer, there can be no gift over, or contingency, on less than a pint; for the estate or drop of porter would be too insignificant. Contingent remainders may be defeated—as by surrender; and to pursue the simile of the beer, the remainder may be destroyed either by being spilt, or by the remainder-man executing a surrender, and saying he don't want any.

We now come to an estate in reversion, which SIR EDWARD COKE describes as a return of the land to the original grantor; as when the lord of the soil lets his back-attic for one week, he has the reversion at the end of the week—if the tenant will go out quietly. It may be proper to observe that, when a greater and a less entail meet in the same person, the less is merged in the greater; as where the back-attic lodger takes the entire floor, he is tenant of the whole floor, and not of the mere attic: so if tenant of the first floor marries the lessee of the whole house, it is a tenancy of the entire house, and the first-floor merges in the rest of the building. It is now settled that one term of years may merge in another; and it is also settled—which looks very like a settler—that 1000 years may merge into one—if the one is the reversion; which is something on the same principle as six-and-twenty in an omnibus, or any other tremendous crammer that might be cited.

SLEEP AT WILL.

IN the press, and shortly to be published, by MR. GEORGE JONES, "A Heavy Volume, *on Sleep:*" being the sequel to his "Ancient America."

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XV.

FROM A MAIDEN AUNT TO A NIECE, ON THE IMPRUDENCE OF MARRIAGE.

My Dear Claribel,

I should ill acquit myself of the duties of an aunt—should show myself wickedly ungrateful for the goodness that has hitherto preserved me from the cares and frivolities of the marriage-state—were I to see you, my sister's child, ready to throw yourself into a bottomless pit, and never so much as scream to save you. It was only yesterday that Doctor Prunes acquainted me with your headstrong passion for an unworthy creature of a man. Although I had grouse for dinner—and you know how I love it!—I never ate so little; and, in the evening, revoked twice in only three rubbers. What with the news of Doctor Prunes and the tooth-ache, I have scarcely slept all night, and at breakfast, instead of buttered toast, absolutely gave chicken to the parrot. May you, even at the twelfth hour, prove worthy of all I suffer for you!

You are only three-and twenty, and yet, with a forwardness that makes me blush for the true dignity of womanhood, you already think of marriage! I had hoped that my lessons of morality would have taught you better things. I had flattered myself that, strengthened by my principles, you would have risen above the too common weakness that unites a woman to a creature in every way inferior to herself, whatever the said creatures, in the fulness of their impudence, may trumpet to the contrary. I do not dispute that men may be necessary in the world; but, at the best, they are only necessary evils. It is thus that every really sensible woman should consider them. In the vulgar attribute of brutes—mere muscular strength—they are certainly our superiors; but how immeasurably beneath us are they in all that constitutes true greatness—in delicacy, liberality, tenderness, friendship, fortitude, and taciturnity! And, in their hypocrisy, they confess as much; for they call us angels—(though, I am proud to say, no man ever so insulted *my* understanding)—yes, angels, that they may make us slaves. How any woman can read the marriage ceremony without having her eyes opened to the real intentions of the creatures, is to me most wonderful. Love, honour, and obey! My blood burns to think of it! To the ears of a sensible woman every syllable rattles like a dog-chain.

I did think that my own Claribel—taught by my precept and example—would as soon have put her finger into a rat-trap as a wedding-ring. I did believe that you would consider all the fine things that men utter as nothing more than the false notes of a bird-catcher; mere sounds to bring our free minds "from the heaven of high thoughts," as some poet says, and shut 'em up in cages. How women can listen to a jargon of loves and doves, is melancholy to think of. A woman of really strong mind hates Cupids as she hates cockroaches.

Nevertheless, my dear, I can sympathise with human infirmity. Everybody is not born to keep a heart of virgin ice that, pressed as it may be, no pressing can melt. Still, there is nothing like a diversion of thought to cure a hurt. It is wonderful how a wound heals, if we never think of it. Therefore, return his letters to the man who would ensnare you; and, forgetful of the cares and littlenesses of marriage, give up all your thoughts to astronomy. It is a charming study, and presents a more ennobling field for the human mind than the small limits of wedlock. How insignificant seems the wife, studious of the goings-out and comings-in of a mere husband, compared to the nobler woman who knows all about the Great and Little Bear! How petty the noblest house in the noblest square, to the House of Jupiter or Mars—how perplexing the cares of children to the lofty contemplation of the Via Lactea (known, as Doctor Prunes says, to the lower orders as the Milky Way);—how insulting to the true greatness of the female mind the smallness of the wedding-ring, when the ring of Saturn may be all her own, with no incumbrance of Saturn himself!

Or if, Claribel, you want enthusiasm for the stars, why is there not geology? Properly considered, can there be a more delightful employment for the female mind than to settle the ages of things that vulgar souls care nothing about? Who would not turn from the cries of a nursery, to the elevating sounds of felspar and quartz? What really great woman would study the mere heart of a mere man, when she might discover fossil shrimps and caterpillars in marble? No. Woman will never assert her true dignity till she can wisely choose between the two.

Then, after some ten or fifteen years—for it is a study too rashly submitted to the young—botany may disclose its lovely mysteries. How delightful, what true freedom for the human soul, to be exempt from cares of husband and family, and to know everything about the operations of pollen! But I am incautiously anticipating a subject reserved for your maturer years.

Break, then, the chains with which mere tyrant man would bind you, and—defying the slavery of conjugal life—live like Diana,

And your still affectionate Aunt,
Lucretia Dragonmouth.

P.S. Is it true that the wife of Doctor Beetlebrow is really dead? I wouldn't utter a word against the departed; I should hope not, but—is she really dead?

LETTER XVI.

THE NIECE'S ANSWER.

My Dear Aunt,

How can I ever express my gratitude to you, how repay the care with which you seek to gather me to that sisterhood of which Lucretia Dragonmouth is the crowning rose? Alas, madam! I feel my unworthiness! I should but bring a scandal on the community by the frivolity of my words and the earthliness of my desires. I have the greatest respect for Diana, but feel it impossible to become lady's-maid to her. Therefore, dear Aunt, you must even leave me to my headlong fate; and unbroken rest, heartier meals, and successful rubbers, be your continual reward.

It would ill become my inexperience to dispute the sentence you pass upon the other sex. Men are, doubtless, all you say of them: therefore, forewarned by your opinion, I shall endeavour to support the necessary evil that may fall to my lot with all the fortitude I may. As for the marriage ceremony, I have read it again and again, and—such is the hopeless perversity of my taste—think it the loveliest composition! To my ears, it murmurs the very music of Paradise.

I feel the full force of what you say about astronomy. No doubt, its study might relieve a wounded heart, but then as I feel no wound that is not most delicious, why should I go to the stars to get rid of it? Yes, madam, I can forgive your talking about the stars. *You* have never seen my Alfred's eyes! No doubt the Great and Little Bear have their attractions; but you never saw my Alfred's moustache!

Geology, too, may be fascinating. It may be musical to talk of felspar and quartz; to seek for fossil bees that made honey for the pre-Adamites; but you never heard my Alfred sing *Love in thine Eyes*—you never felt the pressure of his throbbing hand!

As for botany, I really feel its influence in a manner I never felt before; for I am just now called to choose my bridal wreath of orange flowers, and must therefore abruptly conclude—

Your affectionate Niece,
Claribel Maydew.

P.S. It is not true that Mrs. Beetlebrow is dead; though once she was given over by her physicians. Ha, my dear Aunt! how

foolish it was of you thirty years ago to quarrel with the dear doctor, and only—as I've heard—for treading on the toes of a nasty little pug!

THE "BRUMMAGEM" CONSTITUENT TO HIS IDOL.

WHY wert thou not an M.P. sooner?
My Spooner!
Yet on finance thou 'lt rave still,
And perhaps the nation save still,
My Spooner!
At least thou thinkest so, and sooner,
My Spooner!
Than not thy whimsies loud state,
Thou would'st tempt CHATHAM'S proud fate,
My Spooner!
But oh! Beware of PEEL, and sooner,
My Spooner!
A bright particular star be,
Than captive to *his* car be,
My Spooner!
Free, independent! mayst thou sooner,
My Spooner!
Be of reporters jest, or
Be styled a regular pest, or
Hear the "House" lull'd to rest, snore
Whilst speaking thou art chest-sore,
My Spooner!

FIGHTING MISSIONARIES.

IT is a pity that Exeter Hall should ever be confounded with Woolwich Arsenal. A pity is it, that a fabric expressly built and dedicated to the gatherings of Christian Charity—where she pleases to call her working children, the bright ones of the earth, together—should be made to "smell woundily of gunpowder." But so, within these few days, it has been. A meeting of the London Missionary Society has been held at the Hall, for the purpose of considering the naughty doings of the French blusterers at Tahiti; and the means proposed to meet the wrong committed, was, to do further wrong. The best remedy for the wound was a gunpowder plaster! One reverend gentleman proved that he had been misplaced by fate: certes, he should have been a post-captain, and not a meek, black-coated preacher of the Christian Mission,—for, with a quickness, worthy of SIR CHARLES NAPIER, he enumerated the English naval force off Tahiti, indignantly compared it with the force of France on the same station, made a bold joke about JACK KETCH, and finally implied the necessity of sending MR. PRITCHARD back to his consulate, with all the hubbub and glory of shot and gunpowder. For our own part, we think the lips of Christian charity all-sufficient to settle the difference; and should be very loth to call in the teeth of a man-of-war. If, however, the London Mission think otherwise, we would earnestly counsel them to address themselves to CAPTAIN WARNER, whose secret is still in the market; and who, doubtless, if only to spite PEEL and the other unbelievers, would be very happy to treat with the peace-loving men of Exeter Hall for a reasonable remuneration. Thus, with the London Mission possessed of WARNER'S secret, they might disseminate practical benevolence by means of the long range, and insinuate true Christianity among the heathen by the invisible shell.

REPORT OF THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON PARLIAMENTARY PETITIONS.

THE Committee appointed to inquire what becomes of the petitions presented to Parliament in each session, have found their task by no means an easy one. The first step taken by the Committee was, to distinguish between those petitions which lead to any result, and those which do not, the Committee intending to report upon each of these two sorts. The extreme insignificance of the number of those belonging to the former class, soon induced the Committee to discard them from the present inquiry, and to confine their researches to the class of petitions which lead to no result whatever; and which, therefore, suggest an interesting field of research as to what becomes of them. It seems, that the great majority of petitions are ordered to "lie on the table;" and the Committee, therefore, determined on examining the table itself, without disturbing the position of any of the petitions that had been ordered to lie upon it. The Committee were greatly surprised to find that the table was entirely destitute of any papers, though itself consisting of three blank leaves, which, on inspection, were found to contain some writing; but, on further examination, the writing proved to be the names of some of the clerks, who had amused themselves by scribbling and drawing on the table while officially occupied in sitting at it.

The Committee ascertained that, when a petition is ordered to lie on, it is usually thrown *under*, the table; and here the Committee found so much obscurity, that they were nearly abandoning the inquiry, when MR. DARKE, the very intelligent dustman, volunteered to throw further light on the interesting inquiry. The Committee had MR. DARKE under examination for several hours, and ascertained from his luminous evidence, that, having contracted with the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, to carry away the dust and rubbish, he is compelled to include the House of Commons, which makes more rubbish and kicks up more dust than all the rest of the parish put together. The Committee ascertained from MR. DARKE, that he was obliged to carry away thousands of petitions annually, and found a great deal of difficulty in getting rid of them; because there are now very few places in which dry rubbish may be shot, and the rubbish of the House of Commons was much drier than almost any other rubbish he had met with in the course of his long experience.

MR. DARKE was examined as to his having ever carted away any rubbish of a heavier description; and he replied he thought he might have done so, when he took the contract for St. George's, Hanover Square, because he had carted away a good deal of rubbish from MR. BENTLEY, the publisher of novels, in Burlington Street. Still, he preferred the literary rubbish to the parliamentary rubbish, because the book stalls furnished a market for the former, while the latter "had no chance except with the cheesemongers."

The Committee having gained a clue from this last expression, at once turned their researches into a cheesy channel, and a clue being afforded as to what became of the Parliamentary petitions, the Committee saw a wide expanse opening before them in the butter-shops. Many intelligent witnesses were examined, and some curious facts were ascertained, as to the custom of adapting the petition to the cheese—an art which requires considerable nicety and knowledge of character. MR. CARBERRY, of Bond Street, was for several hours before the Committee, and it was ascertained from him that he had at the outset of his career lost many customers to whom he had been in the habit of sending cheeses. At first he thought the cheese must be bad, but on inquiry he found it was the envelope that had given offence, for he had sent home a ripe Stilton to the Premier of the day in a petition to the House of Commons to address the King, entreating his Majesty to remove his Ministers. After this MR. CARBERRY carried his observations much further—and the result was his adoption of a system for working his waste paper, to which he attributes much of his success in business. He bought all the Parliamentary petitions he could, and employed a clerk to class them into three heads—Conservative, Whig, and Radical. The Conservative petitions he used for sending home Parmesan, Gruyère, and Stilton; the Whig petitions were used for the Cheshire class of cheeses; while the Radical petitions were devoted to the cheaper sorts, including black-puddings, and single rashers of bacon. By this method, each class of customers consumed their own petitions, and the prejudices of none were hurt through the medium of his cheese, which had been, unhappily, the case in former instances.

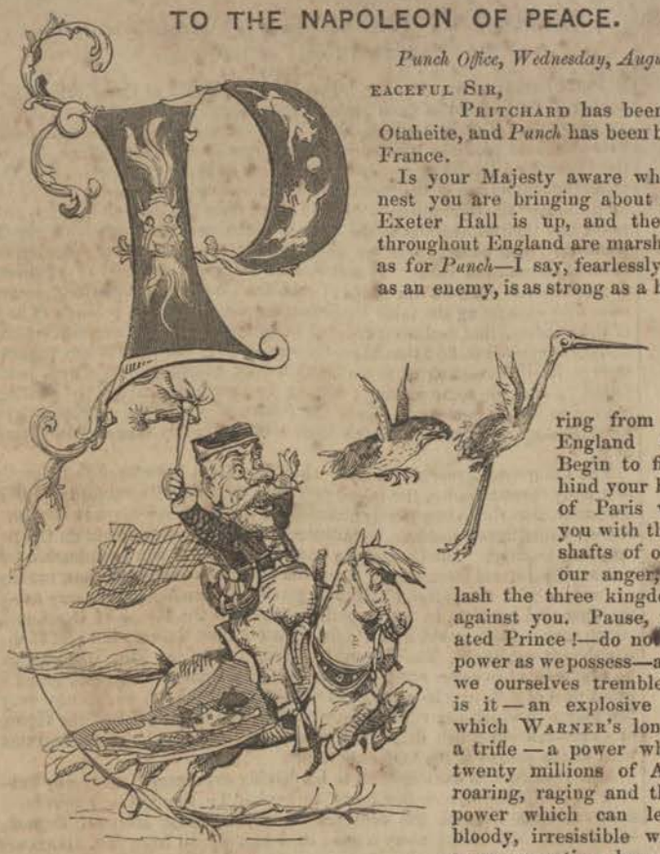
Mayoral Festivities.

IT is reported that the Officers and members of the Honourable Artillery Company have it in contemplation to present their Treasurer, the Right Hon. WILLIAM MAGNAY, Lord Mayor, with a piece of Plate, as an acknowledgment of the hospitality and attention the corps have received from his Lordship during the year of his Mayoralty.

The design is novel and severely simple, yet strictly emblematical of the purpose which it is intended to commemorate: it is, a footless cup without a bowl. The inscription is still an open question, but will, most probably, have reference to his Lordship's well-known crest, viz., a *close fist*.

TO THE NAPOLEON OF PEACE.

Punch Office, Wednesday, August 14, 1844.



PEACEFUL SIR,

PRITCHARD has been cast out of Otaheite, and *Punch* has been banished from France.

Is your Majesty aware what a hornet's nest you are bringing about your ears?—Exeter Hall is up, and the black coats throughout England are marshalling. And as for *Punch*—I say, fearlessly, that *Punch*, as an enemy, is as strong as a hundred thousand men. Begin to fight, and our battle-songs shall ring from one end of England to another. Begin to fight, and behind your hundred forts of Paris we'll wound you with the intolerable shafts of our wit—raise our anger; and we can lash the three kingdoms in a fury against you. Pause, pause, infatuated Prince!—do not rouse such a power as we possess—a power which we ourselves tremble at—so vast is it—an explosive machine to which WARNER'S longest range is a trifle—a power which will set twenty millions of Anglo-Saxons, roaring, raging and thundering—a power which can let loose the bloody, irresistible war-dogs, who so many a time have hunted over your country.

I say we could do it. If we were not better patriots than you, we could plunge the two countries into a war. There would be no end to the profit to *us*. Our sale would go up to a million. *We* should be in no danger. Your bullets would not reach us in the Strand, and our gains would be so enormous that the smallest printer's devil might eat turtle soup all day, out of business hours, and buy thousands into the funds.

But the funds would fall. They did in former quarrels. The funds fell and the country suffered. The poor man was pinched and the horrible Income Tax invented, in order that we might have the honour of beating the French.

We would beat them again no doubt, but the play is not worthy of the candle. *We* might profit by a war, but our country would suffer. *Punch* therefore preaches peace.

Ah, Sir! do you follow the example of *Punch!* Consider, there are some things which may be bought too dear; a dotation for your family is one. None of the papers have whispered the secret—but I and Palmerston knew it at once. TANGIERS HAS BEEN BOMBARDED THAT THE PRINCES MIGHT BE PENSIONED.

This is a hard price the world has to pay for the maintenance of your amiable young family, and puts one in mind of the Chinese economist, who burned a house down in order to roast a pig. It was a neighbour's house too, as I've no doubt.

It is to get this money that the wise man *par excellence* of Europe, the lauded of our Journals, the Napoleon of Peace, BEN D'ISRAELI'S Ulysses, is burning towns now, and perhaps going to incendiarise Europe to-morrow. Ah, Sir! after all your doubling and shuffling, your weeping and protesting, and weary smiling—all the labours of a life to make a character—is it not a pity to be losing it in your old age? What will Europe, what will MR. BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, say? To endow your sons, and out of other people's pockets too, is a comfortable thing; but what a chance do you run for the sake of that enjoyment! You burn down a city—you butcher, broil, and bombard whole myriads of Tangerines (poor devils! had they but known how to make the offer, they ought to have proposed to pay down the dotation-money at once—it would have been cheapest in the end for them). Nor does the mischief end here with the benighted Turks. In a street, when No. 4 is on fire, No. 3 begins to be rather anxious—and Gibraltar is No. 3, and a pretty combustible place too.

Even though you *are* ULYSSES, and the NAPOLEON of Peace, No. 3 won't stand it. With every respect for your character, and the warmest wish that the amiable little JOINVILLES and NEMOURS may be provided for, No. 2 is bound to remonstrate against your peculiar mode of making your children comfortable. Only let it be known what your plan is—and it is now beginning to appear pretty clearly—not only No. 2, but the whole street, will be indicting you for a nuisance, and we shall have the fire-offices of all Europe on the look-out.

In other words, if you send crack-brained officers to bully our consuls—if you patronise harum-scarum young admirals who write schemes for the destruction of our coast, and who are rewarded for their ingenuity by instant commands, and leave to practise their favourite plans elsewhere—if you have a peaceful minister, but take care that he be powerless and kiss Her Majesty a score of times—our people will begin to doubt that you are the NAPOLEON of Peace, and others will take counsel with them.

There is the poor EMPEROR OF MOROCCO, who vows that he is a NAPOLEON of Peace, too, in his way; and how do you serve him? He can't practise the peace he preaches, say you; and you send JOINVILLE to burn his cities, and BUGEAUD to lay waste his territories, seize upon his flocks, and butcher his people.

Suppose all Europe were to take up a similar opinion with regard to a certain country that is said to be at the head of civilisation. Suppose it were to say, as it has before, "We don't trust you and your professions of peace. You are false when you make them; and powerless to work them out. You are peaceful; and yet your people are perpetually brandishing their swords at the throats of all their neighbours—cursing and shrieking, and endlessly threatening war. You are peaceful; and yet you tell one friend that you will take his Rhine boundary from him—imprison the servant of another; tell him he is a liar, and favour him with projects for butchering, firing, and ruining him. You may protest of your good intentions till you are black in your royal face: but this is not our way of understanding peace."

If this goes on much further, with all our love of quiet we shall be forced to speak out. The Missionaries are already gone over to the war-party. Have a care, great Sir, that *Punch* don't join them too. Dire will be the day when that event occurs; and we shall be compelled to perform the sad and painful duty of POKING UP THE BRITISH LION.

PUNCH.

PRINCE ALBERT'S BEES.

WE have been favoured by PRINCE ALBERT—for after what we have done, it may be very well supposed that *Punch* is a first favourite at Windsor Castle, even though his name as guest has not *yet* appeared in the *Court Circular*—we have been favoured with a private view of the royal Bee-hives. They are formed after the most approved political principles, albeit the said principles have not yet come into general fashion. They are so constructed, that the working-bees within, (they are a very curious species of bee, and bear an outward resemblance to British mechanics and artificers,) are carefully deprived of all the honey they elaborate, save the honey that is considered sufficient to afford them ample sustenance in all seasons. Thus, it will be seen, that the Bees pay a very large property-tax; but, unlike too many of their fellow-subjects, they are left enough to eat in return for their labour. *All* is not taken from them. Their hives, we understand, have been expressly fitted up for the instruction of the PRINCE OF WALES, whose dawning mind will, we trust, receive and appreciate the wholesome political and social lesson they so unequivocally convey.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE DUKE of RICHMOND is preparing for the press a work of astounding interest to the turfites, containing a narrative of the "*qui tam*" actions, under the title of "OUR MESS."

PRINCE ALBERT'S BEE-HIVES.

"These Hives are so constructed, that the HONEY may be removed without DESTROYING THE BEES."—*Morning Paper*

A BISHOP'S ARMS.

A SCHOONER has been fitted out for the use of the BISHOP OF NEWFOUNDLAND, to be used as a church in the smaller and more remote settlements of his colony. She is called the *Hawk* (would not the *Lamb* have been better?) and has been supplied with all necessary ecclesiastical fittings. We are told that "at her mast-head was displayed an ensign, one certainly new to the nautical authorities, which caused many various speculations on the river—*the arms of the Bishop of Newfoundland* appropriately emblazoned." We should like to know what the arms were that puzzled the simple rowers of the Thames? Of course, they were composed neither of griffin, nor tiger, nor pelican, nor cat-o'-the-mountain,—nor, indeed, of aught ravenous or monstrous. Such bearings would have fluttered a mockery of the purpose of the peace-bearing craft. What, then, were they? Doubtless, a Dove with Olive Branch. Any symbol less innocent would ill assort with the "communion-plate" and "the altar" to be found below. Nevertheless, a "Bishop's Arms" always sounds oddly to us—as oddly as *a cherub's suit of mail*.

A VOICE FROM THE GROUSE.

THE news from the hills and moors continues to be quite as interesting as the intelligence from Tangiers. Indeed, we question whether there is not truer glory to be found in the adroit bringing down of grouse and black-cock—as at the present moment effected by English law-makers—than to be obtained by knocking men's houses about their ears for the laurels of a JOINVILLE and the dignity of France. Certainly, if *Punch* might choose, he would all to nothing rather walk the heather with dog and gun, than drop bomb-shells through the roofs and garret windows of the unbelieving. Manshooting is, after all, a little more wicked than the killing of grouse, and—in the instance of Tangiers—much less glorious. It appears, however, that there are dangers to be encountered even in grouse-shooting, of which men dream not: that sportsmen (especially parliamentary sportsmen) are liable to strange questionings by their victims. We have this intelligence on the report of a very respectable M.P., who assures us that—according to the good old Pythagorean theory—certain Members of Parliament who, whilst in the flesh, have neglected their duties, are made upon their death to transmigrate into the bodies of grouse, for the express recreation of the members who follow. It is well that this truth should be generally known; and we therefore give a dialogue (duly authenticated) that passed a few days since between a grouse and a sporting M.P. The sportsman had his finger on the trigger, when he was

startled by the voice of the bird. We give the conversation that ensued.

Grouse. Halloo! what are you about?

M.P. (*Dropping his gun.*) Bless my soul! A talking grouse!

Grouse. Yes; there are a good many of us upon the hills.

M.P. A good many of you! Why where do you come from?

Grouse. Where you came from—from the House of Commons. This is our punishment for nights misspent—for votes misgiven—for all our sins committed as Members of Parliament. You don't know how soon your time may come.

M.P. My time!

Grouse. Yes, for you look as great a sinner as any of us. It's a sort of retribution, that we who neglected what we were sent to do in the House, should be made the future game of Parliament when the session is closed. It's quite true. There's at least fifty of us about the hills, who in our time have written M.P. to our names; and done all sorts of tricks permitted by the two letters.

(*The M.P. slowly raises his gun.*)

You may as well save your powder and shot—my time isn't come. I've another year of it yet.

M.P. Another year!

Grouse. Yes; we are doomed to sit here upon the hills seven years—and hard work the sitting is, I can tell you. This is my sixth season: come next year, and you may bag me. In the meantime, if you wouldn't after your death be made a grouse of yourself, don't shirk your duties, or sell your constituents.

And with these words, according to our informant, the bird flew away, leaving a great moral lesson for all Members of Parliament to ponder on.

Agricultural College.

WE are happy to find that there is to be a College of Agriculture, and that the worthy clodhopper will henceforth have his Alma Mater, like the Cantab. and the honest highlow of industry will tread the sacred groves of Academus as well as the aristocratic Oxonian.

We see no difficulty in organising a College of Agriculture, and we can suggest a few of the probable professorships. Of course there will be a chair of new-laid eggs, which the professor of poultry would be well qualified to occupy. Degrees will be conferred in guano; and a series of lectures on the philosophy of making hay when the sun shines would, no doubt, be exceedingly popular. We should propose that, previous to matriculation, every student should be required to undergo an examination on moral philosophy in connection with chaff, and the efficacy of thrashing by hand when the ears are unusually lengthy. Corresponding with the university Masters of Arts, there could be Bachelors of Barley; and the undergraduates might be brought direct to the Agricultural College from Plough, as they are now brought to the universities immediately from Harrow.

The examination papers would at first be difficult to frame, but the following may be some guide for preparing them.

Find the square root of a stick of horse-radish.

Describe the milky way, distinguishing the whey from the milk, and chalking out the way by which the milk gets there.

We merely throw out these as hints, but the Professors themselves will be better able to frame the necessary questions for the use of students. Clover will offer a very wide field; and hay, though rather dry, will be the sort of food that the students may take advantage of.

BARON ALDERSON ON CRICKET.

THE learned Baron has delighted a Suffolk grand jury, and many worthy folks besides, with certain intelligent and humanizing remarks on a game of cricket which he saw played by a Noble Earl, tradesmen, and labourers. He said he believed, if the aristocracy "associated more with the lower classes of society, the kingdom of England would be in a far safer, and society in a far sounder, condition. I wish I could put it to the minds of all to think so, because I think it is true." This may, or may not be true; but we put it to the DUKE OF RICHMOND, LORD BENTINCK, CAPTAIN ROUS, and other gentlemen of the turf, whether after all their association with the lowest of men—and only of course for the purpose of elevating them—they, the plebeians, have not remained the knaves and sharpers that they were before. Certain we are, the evidence in the Gaming Committee showed the vast condescension on the part of the wealthy and the high-born. To be sure, cricketing may have a healthier moral influence upon the vulgar than betting; and, with BARON ALDERSON, we wish the aristocracy would try it.

PAR NOBILE FRATRUM.

IT seems that the *Moniteur* at Paris never publishes any news till after it has been in every other paper. According to this, it is the *Morning Herald* of France.

THE PILGRIM BUCKINGHAM.

WARDS the end of last month, MR. JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM, with an enthusiasm akin to that of Peter the Hermit, quitted the luxury of his soft-bottomed *fauteuil* in Hanover Square, and with staff in hand and oyster-shell in gossamer, wandered into the provinces for the glorious purpose of enlightening the rustic "clergy, professional men, naval and military officers, gentlemen and their families," by coaxing them to become subscribers to the British and Foreign Destitute. Great is the philanthropy of Buckingham; for already hath he in divers places delivered a public lecture on "the great advantage and convenience" of the asylum in Hanover Square. *Punch* hath received a dozen handbills, industriously circulated in various towns by the pilgrim; and subjoins an extract from one of the documents.

"The purpose of this Lecture is to develope and explain the origin, nature, and object of a Public Institution recently established in London, of great advantage and convenience to the *Clergy*, to *Professional Men*, to *Naval and Military Officers*, and to *Country Gentlemen and their Families* visiting the Metropolis in the Season.

"The Institution was opened by His Royal Highness the Prince Albert in person, as Patron, accompanied by the Right Honourable the Earl of Devon, the President, and a long list of Noblemen as Vice-Presidents, who were received by *about* 800 Ladies and Gentlemen, members of the same; the number having since increased to about 1,200 persons.

"The Inaugural Lecture was delivered by Mr. Buckingham, at the Queen's Concert Room, in London, before an assemblage of more than a thousand auditors, including Ladies of the highest rank in society, as well as Gentlemen, by whom *it was enthusiastically received*; and it is believed that the nature of the Association requires only to be made generally known to insure its favourable reception by the higher classes, for whose pleasure and accommodation it was chiefly established."

Now, if any composer would adapt the above to music, let us humbly suggest the air to which the landlady of old sang—

"Ducky, ducky, ducky, come and be killed,"

(with this slight variation of words)—

"The Buckinghams are waiting, their bellies must be filled."

We, however, regret to state, that the pilgrim has not met with that vast success which his hardihood evidently merits. This much we gather from a letter written by the pilgrim himself,—a letter which, in the handsomest manner, has been handed to us for publication:—

TO GEORGE JONES, ESQ., BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE.

"MY DEAR JONES, *Cowes, Aug.* 19.

"What can have come to the people? Is it the march of intellect, or—worse than all—is it the malevolence of that scoundrel *Punch*?—for at my lecture this morning at the Town Hall, I bagged but six; and as I have to deduct from the half-dozen the housemaid of my printer and the wife and eldest son of the bill-sticker, you will at once perceive that the receipts are ruinous. However, nothing daunted, I dwelt with my usual eloquence on the advantages of the Institute; spoke of the height of the footmen; the beauty of the lectures; the breadth of the sandwiches; and the vivacity of our ginger-beer. Thinking that a parson was among my hearers, I took a flight upon our fine crusted port; but to my dismay discovered that the wretch was nothing more than a bagman. Although I professed myself ready to book names of members, and in the finest spirit of liberality offered to commute the annual 5*l.* 5*s.* for fifty guineas down,—such, my dear JONES, is the perversity of human nature at Cowes,—no man heard me speak of money that he did not immediately button his pocket. I have had no better luck at Dorchester, at Sherborne, or at Poole. However, I attack the natives to-morrow at Ryde, and the next day at Portsmouth.

I had almost forgotten to observe that, as I have had to follow in the immediate wake of two brother lecturers, I may possibly suffer from competition. But so it is. Mr. HOLLOWAY has a person here lecturing on his ointment—Dr. MORRISON has another on his pills; and therefore, though the Institute has quite as good a claim as either the ointment or the pills upon the patronage of the world, and as I take equally respectable means to make its merits known, nevertheless, I fear, I suffer from a crowded market. You may have observed that, even at a fair, people will not patronise three fire-eaters at the same time; however, I will send you all particulars of my further doings, and am,

Yours, whilst the Bank of England lasts,

J. SILK BUCKINGHAM.

P.S. I have caused myself to be placarded as "MR. BUCKINGHAM, THE ORIENTAL TRAVELLER;" it has struck me, that as MEHEMET ALI is making a stir just now, if I were to dress myself in the very dress in which he purposes to visit Mecca, it *might* draw. Your opinion on such a point is worth something. What do you think?

PAY YOUR GAMEKEEPERS.

WHAT is sport to country gentlemen, is death it seems, or at least destruction, to the farmers. The *Brighton Herald*, of August 3, contains the following paragraph:—

"We are glad to see that the Game Laws have excited a very general and strong feeling against them in all parts of the country. It is seen that the supply of hares is kept up, not for the landlord's *sport*, but for his *profit*—the hares being fed at the expense of the tenant-farmer. Five hares, it is well known, consume as much food as a sheep, and we know of an instance in this county where the damage done to one piece of wheat only is estimated at between 40*l.* and 50*l.*"

Hence, it would seem that Game conducts itself pretty much like Vermin. But, "*Fiat justitia ruat cœlum*," a phrase which we translate for the benefit of country gentlemen, because it is to them we would address ourselves—"Do justice, though at the sacrifice of rent." Whatever your game may eat up, do not let it eat up your tenants. Game must be preserved, we know.—True, Poaching must coexist with its preservation. The peasantry must consequently be demoralised, gamekeepers every now and then shot, a man or two hanged occasionally, and hundreds imprisoned and transported. All this is very lamentable; but it cannot be helped; and the man who would sacrifice the pleasures of the field to the welfare and happiness of his fellow-men, is unworthy the name of a British 'Squire. But, good gentlemen, behave as such—Pay for the keep of your game—Allow for it at your audits—Why do you not actually sell the animals which your farmers feed? But perhaps you are right. Then why not, at once, turn your horses, cattle, swine, poultry, into your tenants' fields? You are the law-makers; pass an act for the abolition of pounds—all but your own. At least be consistent; at present you are doing both things and persons by halves.

PRINCE ALBERT'S MILITARY PRIMER.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT is very actively engaged in rubbing up his military education—which had hitherto been much neglected—by reviewing his own regiment previous to the expected arrival of the King of the French at Windsor. HER MAJESTY is very anxious that the Prince should not appear at a loss in his capacity of colonel, when LOUIS PHILIPPE is present as a guest at the castle, and his Royal Highness daily reads from a book the words of command, and watches the movements of the men, so that he may ascertain what is the meaning of the various evolutions. He has got as far as carry arms—which he is practising to pronounce as "*Carry hums!*" under the tuition of an able drill serjeant.

IRELAND TO WIT.—IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, having determined to do his utmost to remedy the evils of Ireland, has decided on rendering a Bill, having that object, a matter of open competition. A PRIZE of 1000*l* will be awarded to the successful competitor. Candidates for the PRIZE BILL are to send in their measures on or before the 1st of January next, to the office of *Mr. Punch*, who has been authorised by SIR ROBERT PEEL to take and receive the same. Each document to be accompanied by a motto, and a sealed envelope containing the name of the author. The decision between their respective merits will rest solely with SIR ROBERT PEEL and *Punch*, and if *Punch* and SIR ROBERT cannot agree, it has been arranged that they should toss up.

Fashionable Removals.

THE papers announce that that old sinner MEHEMET ALI is about to retire from public life and devote himself to a religious retirement at Mecca, where he will repent of his sins and adore the holy Stone. Here is a subject for the accomplished author of "Palm Leaves" to exercise his poetical powers. It is vacation, and we promise the honourable member for Pomfret an insertion of his poem in the columns of *Punch*.

Another hint too may be advantageously addressed here to a well-known individual. There is a certain law-lord who ought to be tired of the vanity of public life by this time: let us hear of his departure to the Holy City, and of the edifying repentance and austerities of HADJEE BROUGHAM.

THE IOWAYS—"THE LOST TRIBE"—AND YOUNG ENGLAND.

FRIDAY last an agreeable incident powerfully tended to prove the truth of MR. GEORGE JONES's theory—a theory so ingeniously, so eloquently supported in his *Ancient History of America*,—that the Red Men are no other than the descendants of the lost tribe of Israel. Young England—it is proved by Young BEN—is also a section of the wandered race. Well, the IOWAY INDIANS—the last marketable imports from the Back-Woods—with an instinctive feeling of their remote origin, did, on Friday last, visit Grosvenor Gate, Park Lane, and then and there did, in the most affectionate manner, fraternise with the magnificent host, BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, Esq., M.P. The superficial newspapers stated, that "the immediate object of the visit was to give these children of the forest an idea of an English gentleman's residence, and of the style of living of *our aristocracy*." No such thing; we grant, that such may have been the ostensible purpose of the Indians' visit to BENJAMIN's wigwam, but the real object was, as we have said, to fraternise, as the remnant of the tribe of Israel, with YOUNG ENGLAND, and in due ceremony, to admit MR. D'ISRAELI, LORD MANNERS, MR. GEORGE SMYTHE, and other illustrious spirits of the regenerating party, as brothers of the tribe. This ceremony was performed in the library. A suitable oration was delivered by SE-NON-TY-YAH, the Medicine Man; and was responded to by the author of *Historic Fancies*, who chaunted an appropriate stave (to appear in the forthcoming new edition of his work.)

The Indians were then conducted over the mansion, and expressed themselves prodigiously delighted with all they beheld. The kitchen appointments wrought them into a state of high enthusiasm; and when they were shown that very complex piece of machinery, the ball-cock, which regulates the supply of water into the butt, they were roused into a state of inconceivable excitement. Hereupon, the host, with his fine knowledge of human nature, read "these children of the forest" a couple of pages of *Coningsby*, and the lowering effect was marvellous. They were immediately cooled down to their ordinary temperament.

The party was next conducted into the bath-room. Whereupon, the Medicine Man observed, that he cured most of *his* patients by immersion in cold water, and by vapouring. Mr. D'ISRAELI, with one of his slaughtering smiles observed, "*He* had tried vapouring, especially in Parliament; and all things considered, it had done wonderfully."

The house being thoroughly inspected, the party returned to the dining-room, where—the Young England Members joining—the dance of brotherly love was executed. A "*déjeûner*" was then served up, and duly honoured. At four o'clock, the guests departed, Mr. D'ISRAELI having with his own hand fixed the pen with which he wrote the last chapter of *Coningsby*, in the head of the Medicine-Man. (It may be viewed by the curious at Egyptian Hall.)

If, however, there be *any truth* in the report that the Ioways were invited to Grosvenor Gate that they might see, and for a time share in, "the way of living of our aristocracy," we beg to inform Mr. D'ISRAELI that there are thousands of darkened souls in London, equally ignorant of that Paradise, Grosvenor-Gate, as his guests the Red Indians. Therefore, we have now no doubt, that Mr. D'ISRAELI will upon this knowledge instantly issue cards of invitation to the dwellers of Shoreditch, Whitechapel, Kent Street, Seven Dials, and to other remote fastnesses of savage, pauper existence.

NOTA BENE.

THE IOWY American Indians, now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, belong to a tribe from the interior of the country, which is reported to be a very honourable race, being always honest in their dealings with strangers, and never breaking their faith when once it is pledged. They must not be confounded with the tribe of the I O U's, who are natives of Pennsylvania, and bear a very opposite character.

Annoyance Jury.

WE see the Inspectors of Weights and Measures were very busy last week. We wish they had paid a visit to SIR ROBERT PEEL to test his measures of last session; for we are sure they would have found them not only false and hollow, but many of them of *no weight* at all. The *Qui Tam* and *Commons' inclosure* measures, we are confident, ought to have been smashed long ago.

EX PARTE LUD IN RE LORD.

(An Opinion, by Punch.)

Punch is requested by an intelligent Correspondent, and cabman, to explain a certain analogy which exists between gentlemen of the long robe and gentlemen of the long whip. The latter, as we observed a week or two ago, indulge in a peculiar variation from the standard of WALKER in the pronunciation of the word CAB; and a corresponding liberty is taken by the former with the monosyllable LORD. As cabmen, vociferating in their vocation, cry "KEB, sir!" so barristers, addressing the bench, say, "My LUD." Wherefore?—Now for a morsel of logic.

Be it noted, that a barrister, in speaking of a nobleman by his title, expresses himself like any wigless gentleman. It is plain, therefore, that he does not call a judge his LUD from want of knowing better. Consequently, he terms him so on purpose. If this is not a first-rate *sorites*, call *Punch* SIBTHORP.

As there is no other valid reason assignable for counsel's thus curtailing her Majesty's vernacular, *Punch* concludes that they do so for the sake, as grammarians phrase it, of distinction. Not that they intend to confer distinction: quite the reverse. They wish to distinguish between their legal and their noble Lordships. Accordingly, they call the former LUDS, to show, by not pronouncing the name in full, that they do not look upon them as full LORDS. Ludship is meant to denote a certain inferiority to Lordship. So that JUSTICES ALDERSON, COLERIDGE, and WILLIAMS are LUDS; whilst EARL SPENCER, VISCOUNT MELBOURNE, and the BARON NATHAN are LORDS. LORDS BROUGHAM and CAMPBELL are both LORDS and LUDS—LORDS in the House of Peers, LUDS in a Court of Justice. Whether LORD *plus* LUD is a higher title than simple LORD, is an interesting question; but we have not space to pursue it.

REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

A PIECE of news has reached us, and *appears exclusively in the columns* of this Journal. We can pity but not describe the state of the poor *Morning Post* on reading the intelligence.

There is a FEMALE REVOLUTION in Paris. All flounces are to be cut off Ladies' gowns. All gowns are to be made very short. Above all—ALL ELASTIC CRINOLINE PETTICOATS ARE TO BE ABOLISHED. Since July, 1830, a change so startling has not occurred in Europe.

BY EXPRESS.

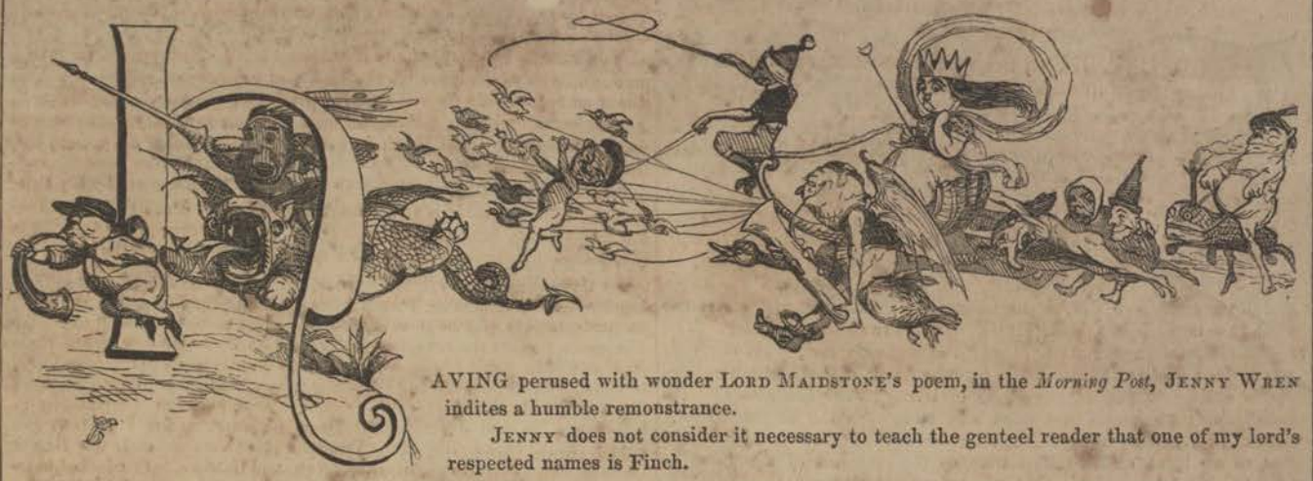
Yankee Doctors.

LET Sir JAMES GRAHAM's Medical Bill come into operation, and Doctors will spring up among us as they do in America. "Do you know what your Doctor was two years ago?" asked a Yankee not six months since of an Englishman in Boston. "Do you know, stranger, what he was!" "No." "Well, then, he was only a bookbinder, I guess." At this news, the Englishman's jaw fell, and he returned silent thanks that his bookbinder Doctor had not put him *in boards*.

THE LAST INSULT TO POOR OLD IRELAND.

IT is confidently reported that the author of "*The Great Metropolis*" is going to write a book about this most unfortunate country.

JENNY WREN'S REMONSTRANCE.



HAVING perused with wonder LORD MAIDSTONE'S poem, in the *Morning Post*, JENNY WREN indites a humble remonstrance.

JENNY does not consider it necessary to teach the genteel reader that one of my lord's respected names is Finch.

SHALL WE WHO CRUSHED THEIR FATHERS.*

SHALL we who crushed their fathers at Cressy and *Poitiers*,
And bade their guard at Waterloo "be off," and "clear the way,"
Sit tamely by and tremble when swords have left their sheath,
And Gallic threats are bandied in the British lion's teeth?
'Tis thus they prate of honour, and spit upon the hem
Of Britannia's regal vesture and shame her diadem.

No, by the soul of EDWARD, by the triumphs long ago
Of the strong Norman lance and gallant English bow,
We will not cower before them while yet a bosom stirs
At the tale of CRISPIN'S Morning or the Battle of the Spurs.
And yet they, &c.

Their ships are rolling in our ports, their banners deck our walls,
The tri-color is sighing in the breezes of St. Paul's.
For fear of us a hundred forts gird Paris with a chain,
And Jacobins and Anarchists look on, and daren't complain.
And yet they, &c.

They begged of us a favour, and we yielded them their plea,
The ashes of NAPOLEON from the island in the sea.
We gave them all they asked for, but we could not give them back
The glory which departed when we thundered in their track.
And yet they, &c.

The mark of England's heel is trampled on the neck
Of Paris and her citizens, of this they nothing reck;
But though her youth may bluster, and swear they felt it not,
There are other youths in England can make the brand as hot.
And yet they, &c.

Then DUPIN cease to prattle, and JOINVILLE cease to write;
The ancients had a custom to hold their tongue—and fight.
Pray to the God of battles for a strong heart and hand,
And a better sword than HOCHE'S to decimate our land.
And cease to prate of honour, and spit upon the hem
Of Britannia's regal vesture, and shame her diadem.

SILLY LITTLE FINCHES.†

SILLY little Finches have silly little ears,
Make Poitiay to rhyme with way—little boy, it is Poitiers.
Why sit by and tremble? when swords *have* left their sheath,
Then will British lions begin to show their teeth.
Spitting is a nasty thing, which French people do,
Little lordling, don't begin expectorating too.

ROYAL EDWARD'S in his grave—he and his long shanks—
Did he do our people good—butchering those Franks?
HARRY FIFTH won Agincourt—won it at a pinch—
What became of HARRY SIXTH—silly little Finch?
With your wiggle waggle, &c.

He's a silly fellow of rotten things who brags,
At church best look at your prayer-book—not those bloody flags.
What! the Paris forts were built all for fear of *you?*
Silly little Finch, so to cockadoodledoo!
With your wiggle waggle, &c.

Was it then so generous, granting them their plea?
BULL-FINCH! are not islands *always* "in the sea?"
Better read the story of the fight of Mount St. John,
He robs us half our glory who says the French had none.
With his wiggle-waggle, &c.

The march of English Wellington-heels has trampled Frenchmen low,
Swaggering young poet, pray Heaven it be not so.
Trampled men will turn and hate, that full well we know
We should never trample on a fallen foe.
O you wiggle-waggle, &c.

Then MAIDSTONE cease to rhyme, and JOINVILLE cease to write,
Better 'tis to hold your tongue in order *not* to fight.
Better 'tis that little boys remember the old rules,
Nor cut their little fingers while playing with edge-tools.
And cease to poke at Frenchmen with your wicked little pen;
So, to little FINCH, *cries peaceful* JENNY WREN.

* *Vide* MORNING POST, Aug. 14th, 1844.

† This poem was ordered from the young lady who writes the chief lyrical effusions for our establishment, and who received the strictest injunctions to inculcate peace. Hence the slaughter of LORD MAIDSTONE by JENNY WREN.

The bombardment of Tangiers has taken place since his Lordship was sacrificed. That event has much altered our opinions, and, indeed, our desire of maintaining terms of politeness with the chief of the French Government. And (though we laugh to scorn the pretension of any man who would question our right to contradict ourselves as many times in a column as we please), yet we condescend to own that our opinions *are* considerably altered by the brutal onset on Tangiers.

LORD MAIDSTONE, then, has been untimely sacrificed. But his Lordship's mangled corpse will serve to show that we had a sincere desire to maintain the peace; and, at the same time, it may be looked at as the first victim of what may be a long and fatal war.

Punch's Autograph.

GREAT is, sometimes, the misery of a high reputation! *Punch* is being continually pestered for his autograph. We therefore take this opportunity of informing those dealers in *virtù*, who are anxious to obtain his hand-writing, that he has a few acceptances in circulation, and that the way in which his admirers can best show their enthusiasm will be to take them up. Particulars to be had of *Punch's* publisher. It is hoped that no one but persons seriously inclined will apply.

The Burns' Festival.

As we believe there are many enthusiasts in Scotland anxious to show their sympathy towards the poet THOM, we beg to state that he dwells in Inverury,—and not, as the printer placed him in our last, in *Inverary*.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by Joseph Smith, Publisher, of No. 82, St. John's Wood Terrace, St. John's Wood Road, Regent's Park, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1844.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XVII.

FROM A GENTLEMAN TO HIS FRIEND, ENTREATING HIM TO RENOUNCE THE BOTTLE.

My dear Peter,

May I, by a friendship of thirty years' growth, be permitted to address you on your faults—or, rather, your fault; for it is so capacious that it swallows every other error; in the same way that boa constrictors gulp toads and other unsightly creatures of smaller dimensions. May I venture to remonstrate with you on—well, it must be said—your habitual drunkenness! Alas! my friend, to what a condition has this folly, this wickedness, reduced you! This morning only, I saw a full-grown cucumber in a bottle: there is nothing in the object; it is a commonplace, to be seen in the windows of every pickle-merchant: and yet did that imprisoned cucumber touch my heart, and bring pathetic moisture into my eyes; for by the tyranny of association, it made me think of my forlorn friend. Yes; looking at that cucumber, trained to grow in its glass prison, did I behold in it the hopeless condition of Peter Rubygill! There he is—thought I—there is Peter, and who shall deliver him? And how, alas! does that plethoric gourd fully declare the story of my friend! How, like him, was it insinuated in its green youth—a very sucker—into the bottle's throat; and how, when there, was it made to grow and swell, until far too large to be withdrawn, it possessed the whole of the bottle, and was then cut off for ever from the vine that had cherished it! And is it not thus, Peter, with a doomed drunkard? Does he not enter the bottle in the greenness of his days, and though he may again and again escape from the thing that threatens to inclose him, at length is it not impossible for him to get away? Habit makes him swell, and there is no hope for him; cut off from the genial world, he has no other dwelling-place than a bottle. Verily, Peter Rubygill, Bacchus—like a pickle-merchant—has his bottled cucumbers, and you are of them!

And yet, Peter, I would fain hope for you. In the name of all that is great and beautiful in the world, why seal your eyes to its grandeur and loveliness, why walk with your drowsy brain in a fog, when, touched by the light of beauty, it might answer the touch with most delicious music! What, in truth, can you know of the bounty and magnificence showered about you? No more than a silly fly, that, finding itself in the palace of a king, sips and sips, and tumbles headlong into the first syrup it may light upon. Have I not seen you leaden-eyed—clay-pated—almost dumb with pain hammering at your temples—degraded by nausea tugging at your stomach—your hand shaking like a leaf—your mouth like the mouth of an oven—and your tongue, I am sure of it, like burnt shoe-leather? And for what, Peter Rubygill? For some six hours' madness the night before?

You were left a comfortable competence. Where is it now? Gone. The bottle is the devil's crucible, and melts all!

You were tolerably good-looking. And now is your countenance but as a tavern sign; where numberless little imps—liberated by drawn corks—continue to give a daily touch and touch of red, proud of their work, as portrait-painters to the devil himself.

There was a time when your word was true as gold. And now, upon whom can you pass it? From the mouth of a drunkard, the most solemn promise is no better than the best-made bad money: it may pass for a time, but is certain to be nailed to the world's counter at last.

You had friends. But there is a mortal fever in the reputation of a drunkard, and sober men wisely avoid it.

You have a wife. Has she a husband? No. She vowed to love a man, and you are a liquor-cask. Can you expect her affection? You might as reasonably expect her wedding-ring to hoop a wine-barrel.

You have children. Poor things! They see a satyr sprawl and reel before them; and, in their innocence, blush not as yet to call the creature father!

But, my dear Peter, there is yet hope. Learn to love home. Avoid the tavern. It is in the tavern-cellar that the devil draws up his army array against the brains and good resolves of men. It is there that he reviews his legions of bottles, and prepares them for the attack upon weak humanity. But, arm yourself, Peter; meet the assailants with cold water; and, in the fight, you shall have the earnest prayers of your old friend,

Corydon Rivers.

LETTER XVIII.

THE ANSWER.

My dear Corydon,

You talk of the beauty of the earth—*you* talk of the magnificence of the world! Why, then, let moles sing psalms to the moon, and that hermit in feathers, the screech-owl, tune a ditty to the noonday sun. The bottle is the true philosopher's microscope, and shows him worlds within worlds that you, poor naked-eyed wretches, never had the heart to dream of.

You say that you have seen me with my brain in a fog. Poor ignorance! After a night's—say three nights'—continual happiness, you little know the bliss I walk in. You little think of the genius within me, that turns your scoundrel streets of London into the abodes of the blessed. What see I there but love and truest brotherhood? The very knockers wink and laugh at me; and roses and honeysuckles grow about every lamp-post. There are, I know, weak, puling creatures, who talk of headaches; but these are milk-sop neophytes, not yet of the true priesthood of our order. What if now and then I have a twinge? Think you I accuse the bottle? I should be a villain to do so. No: it's the d—d east wind.

As for the fortune that was left me, it is true I have invested it in the bottle; and, oh! what compound interest have I had for my money! Whilst you would count every rascal guinea, and, after you had counted all, broke into a cold sweat to think there was no more, *I*—seated on my tavern-throne—have had wealth that would confound all arithmetic. All about me has been glorious riches! I have drunk out of hollowed diamonds, and spat in gold-dust.

It is my darling faith that every bottle contains in it a pair of beautiful wings, to lift poor man above the gutter-mud which this sober world is made of. A pair of wings! And I, like Mercury, can't do without three pair.

I have somewhere read it at school—ha! Rivers, sometimes at the heel of the night I see you again in your green jacket, and I sit and enjoy myself, and let the sweetest of tears run down my nose—well, never mind that—I read it at old Canetwig's—that Jupiter fastened the earth to heaven with a gold chain. All a flam, my dear boy! It was no chain, but a splendid, a most magnificent line of linked bottles. The higher you climb, the further you are from this vagabond world. Pity, my dear fellow—pity it is, that the road is so devilish slippery!

You say I had friends. *Had!* I have millions. Ha! my good creature—for you are good, I believe, sober and stupid as you are—you don't know the philanthropy that a corkscrew lets out upon me. I may have been ruffled; may I be pardoned for it, I may now and then have thought harshly of my poor erring fellow-creatures, but—pop!—out comes the cork, and the wine, as it bubbles forth, speaks pacifyingly, soothingly. Again—again! The bottle coos like any dove; and I have not listened to it above two or three hours, when I feel myself turned into one large lump of human honey! And then these two hands of mine are multiplied ten million times, and I shake hands with every man, woman, and child upon this beautiful earth, my creditors included.

But all this, though much, is nothing to the wisdom—the knowledge—that drink so subtly lets in upon poor, darkened man. What is it? You have studied these things; but then you have studied them with a dry, dusty throat; and so, can know no more of the true operations of the intellect—glorious intellect—of majestic man,

than a monkey knows of a steam-engine. Well, what is it? I say, what is it? Ha! my dear soul, if you had only two bottles of the stuff that is now shining before me—shining like a lion's eye—you'd know all about it. Then you'd know metaphysics—that is, metaphysics assisted by glorious wine—here's a bumper to you, old cock! God bless your little green jacket!—metaphysics is this, as you'd know. Every man has an angel within him. Lord love us! and yet, sometimes, we use one another as though we lodged nothing but devils. Well, as I said, every man has an angel within him; and this angel—poor thing!—you dull, sober, miserly fellows, board in the most rascally way; giving him nothing generous to drink, or just wetting his lips, and there an end. And what's the consequence? Why, he tells you nothing worth knowing—just casts up your accounts for you—gives you a nudge when stocks are going, or some small chandler matter of the kind; but, with a noble resentment of your shabbiness, he does nothing more. What does he to me, who know how to treat him? I give him bumper after bumper,—and my brain feels him expanding his wings—you, poor wretch! don't knows that he has wings—bumper after bumper, until, at last, my angel takes up his golden fiddle, and plays me such a tune (I can feel him rosining his bow at this minute)—such a tune, that as it sounds I catch all sorts of wisdom; thoughts like diamonds, bright and everlasting.

Ha! ha! he's playing now, and I drop the pen to listen, and feel myself an emperor.

* * * * * * * *

——My dear Corydon,

Don't mind the stuff I've scrawled above—for I've been mad this month past. I am just arrested. You'll find me at —, Chancery-lane. Come, come—for God's sake, bring fifty pounds, and you will everlastingly oblige

Your wretched friend,

Peter Rubygill.

PADDINGTON TO THE BANK IN ONE DAY!

It may be interesting to travellers to know, that the journey from Paddington to the Bank is now accomplished regularly in *one* day. An omnibus leaves the Yorkshire Stingo at 8 A.M., and, proceeding leisurely down the New Road, stops at the Regent's Park to take up fresh passengers. It then proceeds at a rapid rate to the corner of Tottenham Court Road, where another halt is necessarily made to enable the coachman and guard to have a little refreshment. No other stoppage is made after this till the omnibus reaches the King's Cross, where a little delay sometimes occurs to allow the passengers the opportunity of observing the picturesque confluence of no less than six distinct thoroughfares. The halfway-house is the Angel at Islington, a noted house for beer and accommodation, at which the coachman and guard always stop to dine. This does not take, upon an average, more than an hour. The omnibus then proceeds at 2 P.M. on its way down the City Road, and, after stopping at the Grecian Saloon to take in cheroots, reaches the Bank (the wood-pavement permitting) a little before dusk. What would our grandfathers say to this wonderful rapidity of travelling?

Clerical.—We understand that Mr. Robert Montgomery is appointed private chaplain to Tom Thumb.—*Ecclesiastical Gazette.*

RULES FOR NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

Supposing you wish to contribute to a public charity, send your money to the Editor of a newspaper. He must acknowledge the receipt of it, and so you get your name and benevolence advertised in the best part of the paper for nothing.

2. Another good method, if you are fond of appearing before the public, is to request the Editor to state that "the Richard Jones who, in our police report of yesterday, was sentenced to Bridewell for shoplifting, is not the Mr. Richard Jones, the respected chiropædist, of Sackville Street."

3. If you are writing to a political newspaper, never mind about writing on the two sides of the paper, as, depend upon it, it will be a recommendation in your favour if the Editor sees you can write well on *both sides*.

4. You need not be particular about writing legibly, as it stands to reason, if the Editor cannot read your letter, that you will be spared the mortification of reading in the next day's Notices to Correspondents, that "Philo-Justitiæ is an ass."

5. It is usual in sending a statement, which impugns the character of another person, to send your name and address with it; but, as in matters of libel, this is a very troublesome, as well as a very expensive plan, it is better to send any body else's card rather than your own. By this means you avoid publicity, and have the double gratification of annoying two persons at once.

6. Inserting your death one day, and contradicting it the next, is another very cheap plan of advertising in a newspaper. Besides you have the advantage of learning in your lifetime what your friends think of you after your death. This plan, however, will only answer once.

7. It is better, perhaps, not to send any poetry to a newspaper. We never recollect an instance of the *Times* inserting "A Sonnet to a Sow," or "Lines to my Mary."

8. Be careful of quotations, especially in a foreign language. If an editor knows his own language well, it is as much as you have a right to expect of him.

9. Never send anything to a newspaper "to be continued," unless it is a legacy or a dozen of port.

10. Never trouble yourself in calling to see the Editor of a newspaper. It is a strange circumstance, but you might call a hundred times and always find him "out."

SANCTITY AND CANNON BALLS.—JOINVILLE IN IRELAND.

The *Belfast Vindicator*—one of those "talking potatos" that would be mischievous but for their delicious absurdity—thus gabbles of Tangier laurels:—

"The Prince de Joinville has won *his laurels* [query,—stonecrop] before the ramparts of Tangier. We are sure they will not be his last. We are full of confidence in his future triumphs. He has a mother, *whose prayers are, no doubt, offered up for his honour and his welfare; that mother is a living saint*, and her prayers are not offered in vain."

The French Queen is a most admirable woman; nevertheless, we hope better from the prayers of saints than bombarded towns, and a butchered people. Surely, prayers were not made for the better direction of cannon-balls, or the more perfect throwing of Congreve rockets. Or, for a moment granting that they were, surely her Majesty's prayers might, in this last instance, have produced better gunnery. The *Vindicator*, or *The Tator*, continues:—

"What if he [Joinville] should invade Ireland? Why, in that case, all that we can take upon ourselves to say is, that the Irish people could offer him no resistance, seeing that their Government has left them no arms. We could not be expected to fight him with sticks. But if he should happen to bring with him 100,000 stand of arms, *and offer them gratis to those who may be willing to possess them*, why, in that case, we should leave people to judge for themselves of the propriety of accepting them. This country was thrice invaded by France in the last century, and it would not surprise us that the present century saw one or two more invasions before its close."

The writer knows the small value of his head, or he would hardly cackle such treason. For ourselves, we would not deprive him of arms; certainly not. In reward of the above, we would have him made to walk sentry six hours a day before his own office—with a musket on each shoulder—a couple of cannon balls slung at his waist—his feet in shoes of Gallic wood—and on his simple head a foolscap of tricolor soft paper.

BRIGHTON FORTIFIED.

In the event of a rupture with France, we are happy to state, that Ministers have taken the best means to keep the enemy from this town, having engaged Charles Kean to play here during the whole of the war.

LADIES' REPORT OF THE LONDON SEASON.

CAN there be conceived a more interesting study than that of human nature? especially in its feminine modification. *Punch*, anxious as his BROUGHAM for the promotion of all the sciences, has lately been philosophising among the Fair. In other words, he has been questioning every young lady whom he had the happiness of of dancing with or sitting by, with a view to eliciting her recollections of the London Season just past; and he here presents the results of that process to his readers:—

MISS MARY ANNE STOWERS informed *Punch* that she had been in town for several months. Would confess that she had been stopping in Bedford Square, at a solicitor's. Went every day to the West End. Should so like to live there. The carriages were so splendid! Envied those who rode in them so much! The shops—she meant the linendrapers', of course—were magnificent. Saw dresses in the windows that were perfect loves, and bonnets as lovely. Had seen all the sights. Wouldn't deny that she had kissed TOM THUMB. The Ojibbeways were horrid; but interesting. Went to the Opera once, with an order. Couldn't exactly recollect what she saw. It was Don something: Pasquale, perhaps; perhaps Giovanni—had forgotten which; but it was very splendid. The Royal Academy was a great treat; MACLISE was very talented; so was MULREADY, so was EASTLAKE: which of them had painted the "Whistonian Controversy" did not recollect. Begged that *Punch* wouldn't talk about the *Polka*; it was perfection. Had made many observations on things in general; had principally to remark—that cardinals were popular, tunics a great deal worn, and skirts, trimmed with a succession of flounces, highly fashionable.

MISS EMMELINE AUBREY said that she had been staying with her aunt, LADY MINCINGHAM, in Grosvenor-square; where she had passed an existence truly delightful. Was always going out in the carriage; seldom walked, except now and then through a quadrille. Occasionally promenaded, very gently, in Kensington Gardens, to hear the band play. Delighted with the "Blues;" did not mean literary society by that—what a question! Had been to the Opera and

Ballet over and over again, to the *Chinese Collection*, Burford's Panorama, balls, concerts, exhibitions, and sights without number; had been, in short, everywhere. Had never been to the British Museum: where was it? Had seen Westminster Abbey—the outside of it. Actually once went to the Royal Institution. Heard FARADAY—had no idea what on. The Opera was Paradise; the Ballet, beyond everything. CERITO was an angel; GRISI and PERSIANI nightingales; MARIO a love; FORNASARI an idol; LABLACHE immense, really, without a joke! The great features of the season were the Polka and TOM THUMB; couldn't say which was the greater. The Philharmonic was heavy; the Ancient Concerts *triste*—no *causerie* going on at either: missed LABITSZKY at both. CHARLES KEMBLE's readings of SHAKSPEARE were clever; so was SHAKSPEARE himself, certainly, but *passé* and Gothic. Preferred the French plays immeasurably. English performers were not *artistes*. Had learnt a great deal while in town—couldn't say what, it was more than she could tell.

MISS AMELIA BATES said that she had been residing with her brother-in-law at Camberwell, MR. FIGLEY, a merchant in the City. Had been under the Thames Tunnel; it was ever so long. The Docks were very extensive; took less interest in them than in the Industrious Fleas. The Monument was very high. St. Paul's was a vast building. HERR DÜBLER and the Wizard of the North struck her as much as anything; thought them equally wonderful. Had she learnt the Polka? Oh yes; a real Bohemian gentleman came to teach it her every Wednesday. Had been to the West End two or three times; should never forget a silk that she saw under the Quadrant, nor an ice and a basin of mock-turtle, which she had had there. Had been to a good many parties; met several nice young men, and enjoyed equally nice suppers. Had remarked that pearl necklaces, earrings, and Adelaide boots, were very much the rage; no other observations had occurred to her in particular.

The above examinations comprise the cream of upwards of one hundred, instituted in as many different cases by *Mr. Punch*. His note-book contains numerous answers relative to Rotten Row, Almacks, the Waverley Ball, and other gay and festive scenes of a similar description. All these responses are most enthusiastic; but being chiefly of an interjectional character, he has thought it unnecessary to record them.

LINCOLN DISFRANCHISED.

MR. BARRY has strenuously objected to COLONEL SIBTHORP entering the new House of Commons, est it should immediately lose its *centre* of *gravity*.

MEDICAL REFORM.

THE following plan of a Council of Health and Medical Education, is respectfully submitted to SIR JAMES GRAHAM by *Mr. Punch*, who conceives that it will accord with the Right Hon. Baronet's ideas of Medicine exactly.

The Council of Health shall be formed from the Members of the present College of that name; reinforced by a selection from the different patent medicine venders, the advertising surgeons, and the itinerant lecturers upon Animal Magnetism:—

The President of the Council shall be the Arch-Hygeist; and the Fellows shall consist of those fellows above alluded to, who advertise.

The President and the Council shall nominate the Examiners.

The examinations shall chiefly have reference to the ability of the candidates to concoct puffs and posters. Testimonials as to ability will be received from the Editors of the "Morning Paper," "Evening Journal," &c., &c.; also from noblemen, green-grocers, ladies of title, mechanics, operatives, farmers, and others, who shall certify as to the benefit they have derived from the pills, elixirs, tinctures, drops, or other remedies of the said candidates.

The following Professorships shall be founded.

A Professorship of Pills and Ointment.
A ditto of Universal Medicine.
A ditto of Life Pills.
A ditto of Homœopathy and Humbug.

Lectures will also be delivered on the following subjects; all candidates being required to attend them.

On the Blood, considered as the Seat of all Diseases.
On Nervous and Mental Complaints; with the Cure for Benevolence rather than Gain.
On Brandy and Salt.
On the Popular System of Therapeutics for the time being.

The syllabus of this course to be as follows:—

1. On the Pleasure of Cheating.
2. On the Pleasure of Being Cheated.

With regard to the fittest person to deliver the course of Lectures last mentioned, *Punch* has his own opinions; but he will leave this point to the discretion of SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

London against all England.

THE cities of York and Kent are contending for the honour of the title for the last-born Prince. We recommend Her MAJESTY to crush the dispute at once, before it grows into a civil war. The best way to silence both pretenders would be, we think, to create a bran new title for the occasion. We suggest for a title, the *Duke of London*. We are sure the little PRINCE would not say nay to it. Only let him be told there is a *Comte de Paris*, and we will wager the amount at our bankers he will immediately see the necessity why the Modern Babylon should be represented in DEBRETT's "Peerage" by something better than a trumpery Lord Mayor. We are in earnest; and we can only say that, should the little PRINCE be made the Duke, as he ought to be, of the first city in the world, that we shall be happy—besides standing sponsor, if the QUEEN wishes it—to present him at his christening with a silver fork and spoon, and a porcelain mug, with "London" printed in gold letters upon it, in honour of the occasion.

A SECRET REALLY WORTH KNOWING.

WE have been requested by a French Officer to state, that the guns of the French vessels, at the bombardment of Tangier, were charged *with powder only*, and not with a single ball. We hope this fact will silence the malicious who have been laughing at the *Belle Poule* firing for two hours at a fort, and never hitting it once.

BEN SIDONIA SMOKING THE CALUMET WITH THE IOWAYS.

PUNCH, in his last, duly chronicled the visit of the Ioways—the descendants of the lost tribe of Israel, according to the JONESIAN theory—to MR. D'ISRAELI, the champion of all the tribes of the Hebrews, in every country and in every condition. The circumstance was thought by MR. D'ISRAELI worthy of the immortality of our page: whereupon, at the pressing desire of YOUNG SIDONIA, *Punch's* historical painter was in attendance at Grosvenor Gate, and choosing the happy moment when the host drew his first puff at the calumet of peace—surrounded by the Ioways, their squaws and papooses!—thus supplied posterity with the above tremendous work of art.

We further understand that the forthcoming edition of *Coningsby* will contain a most satisfactory account of the Ioways, proving their Judaism beyond any contradiction to be offered by the Rabbis.

The Ioways propose to take a benefit, in LORD'S Cricket Ground, on which occasion it is said that MR. D'ISRAELI has offered, in the handsomest manner, to repeat the scene which went off with such marked enthusiasm at Grosvenor Gate.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF TANGIER.

HE fact is well-known to all England, that the Boy JONES — nephew of GEORGE JONES, Esq.,—has for some time been a volunteer of the first class on board her Majesty's ship *Warspite*. This fact—as we have before observed—is highly honourable to the EARL OF ABERDEEN, he having very properly set JONES to watch JOINVILLE. We have been favoured with a letter from MASTER JONES on the late bombardment of Tangier; and though *The Standard* may, for its own base purposes, contend that the letter was not written by JONES on board the *Warspite*, but by our boy DICK behind the counter of our office, No. 194, Strand,—we care as little for the abuse of our contemporary as for his praise. What matters it to the man in the moon, whether fools try to pelt him with mud or sugar-plums? And now for MASTER JONES'S letter:—

H.M.S. Warspite, Bay of Tangier, August 7, 1844.

MR. PUNCH,—There was a good deal of fighting here yesterday, but after all nothing to what I 've seen at half-price at ASTLEY'S. At half-past 7 A.M., the French steamers got their steam up, and took ADMIRAL JOINVILLE and other ships in tow before the batteries of Tangier. It was plain, however, to be seen that the ships didn't much like the business, for some of 'em went in in all sorts of confusion; and if the Moors hadn't had pity on the poor things, Lord! how they might have peppered 'em. Our gunner's mate went mad with disappointment, and has been in a strait jacket ever since.

Well, at about half-past eight, the *Suffren* and *Jemappes* fired away, but with a good deal of dignity like and consideration. They were at it till about two in the afternoon—the Moors banging away for dear life. Then the ships sheered off, and the Moors left their flags a-flying, and there was such a roar of laughter aboard of us, you'd have thought it was pay-day. Bless your heart, while the fight was going on, you should have seen some of our men. They looked at the Frenchmen, for all the world, as you may have seen boys look through a pastry-cook's window at the tarts,—their mouths watering, but not being able to get at 'em.

There has been a good deal of talk about the bad gunnery of JOINVILLE. Poor young man! I dare say he did quite as well as he could. But when you remember that he was making his first appearance before a British audience, who knew what was what, you must allow it was trying to his nerves. I've seen young fellows in his state at the Coburg, and I always cried out "bravo," to encourage 'em.

The French, however, did fire slow,—but I am sure they only did so from the best of feelings. How could it be otherwise? Isn't it enough to make a human creature sick to go banging at walls and houses—dropping rockets in honest people's dwellings—killing women and children in the street, and all for what numskulls call glory. I'm sure of it, PRINCE JOINVILLE felt ashamed of the work, and so did all the worthy fellows employed in it,—and that's why they didn't put any heart into the matter,—but banged away by fits and starts, and then hauled out of the bay, whilst the Moors were still cock-a-whoop. For myself, I know if I were a Prince and sent to do such work, I should feel myself very little better than a housebreaker—a JACK SHEPPARD with a cocked hat; and then for the glory of the thing—I'm bless'd if I should rest of nights—I should dream of nothing but of the police and Newgate.

JOINVILLE has gone off down the coast, they say, to gut some more houses. If I hear anything worth sending of his doings, you shall have it. In the meantime, believe me, truly, your "own correspondent,"

THE BOY JONES.

IMPROVEMENTS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE Commissioners of Woods and Forests have resolved on pulling down the old houses in the Lower Ward, called the Lower Foundation, at Windsor Castle, and set apart for the residence of the Military Knights, who will be turned out of house and home by the arrangement. The Military Knights are to be stowed away anywhere, and a cock-loft has been found for three of them at the top of the Salisbury Tower, which is to be made weather-proof, for the accommodation of the ousted veterans. A couple more are to be put over an old gateway, in a sort of round sentry-box built by HENRY VIII. and nearly blown down in the reign of GEORGE I., but now about to be plastered up, to prevent the Knights from being blown away by the wind, or washed completely out by the rain beating in upon them.

More Mysteries of Paris.

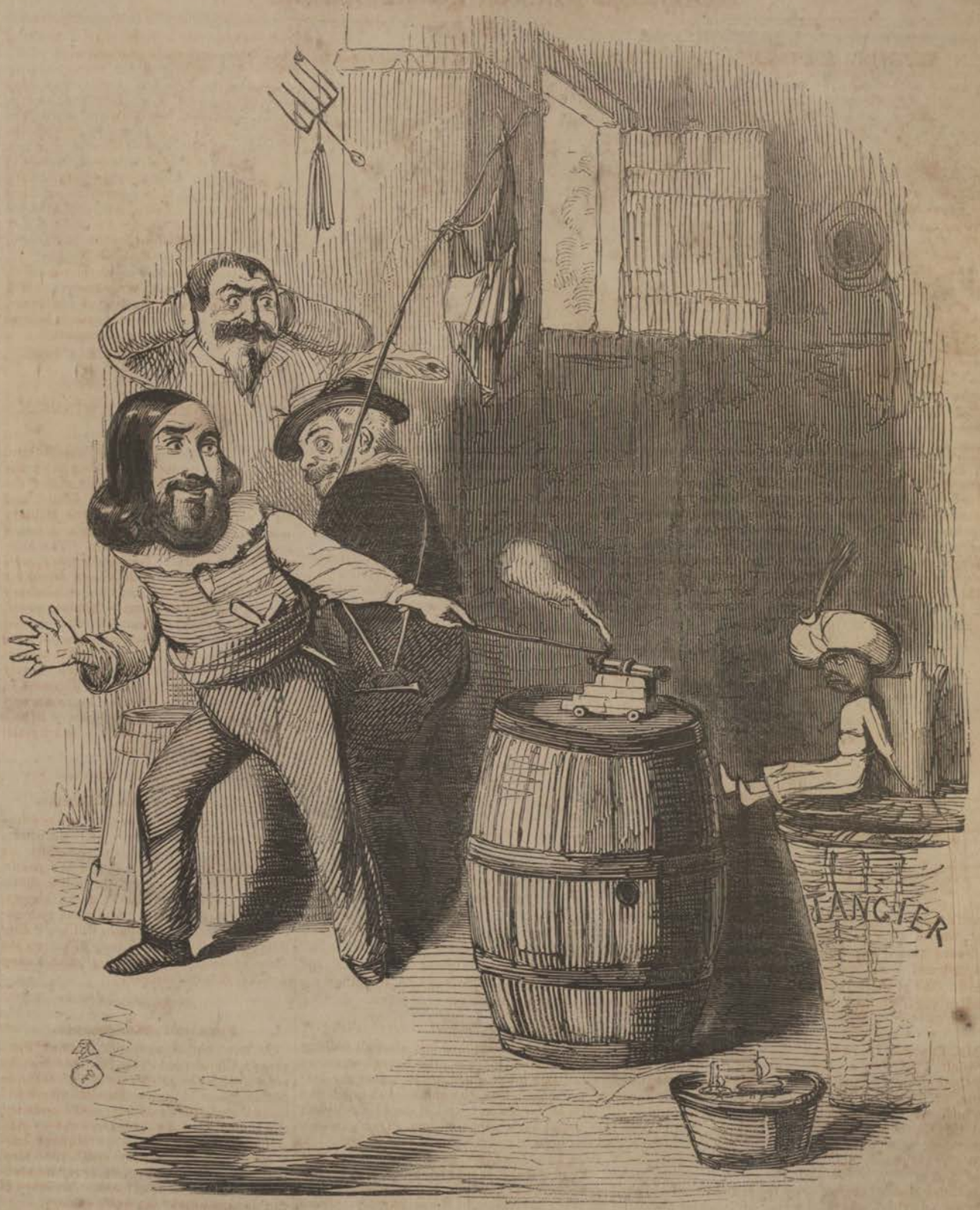
BECAUSE cases of poisoning are not frequent enough in France and elsewhere, M. ORFILA, the celebrated chemist, is publishing, in the feuilleton of the *Siècle*, a series of articles on the most subtle poisons, describing their uses, history, secret application, &c. The next publication of the sort, we suppose, will be, "*Five Minutes' Advice to a Young Wife on the Care of an Old Husband; or, the Young Ladies' Ready Poisoner.*"

Pecksniff Monomania.

A FEW nights ago, SIR ROBERT PEEL visited the Strand Theatre. He was so struck with the *Pecksniff* of H. HALL (a perfect piece of acting that all the world should see), that nothing could convince the Prime Minister that it was not he himself upon the boards. SIR ROBERT continued to be so possessed with this idea, that on the succeeding Saturday he absolutely presented himself at the treasury of the theatre to take his week's salary.

MORE HONOURED IN THE BREACH THAN IN THE OBSERVANCE.

THE papers have been talking about the breach of faith the French committed by firing against Tangier. This is the only *breach*, at all events, their firing made.



THE FRENCH NELSON!

Or, CHILD'S PLAY AT MOROCCO.

To ADMIRAL JOINVILLE, this Design (slightly altered from a Popular Print) is affectionately dedicated by

PUNCH.

126510

A DISH OF GLORY.

THE Oran correspondent of the *Times* relates a fact touchingly illustrative of the moral condition of the French army of Africa.

In November last, one EMBARACK, the Khalif of ABD-EL-KADER, with between seven and eight hundred infantry, was set upon by GENERAL TEMPOUR, with four squadrons of cavalry. Nearly four hundred of the Moors were slaughtered, and among them EMBARACK, after he had wounded six Frenchmen. The Khalif dead—then came in the sweets of revenge! The *Times* says:—

"The Spahis, or native cavalry, immediately after EMBARACK fell, cut off his head. The head of EMBARACK was then *covered with honey* by the Spahis, and sent to Oran; arrived at Oran, the head of EMBARACK *was then salted*, and thence despatched to Algiers. At Algiers, the head of EMBARACK was '*served up*' at a *soirée* of MARSHAL BUGEAUD, *something in the style of the serving up on a charger of the head of John the Baptist mentioned in the New Testament.* When all eyes had been sufficiently regaled with the sight of the head of the brave chief of the desert—the unconquerable enemy of the French (conquered only by accident)—the Marshal, yielding to his instincts as a soldier, gave the head a funeral with the ceremony awarded to the rank of a lieutenant; and the head of EMBARACK was at last buried, either at Médéah or Miliana, with all due military honours."

We think the Marshal acted without due consideration. He ought to have carried out the principle manifested in the "serving up" of a human head at the table of a Christian hero, and not have buried it. What an idle ceremony was this serving up, if a funeral with military honours was to follow? What a waste of honey and salt—what a piece of useless show, the charger! In the straitened condition in which the French army too often finds itself in Africa, we think—we hazard the opinion with all modesty—that a much better use might be made of slaughtered enemies.

Man is the victim of many foolish prejudices, until philosophy with her sweet voice—"musical as is APOLLO'S lute"—converts him from his darkness, and makes him all her own. Now, philosophy has evidently done much with MARSHAL BUGEAUD and men of his plastic, yet heroic substance: nevertheless, the MARSHAL has his best lesson to learn, otherwise he would never have buried the barbarian's head; no, he would have consummated the tasteful, the humane yearnings that set the head before him, by supping off it. He would have paid EMBARACK the most delicate compliment by incorporating him with himself: he would thus—in the sweet slang of the French army—have fraternized with the fallen Bedouin.

That soldiers do not eat soldiers, has always appeared to us a gross prejudice, altogether unworthy of tradesmen in war: a squeamishness inconsistent with the atmosphere of fire, and blood, and blasphemy, in which the laurel is usually cultivated. It is, however, something to find that MARSHAL BUGEAUD and his African heroes are getting a little in advance of the rest of Europe, and vindicating French claims to superior civilisation in the art of war, as in the art of cookery and mantua-making. It is a step gained, that a hero will have a hero's head served before him in a charger; the next movement will, of course be, for the hero to say grace and fall to. We can discern the hankering, the liquorishness of appetite, that has the human joint put upon the table,—and then the latent weakness, the deference to popular prejudice, that, with a sigh, bids the untasted dish be taken off. And after all, what folly, what waste, to give to worms that which might have done so much good to MARSHAL BUGEAUD!

The human lawfulness and wisdom of war once granted, we confess we look upon any indisposition to make the most of our enemies, by eating them, as a mere sickliness of sentiment—an affectation unworthy of the natural majesty of man, made more majestic by musket and seventy rounds of ball-cartridge. Let us consider a razzia by the French—one of those interludes which, to the employment, if not the delight of the recording angel, they are every day enacting in Africa. These Christian men come swoop upon an unarmed village. They cut the throats of the men—bayonet their wives and children, if at all troublesome—set fire to the growing crops—and drive off every head of cattle. Consider the scene—the heroes, with another sprig of laurel, marched away—and say, if it be not a place for devils to revel in? Consider the blackened earth, the smouldering ruin, the human form divine gashed and stabbed, and, worse than all, outraged beyond the decency of words to tell; and what is there in the spectacle that Beelzebub himself might not feel a diabolic pleasure to claim as his own especial handiwork—his own doing?—albeit committed by men, whose creed it is to "love one another!"

As then, apparently to us, it really requires a greater amount of moral courage to kill a man, than to eat him when killed, we must again express our satisfaction that MARSHAL BUGEAUD has so cunningly, so adroitly touched the pulse of human prejudice to feel its present cannibal condition. Be it our duty to assist MARSHAL BUGEAUD, by every argument at our command, in his praiseworthy purpose.

The Commissariat difficulties with which the French have to contend in Africa are well known: they are constantly, though in the face of the enemy, on short commons. Now, let the Marshal's hint be ripened into practice, and so long as an enemy is to be found, so long will the soldier be supplied with a sufficiency of rations. He may satisfy his glory and his appetite at the same time. It becomes as much a war of the knife and fork as of the sword; glory, as we have said, going hand in hand with full eating. Thus, the Frenchman kills his enemy, and he devours him—as we eat a custard—flavoured with bay-leaves.

The refinement of the French army may, possibly, revolt at the dish; but we beg to assure our lively and chivalrous neighbours that, to use one of their own adages, the appetite will come with eating. The acute DOCTOR MUFFETT, an Elizabethan philosopher, writes of a certain king of Lydia, who "having eaten of his own wife, said he was sorry to have been ignorant so long of so good a dish." To be sure, the Lydian king may have spoken more as a husband than as a *gourmet*—but we have the assurances of New Zealanders, and others, that the human animal is very excellent feeding. Hence, as MARSHAL BUGEAUD has gone so far as to familiarise his army to the sight of human heads—honeyed and salted—in chargers, we trust that his next lesson will be to make them draw to and eat. The saving to France will be enormous. No Arab so tough that he may not be edible; for the aforesaid DOCTOR MUFFETT observes,—"a lion being showed to a strong bull three or four hours before he be killed, causeth his flesh to be as tender as that of a steer: fear dissolving his hardest parts, and making his very heart to become pulpy." Upon this theory, we can judge of the effect of the French lions upon even the oldest and hardest Bedouins.

Instead of burying the killed, as is sometimes done with the usual military honours, they might be eaten, after a grace composed quite in the spirit of the same Christianity that compasses their destruction. If such a dish becomes common in the French camp (and after the exhibition of the head in the charger we have great hope)s, we would advise Parisian cooks to study some new condiment to add, if possible, to the delicacy of its flavour. Let us, for instance, suggest a *sauce piquante à la baïonnette.*

PUNCH IN THE PROVINCES.—CLIFTON.

or liking the cockneyism of a "Summer's day at Windsor," or a "Spring Van to Hampton Court," we determined on an "August afternoon at Clifton." Having executed a sort of steeple-chase in a cab from the *Punch* office, we arrived at the Great Western Railway Terminus in time to snatch a handful of tickets from the startled clerk, and to have them snatched back again by the policeman, to whom we stated our intention to go to Bristol, and our wish to be regularly put in the train for getting there.

The Great Western Railway is a wonderful triumph of cash and pick-axes over obstacles of a fiscal as well as of an earthy nature. The tunnel at Box-Hill, proves that man may get through almost any thing. A railroad suggests, however, any train rather than a train of sentiment, and there is no such thing as the poetry of loco-motion. Reality, is to the fancy, what the stoker is to the fire on the engine,—with, however, this exception—that while the stoker pokes the fire to keep it in, reality pokes the fancy completely out.

We have arrived at Bristol, that city famous for its Bristol board and lodging. The Mayor and Corporation afford fine specimens of the Bristol Board, for they are what may be called very great cards in their own opinion.

The great feature of Bristol at the present moment is the *Great Britain* steamer, and it is likely to be a permanent feature too, for she occupies much the same position in the dock as GEORGE THE THIRD'S apple did in the dumpling: any one might wonder how it got in, for getting it out is quite out of the question, unless everything that surrounds it is utterly demolished. It has the power of 1,000 horses, but the stupidity of a few

asses has prevented the thousand horse-power from being made available. She has no paddle-boxes, and, if she had, they would be of no use to her; for the only way to get her out to sea, is to pull down all the docks or half the city. There are three boilers, so that she might take in all the washing of Bristol, and six masts, upon which the clothes might be dried with the utmost facility.

Continuing our course we come to the celebrated rock of St. Vincent, where the naturalist picks up Bristol stones and the mere natural drinks the hot water. The Clifton Waters contain a quantity of gas, and this accounts for the invalid occasionally flaring up under their influence. The terms are 2*d.* a glass payable in advance, or so much a pint if taken by the quarter. The water is bottled and sent abroad, which is about as good a joke as selling the Serpentine at so much a dozen, or getting rid of the Thames at 2*d.* the tumbler. On the 1st of November, 1755, the water became suddenly red, and nobody could tell why. Our own opinion is, that the fluid had a qualm of conscience for the qualms of another kind it had occasioned, and was bleeding for the price that had been paid for it.

Going from the Hot-wells there is a beautiful walk called the Zig-zag to Clifton Downs. Nature has made it worthy of the pencil, but cupidity is fast dooming it to the pickaxe. At every turn of the romantic pass we meet a most unromantic notice that "STONE MAY BE CUT AT SO MUCH PER TON." The authorities are selling their splendid scenery at about two-pence a hundred-weight. The beauties of nature are being rapidly carted away to repair the roads, and ravines are being knocked down without reserve to the first bidder.

On the rock of St. Vincent is the Giant's Hole, which is about four feet in height, so that the giant must either have been a very moderate-sized phenomenon, or he must have been completely doubled up when he occupied the hole that tradition has assigned to him. It is supposed that the two sides of the rock were once united and were rent asunder by a convulsion of Nature. Perhaps Nature was cutting her teeth at the time, and if so, convulsions might have been expected. Nature is sometimes subject to fits and starts—but MR. VICK offered "a soothing syrup" in the shape of a legacy to erect a bridge to unite the two sides of the rock, and thus heal the effect of Nature's convulsion. This suspension bridge is a sort of rival to the one at Hungerford, with the exception that Hungerford has a man and a boy at work, while Clifton Suspension-Bridge employs only an old woman. This lady takes care of the clothes-basket which is slung on the rope, and affords the only means of transit.

In speaking of the Suspension-Bridge we must not pass over the ferry, and nobody who has passed over it once will be in a hurry to do so a second time. The ferry is church property, and the craft is the most horrible specimen of priestcraft that can possibly be imagined. The ferry-boat is a sort of coal barge cut down nearly to the water's edge, but there are no divisions in it, and consequently a horse and cart occasionally trot in amongst a crowd of passengers. The crew of the ferry-boat consists sometimes of one man and sometimes of nobody, for when the tide is low, people are left to scramble across as they can; the captain of the ferry-boat merely stopping them to take the toll from them, as if they had been rowed across, instead of having walked it. The regulations of the ferry-boat are very lax, and the passage is generally made amidst swearing, smoking, and squeezing—none of which are prohibited.

Nevertheless, Clifton is a very charming place, and it is to be regretted that in the struggle between Nature and the Town Council, Nature seems to be getting decidedly the worst of it. The romantic rocks are having several dreadful digs in the side, and the Town Council ought to be well blown up themselves, for allowing the stone to be blown up by relentless saltpetre.

SONNET BY A PSEUDO-SCOTCHMAN.

I STOOD upon BEN PRIMROSE. It was morn—
The wind was westerly; the day was fine.
Far in the distance gleamed LOCH SERPENTINE,
Like patent-leather boot beneath the sun;
Hard by thy chesnut groves, GLEN KENSINGTON;
Before me, like a giant steep'd in wine,
Or Kraken, slumb'ring on the Norway brine,
Enormous LONDON lay. There was I born;
Ay, there, within the echoes of BOW BELLS;
And when I gaze upon thy dome, SAINT PAUL,
And think of CLAPHAM, ISLINGTON, and all,
With patriotic pride my bosom swells,
And I exclaim, with lip serenely curled,
"There 's not a place like LONDON in the world!"

Wit at the Palace.

IN consequence of the fortunate convalescence of her Majesty, DR. LOCOCK and DR. FERGUSON left their apartments in the Lancaster Tower last week. An acquaintance of the latter doctor, not having been aware of his departure, called to inquire after him, and one of the palace domestics (a wag) has since written on the door of the vacated apartment, "DR. FERGUSON don't lodge here any longer."

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.—OF ESTATES IN SEVERALTY, JOINT TENANCY, REMAINDER, AND COMMON.

OF the four ways of holding an estate described in the title of this chapter, the first is decidedly the best, because the holder of an estate in severalty has it all to himself; like the Member of Parliament who got up to address the House, which made every one run out of it.

An estate in joint tenancy is where two or more persons have one and the same interest, by the same conveyance, at the same time, and held by the same possession. First, they must have one interest; though, if they quarrel, they will probably have had a dilemma, which the wisdom of the law does not guard against. It must come to them by one conveyance; but whether that "one conveyance" shall be the Parcels' Delivery Company, or the railroad, does not appear to signify. Joint tenants must have one and the same title: but *semble*, that a nobleman would not refuse an estate in joint tenancy with the Lord Mayor, whose title cannot be one and the same with that of the peer, who would nevertheless "take," as the legal phrase characteristically expresses it. There must also be unity of time to constitute a joint tenancy; but it does not appear that a mere difference in their watches would defeat the estate, nor would one of them being in London, and the other at Bath, where there is a variation of some minutes in the clocks, prevent them from having an estate in joint tenancy. If this rule as to time were very stringent, the property in the parish of St. Clement's would be placed, by the irregular conduct of its very eccentric *horloge*, in constant jeopardy. The joint tenants must have one and the same possession; or, as the law term has it, they must be all seised at once—for the law is so very fond of "seizing," that it applies the term to the acquisition of property, and it is certainly a word that expresses pretty accurately the law's own mode of acquisition.

Out of joint tenancy arises the doctrine of survivorship, by which the longest liver is entitled to the whole estate; but if they both die at the same moment—by shipwreck, for instance—we should like to know which of their two heirs would take the property. It is probable, that if the ocean swallowed up the joint tenants, the estate itself would be gulped down by the tempestuous sea of Chancery. It is an important question, how a joint tenancy may be severed or destroyed, for joint tenants may wish to part, and one may make the other very disagreeable. For instance, suppose two people are joint tenants in a house, and they both want to live in it. As it belongs equally to both, neither could prevent the other; and if both wanted to occupy the best room, or both insisted on putting up their feet on the bars of the same fireplace, endless litigation would be the consequence.

The law, foreseeing this sort of thing, provides that there may be a writ of partition, and the jointure may be dissolved; "for Chancery," saith COKE, "can dissolve, that is to say, it can swallow and digest, melt or otherwise make away, with anything."

Estates in coparcenary are such as descend to two or more persons, as, where a man's next heirs are females, the estate goes to them all, an arrangement the law delights in, because it is probable that handing an estate over to the ladies is almost equivalent to making it immediately the subject of litigation. Coparceners have not the benefit of survivorship, which is, perhaps, a rule made out of consideration to the fair sex, who could not enjoy an estate, if living to grow old were one of the conditions of getting it.

Tenants in common are such as have different interests in the same estate, as in the celebrated case of the oyster, where the clients came in for the shells, and the lawyer took the fish. Here they were all tenants in common of the native, but the oyster was a sort of separate interest carved out of the shells, which the clients held as long as they found it convenient.

It may be as well, before concluding this chapter, to remark that the illustration of the oyster is not taken from the well-known rule in SHELLEY'S case; but to seize the fish, and give the shell, is the rule in almost every case where it can possibly be acted on.

Military Intelligence.

CORPORAL J. SILK BUCKINGHAM is in the Isle of Wight, recruiting for the service of the British and Foreign Destitute. Volunteers are very scarce, as he offers no gratuity, and the rations and pay of the service are not at all liked. Pressing, too, has been tried on a large scale, but not a single raw member caught. The Corporal returns to town in a few days, as there have been several deserters in his absence from the Destitute *depôt* in Hanover Square.

OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

AFTER the late exhibition of bad firing at Tangiers, we should say that, in the event of a naval engagement with France, the safest place for English ships would be in front of the French guns.

THE LONDON MISSION.—LOADING THE GUN AT EXETER HALL.

THE Members of the London Mission beg respectfully to inform Christian philanthropists in general, and the religious world in particular, that encouraged by the applause which rewarded their last entertainment at Exeter-hall, in the matter of PRITCHARD, QUEEN POMARE, and the French, they have made arrangements to continue their performances for the further enlightenment of the heathen, and the pacification of the world at large.

Profoundly touched with the truth of the political axiom that the best warranty of peace is to make every preparation for war—believing that the best security against the discharge of a gun is to keep it continually at half-cock,—the London Mission confidently invite the public to witness the extraordinary efforts they have made for the perpetuity of peace, and the growth of brotherly love among all nations.

The London Mission are in treaty with her Majesty's Government for the purchase of the bomb-ship *Infernal* (to be re-christened the *Honeycomb*), in which it is their intention to visit Tahiti, and, if necessary, to argue every point of Christianity with the French at point-blank. The immortal NEWTON declared that with all he had done, he seemed to himself no more than a child who had picked up a few shells by the great ocean of truth. The London Mission flatter themselves that *their* shells will be found very different from those of NEWTON; and their truth very different from his truth.

Pending the negotiation for the bomb-ship, the Mission have purchased a forty-two pounder, and earnestly invite the public to witness the extreme skilfulness with which they load and fire. They have discovered that the very best wadding is supplied by tracts and sermons; they help to make the loudest noise, and, in many instances, very considerably increase the smoke. It is also confidently believed that cannon-balls inscribed with the words *Peace*, *Love*, or *Charity*,—do much more execution than vulgar, unblessed iron, discharged by the ignorant laity.

The London Mission do not arrogate to their own untaught efforts the gunnery perfection at which they have arrived. Certainly not. Since their last meeting at Exeter Hall, several of the brethren have taken daily lessons at Woolwich Marshes, under the direction of distinguished officers of artillery. The Reverend MR. SMITH has especially distinguished himself, having with a rocket split a quill tooth-pick at an inconceivable distance.

It was the intention of the London Mission to have exhibited their gunnery in LORD'S Cricket Ground, but that place having been previously engaged for the performances of the IOWAY INDIANS, the Mission had too much Christian consideration for the war-song and war-dance, even to repine at being anticipated by their unconverted brothers.

The object of the Mission in calling upon the public, and the religious world in particular, to witness their artillery practice is, that, upon their shown success, they may the more confidently ask subscriptions from the peaceful for the purchase of the *Infernal* bomb above-named.

The rapidity with which the cannon is loaded and discharged will, it is believed, at once ensure all needful support.

Modestly certain of the funds necessary to buy the *Infernal*, the London Mission cannot forego the present opportunity of stating that they are already open to the application of those peace-loving men who would serve as volunteers in the expedition. The officers being already named, foremast men only are required; and these must have served the office of clerk at least three years to be eligible. A few cabin-boys who have received medals at their Sunday-schools will be received. There will also be an opening for half-a-dozen pew-openers as cockpit-nurses.

The chair will be taken at 11 a.m. The gun will be loaded at half-past. Firing to begin precisely at noon.

More Destruction.

THE WARNER shell and long-range sink into nothingness compared to a recent discovery made by COLONEL SIBTHORP. After much pondering, the gallant Colonel has absolutely invented a pocket earthquake. The destructive agent is so portable, that, as the advertisements say, "the most timid female may carry it in her reticule."

A Reasonable Request.

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO is said to have demanded the head of GENERAL BUGEAUD. This request, which at first seems somewhat cruel, appears upon examination to be really exceedingly moderate, for in demanding GENERAL BUGEAUD'S head, the EMPEROR has asked for that which the French Marshal has lately made very little use of.

WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

(From our Folkstone Correspondent.)

E regret to say that the Gallic Cock has again been crowing over the British Bull-dog in a manner that complicates the question between the two countries much more than hitherto. The British Bull-dog, in the person of a commercial traveller by the Dover Railway, applied to the Gallic Cock—represented by a French waiter at the Pavilion Hotel at Folkstone—for a bed, when the Gallic Cock, with a grin of malicious satisfaction, announced that every bed was full, to the immense annoyance of the British Bull-dog, who went on by the next train to Dover.

It will hardly be believed that, notwithstanding this occurrence, the harbour of Folkstone is sometimes left in the middle of the day, when the steamers are all out, with no other force than a casual collier to protect British interests. The landlord of the Hotel is a Frenchman, and, of course, secretly devoted to France; so that the English may be put into the top-rooms, get the worst places at the *table d'hôte*, and obtain the least attention when they ring the bell; while the foreigner, arriving from perfidious Boulogne, is well boarded, lodged, and waited on. British blood will, of course, boil furiously, and every English pulse assume the violence of the sledge-hammer at the contemplation of these facts; yet Sir Robert Peel sleeps in his bed, and the Earl of Aberdeen takes his wine after dinner as usual.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM'S PUPILS.

Mr. Punch,—I am one of the suspended letter-carriers about whom there has been such a fuss in the newspapers; and I, with my brethren in affliction, knowing the impartiality of your judgment, address you, that fair-play may be done to all of us.

We are charged with opening letters addressed to Lord Bentinck, Mr. Tattersall, and to other horse-racing gentlemen. Well, we confess it: we broke open their letters—every one that fell into our hands—but we did it, as Sir James Graham broke the letters of other people,—all for the sake of public peace and public morals. I should like to know what's the use of high people, Queen's Ministers, and all that, if we poor small folks ar'n't to copy and learn from them?

Sir James said that what he did, he did for the peace of the world and the well-doing of society. He had heard or dreamed of cut-throat conspiracies, and so he went to work and opened right and left. And what's the consequence? Why, all sorts of good. They *do* say that the Italians who were all lately shot in the back, were only found out by the news that was sent of them from the Home Office—news picked out of opened letters to Italians here in London. Isn't this something comfortable to think of? Doesn't it do an Englishman's heart good to know this?

Well, sir, I and my fellow-suspended took Sir James—good pious man as he is—for our pattern; and knowing that there was such a deal of roguery, and hedging, and hocussing, and all that going on upon the turf—we opened all sporting letters that we might know all about the wickedness, and, like Sir James, make the most of it.

All we wanted, sir, was to put honest folks upon their guard as to what was going on; just as good Sir James broke seals only to let the Emperor of Russia and the King of Naples know the wickedness that was being got up against 'em. I repeat it, we merely wanted to find out roguery, to make the most of it.

Well, sir, and for this, we are to have our characters taken away—to be suspended—to have our mouths deprived of our honest bread, and to have all sorts of bad names given us in the newspapers; whilst Sir James Graham keeps his seat and his salary, and his character—or all that remains of it—to boot.

Well, this comes of being conceited, and copying one's betters! For the future, as I want to do right, I shall just do the contrary of Sir James; and, in the meantime beg, *Mr. Punch*, that you will do all you can for

A Suspended Postman.

Brougham and the Attorneys.

O'Connell has presented his portrait "in a plain frame" to every liberal Mayor of Ireland. Brougham, copying this generosity, intends to present *his* portrait, also in a plain frame to match, to every English attorney.

WANTED,—A FEW BOLD SMUGGLERS!

PUNCH, being within this past fortnight denied admittance into France, by an order expressly issued to that effect in Paris; an order, carried out with all characteristic zeal and fidelity by Douaniers and Postmasters, by which means every number of *Punch's* inimitable and cosmopolite journal found in the possession of a steam-boat passenger has been seized and impounded, as though it were another Infernal Machine in handsome type—by which means every copy has been stopped at the French Post Office (to the all but irreparable loss and most poignant grief of the defrauded subscriber),—

Punch is hereupon determined to engage at any cost,

A FEW BOLD SMUGGLERS,

that his Journal may continue to disseminate civilisation throughout benighted France; and, if possible, to touch the hearts of the natives with a true sense of human glory, converting them from the false worship of blood and fire, and gathering them into a brotherhood of peaceful men. Hence, smuggling—at the worst, a venial eccentricity—exercised in the cause of benevolence and *Punch*, becomes an occupation for the Philanthropist and the Philosopher; and the man who successfully introduces our sheet into France, may, for all time forward, consider himself a human benefactor. He is the missionary of peace among the drum-beating heathen.

It would ill-become the character of *Punch*—now, happily, known to the universe for his plain outspeaking—to affect an ignorance of the cause which has made him distasteful to that fortifying monarch, Louis Philippe. No, no; *Punch* is fully aware that his well-meant epistle to Joinville—that letter, written with a dove's-quill dipped in attar of roses—was vitriolic acid to the royal palate. He knows, too, that his exposure of the Royal Beggarman, who talks of his sons and daughters as a mendicant talks of his sores, that he may gull and pillage the unwary, the while he is padded with greasy bank notes beneath his rags and tatters,—*Punch* knows that his exposure of royal avarice has called down upon him the prohibitory vengeance of King Dives, detected, as *Punch* detected him, mumming as Louis Philippe Lazarus.

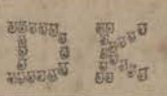
And, therefore, is the weekly sheet of *Punch* prohibited throughout free and sunny France! *And*, therefore, does *Punch* appeal to the gallantry and magnanimity of the smuggler, that, by the beneficent aid of the wiles of contraband, he may still, in despite of Louis Philippe, exercise a high Moral Influence over his unhappy subjects. He, it has been said, is a benefactor to man, who makes two ears of wheat grow where one only grew before. What, then, will be his reputation, who, by the genius of smuggling, causes two numbers of *Punch* to circulate in France, in places where one has been prohibited? Who shall enter into the sublimating feelings of that man? Not *Punch*: no—it would be presumptuous.

Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of acting as smugglers to *Punch* are requested to apply at his office from Monday next to Saturday inclusive, between the hours of 8 and 8; or to the Editor, who, with two of his agents, is now residing in the *Rue St. Honoré*, Paris. A preference will be given to ladies; *Punch* having, in his various continental trips, observed that the softer and more innocent sex smuggle with an ease, a graceful audacity, far beyond the power of that sophisticated creature—Man.

Handsome terms will be given to Members of Parliament—also to a few members of the Dramatic Authors' Society.

No Bishop need apply.

"Why did the town of Kensington appear in an inauspicious light on the evening of the Duchess of Kent's birth-day?"—Because it exhibited multiplied instances of



AN OBJECT WORTHY OF AIM.

It is rumoured that Government has acceded to Captain Warner's proposal, and has offered him the National Gallery for him to try the experiment with his projectile upon. As the pictures will, of course, be removed, this is indeed challenging the Captain to do his worst.

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PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XIX.

FROM A COUNTRY ACTOR TO A LONDON MANAGER, FOR AN ENGAGEMENT.

Dear Sir,

It may probably have escaped your recollection, that in the year ——, you did me the high honour to pay me a very flattering compliment on my acting—imperfect as it was — of *Catesby*. You then said, sir,— and I have treasured the words—that should it be ever your destiny to manage a London Theatre, you would be only too happy to make me one of your little set. Yes, sir, little set were the words! I am, indeed, sir, most happy to find by the newspapers that that time has arrived. It is a great day for the profession. Such an event has long been wanted; and at length Shakspere—that really great creature!—will have fair play done him. How happy, indeed, shall I be, if permitted in the smallest degree to assist in that national triumph!

To return, sir, to the compliment you so kindly paid to my *Catesby*. That, sir, was ten years ago, and—but "on their own merits modest men are dumb"— I flatter myself that an unceasing attention to my profession, and more especially to the advice you were pleased to give me, has made me not less worthy of applause. You may forget that advice—I never shall. The *Horatio* had been arrested coming to the theatre, and I studied the part from scene to scene. It was where *Hamlet* discovers *Ophelia's* death, and falls upon *Horatio's* neck. Pardon me! but can I ever forget the point—the telling point—you made there? Never! It was then you said to me "My good sir, I have been much pleased with your attention—very much pleased—you are in the rough, very much in the rough at present; in fact you know nothing: but keep your eye on me—do as I do—exactly as I do—and you can't be wrong." From that moment, sir, I set you up as my model, and—but friends are partial—I have been told that the resemblance between our styles of acting is extraordinary.

You may possibly have forgotten me, and therefore will excuse it, if I remind you that my figure is good, indeed much improved since we met. My voice is powerful; its intonation—I have been told—like Kean's (of course I mean Edmund),—my face expressive, and capable of any sort of making up—and for my study, I can swallow anything. With all this, sir, I shall be very happy to come in as one of the team. Yes, sir, all I want is opportunity: the chance of playing before a London audience, quite convinced that the rest is in myself, and *must come out*.

On the other side I forward a list of parts. I have gained—I may say it—great reputation in the provinces in all of them. The *Stranger* is a favourite bespeak part of mine—and my *Claude Melnotte* a great hit with all the boarding schools. Some critics have given the palm to my *Macbeth*, and some to my *Jonathan Bradford*. If I may be allowed to have any opinion, I think them both equally good in their way, though, I need not say to you, requiring different touches from the artist. Still, he must be something of a painter who can use the delicate camel-hair of that great creature Shakspere, and the four-pound brush of the melodramatist. My sailors, too, have been accounted remarkably good; especially at the seaports. I have played *William* in the Surrey trash of *Black-Eyed Susan*, in a way to make T. P. Cooke shake in his shoe-buckles. I could say more, but it is painful to speak of one's self. I therefore take the liberty of forwarding with this, a small book in which you will find a great number of criticisms, carefully pasted from the first provincial papers of the day. They have been preserved by my wife; for though not insensible of the power of the press, I myself make it a point never to look into a newspaper.

Speaking of my wife,—can you find a corner for her? A clever little chambermaid—sings well and all that—and a faultless breeches figure. It is often difficult for a husband to speak of a wife's merits, but sometimes it must be done. The acting of Mrs. Wilkins is wonderfully natural. She has it born in her what other actresses have too often to labour for. She has such impulse! The French actors have a better word for it—*abandon*—yes, *abandon* is the word. Well, sir, other actresses may obtain this from art; now Mrs. Wilkins has it all by nature.

I have not spoken of salary, nor will I. On that point, sure am I, we shall be unanimous. All I want is London gaslight, for, indeed, I am tired of acting as I have too long acted, under a bushel. In a word, sir, "I am a poor man who'd fain grow richer," and hoping to be—in your old and long-prized words—"one of your little set,"

I remain, yours truly,

Bulcazem Wilkins.

LETTER XX.

THE MANAGER'S ANSWER.

Sir,

It has been my misfortune to play with so many provincial *Catesbys* — a part, by the way, singularly neglected in all country theatres—that, at the date you name, it is almost impossible for me to have any recollection of your merits. I think, however, you were then the sucking actor who entirely marred my fifth act. I think Wilkins was the name. If you are, I am glad to hear that you are improved; though I would rather have that fact certified by any other authority. If, however, you are the Wilkins I mean, you have at least this consolation—worse you cannot be. It is quite true that I have entered on the arduous task of management, and I cannot consent to make that task more irksome by adding to my difficulties, on the strength of a promise made I know not when—where—or to whom. I am afraid that frequent acts of civility when playing in the provinces have been sadly misinterpreted; for you are at least the twentieth applicant that has applied to me upon the encouragement of some vague compliment meant for nothing—nothing I assure you.

And now, sir, I will give you a small piece of valuable counsel. You are an actor (at least you say so); well, never promise what you will do when you become a manager. Only praise an author's piece, and regret that you have no power to bring it out—(if you had, ha! how happy you should be!)—well, sir, you praise it and think you have done with it. Why, in ten or fifteen years' time you become a manager, and back comes the piece to you with your own commendatory letter, and the post of an author claiming the fulfilment of your implied service. It might be difficult, but were my time to come over again, I should in these matters endeavour to speak the truth. Never say what you 'll do when you become a manager. It is just like a Prince of Wales promising what he 'll do when he becomes king: flummery, sir—polite flummery.

With your great natural qualifications of figure, face, and voice, it would only distress me to see such fine advantages thrown away upon mere utility, could I even offer you that—and anything beyond is entirely impossible. You are not a man for the team; no, but a racer that should start upon his own account. There is, no doubt, a plate for you somewhere, though not at my theatre.

Your list of parts is certainly very long. You seem to have played in everything, except one piece—*The Bashful Man*.

I have not read the criticisms you sent, but I at once detected the source of their eulogy—tobacco and gin and water. Such criticisms must be valuable, for they have every appearance of having cost you a great deal.

Your praise of Mrs. Wilkins does honour to your feelings as a man and a husband; but the chambermaids are filled.

Your obedient Servant,

Magnus Puff.

Hints to Visiting and Relief Societies.

HAVING entered a poor person's dwelling, behave as if it were your own. Do not wait to be asked to sit down. If you are a gentleman keep your hat on.

Address the male occupant of the house as "My Good Man," and his wife as "My Good Woman;" or if you find it necessary to assert your dignity, omit the "Good" altogether. Say "Boy," and "Girl," to the children, as the case may be. Your first object is, to impress the visited with a due sense of their distance from yourself. For this reason, if they remain standing in your presence, never suggest that they should sit.

Inquire in the most direct and unceremonious way possible, what their rent is—how they are employed—what amount they earn—and in what manner they spend it? Insist on knowing exactly how much they give for coals; what quantity they burn; and what becomes of the cinders? Find out their exact consumption of potatoes; and whether they are economical in paring them. Interrogate them with similar minuteness with respect to meat, bread, cheese, butter, tea, coffee, vinegar and pepper. Ask if their sugar is sixpenny or sevenpenny? Whether any of them take tobacco or snuff; and especially, if they ever indulge in beer or spirituous liquors. Reprehend, sternly, the slightest excess or waste that you may detect in any of the above respects: and if the expenditure has not been limited to the merest necessaries, lecture them on it well.

Ask when they go to bed; at what time they get up; at what hour they breakfast, dine, and sup? Request to be allowed to look into their drawers and cupboards, to see what there is in them. Smell every bottle you find. Take notes of every pot, pan, kettle, cup, saucer, phial, and gallipot, in the house. Demand to know what articles of apparel or furniture they have in pawn, and to see the duplicate for each. Make them tell you what they do with their rags; and how they are situated in regard to soap. Insist on being minutely informed how each of the family spends every portion of his or her time; and animadvert strongly on any application thereof to rest or recreation.

Having read the whole round of them a severe homily on any imprudence or mismanagement of their household and affairs that you may have elicited, give them, provided they appear sufficiently abashed, a ticket for sixpennyworth of relief, accompanied by a penny tract. Let your gift be made with an air of lofty condescension; retire majestically, and go home to your three courses and dessert.

JOINVILLE AT HERNE BAY.

THE French papers continue to threaten invasion. Should a *casus belli* occur, we understand from the same undoubted authority that supplies exclusive intelligence to the *Herald* and *Standard*, that Herne Bay, like Mogador, will be the first place destroyed by French cannon. Imagine the bulletin of JOINVILLE—"*Herne Bay est écrasé!*" From other sources we learn that, out of gallantry to MRS. THWAITES, the benevolent foundress of that marine city, it will not be destroyed. No; JOINVILLE knows too well the value of the place, and will spare it. Once possessed of the pier, he will, by means of the two guns that now so gallantly defend it, command the Channel. He has only to sit in the drawing-room of the Dolphin Hotel, and, by the aid of the respected landlord's very excellent telescope, mark out every merchantman as she passes, and our trade is destroyed. If Herne Bay is not the key of the Thames, it is at least the pick-lock; and France, with such a pick-lock in her hand, may in a very little time enter the Tower of London!

As journalists, as patriots, we are bound to give all the intelligence within our power. As to its truth, we leave that to be discovered by idle people, who have nothing better to do. Our first business is to fill our paper. We learn, then, that Herne Bay, once possessed by JOINVILLE, transports will immediately land troops. We can imagine the frantic bravery of the two policemen of the Bay—(who, as they wear no figures on their collars, may, although two, be said to be numberless)—we can imagine each of them a COCLES on a British bridge, madly defying the invading Gaul. Vain, vain is their valour. The policemen—as we are positively assured—will be shot through the body, and the toll-gate successfully carried; the lives of the toll-keepers being graciously spared on their delivering into the hands of the conqueror all their halfpence!

PRINCE JOINVILLE will then establish his head-quarters at the Dolphin. Insultingly wiping his brow with a copy of the *Times*, he will sit down, and, in a tone of heroic derision, call for "a bifstick and a pot of port-*er*." These things discussed, he will immediately command LILLY, the postman, to be seized, in order to cut off the too rapid communication with Canterbury.

The troops will soon land, JOINVILLE having sent for a large force of cavalry, which, from the peculiar openness of the streets of Herne Bay, can act with the greatest efficiency. Many of the streets, too, have this double advantage; they not only supply room but forage—the potato crops being excellent.

The authorities, including the town-crier and the post-mistress, will be immediately seized, but, if possible, respected. They will be confined in the bathing-machines; and both doors being nailed up, victuals will be supplied to them through the windows.

All the boarding-schools will be invested; and at least one officer quartered on each. PRINCE JOINVILLE, however, with those humanizing feelings which make war so very respectable, will quarter at no school any officer who has not the true Parisian accent, so that the French studies of the pupils may not be deteriorated.

Punch—trembling for his own Herne Bay—has visited and surveyed it. Doing nothing by halves, he has himself sounded for anchorage. In all candour, he cannot say much for the bottom, but the water is excellent.

Punch does not look upon Herne Bay as lost, if Government will only attend to his advice. We have the Cinque Ports: there is much in a name; let there be the Six Ports, and let Herne Bay make up the half-dozen!

Punch also suggests a most efficient mode of defence. The world—says the author of *Coningsby*—is ruled by the Hebrew mind. Now let an officer of the Jewish persuasion be in readiness on the pier (by-the-by there generally is one), and when JOINVILLE lands, let the said officer immediately serve him with a copy of a writ. Generals who have faced many pounders, have been known to run from writs.

THE ROYAL RODS.

THE papers state that two splendid fishing-rods have been presented to PRINCE ALBERT and the PRINCE OF WALES. The construction of the rod intended for the infant Prince is quite different from what has been stated. It is composed of a number of slender twigs of that ornament of our woods and forests, the birch; bound together at one end, so as to form a handle, with gold and silver wire. We may also assert that it has not been put into the PRINCE OF WALES's hands at all; but into those of his Royal Papa; who, we believe, has for the present entrusted it to those of LADY LYTTELTON, with directions to use it when necessary.

A Remonstrance.

How can'st thou, *Punch*, with pen of gall
The Mansion-house assail,
And hint that in its festive hall
The ancient glories fail?

Its name unchanged, its rank increased,
E'en satire must allow;
Last year LORD HUMPHREY spread the feast,
DUKE HUMPHREY rules it now.

GENEROSITY REWARDED.—PRINCE JOINVILLE and the French gunners, who so distinguished themselves at Tangier, have been appointed honorary members of the Royal Humane Society.

A FRENCH "MODEL FARM" IN AFRICA.

THE French, having possessed themselves of Algiers, have in the most praiseworthy manner set about cultivating the soil. This is nothing but right—the proper payment of a debt due to dear, ill-used mother earth. Having committed a hundred *razzias* (a new word in the rich vocabulary of military glory,) upon the Moors, having burnt their crops, destroyed their villages, and carried away everything that could be made into rations, they have now turned farmers themselves, in the sincerity of their compunction determining to eat of the fruits of their own labour—the fruits of pillage having become scarce and so uncertain. To follow out this noble intention, numbers of model farm-houses have been constructed in France, and shipped for Algeria. We give a correct sketch of one of these abodes of rustic peace and happiness, and are furthermore enabled to lay before the reader the translation of a letter, sent by a cultivator of the soil to his kindred in France. It is valuable, as showing that whatever the difficulties of the farming interest may be in England, they are, nevertheless, not to be compared to the agricultural struggle in Africa.

My dear Parents, *August* 25, 1844, *Mon Repos, Algiers.*

Your kind letter, strange to say, found me alive. You ask me to send you an account of our Model Farm. I inclose a picture of it, by which you will see the happy security we dwell in. The farm is surrounded by a stockade, and we mount not less than fifty forty-two pounders; these are constantly double loaded with grape of the very best vintage. Thus, our guns bear upon our fields, if nothing else does. Indeed, everything about us may be said to be shooting, except the crops. Still I do not despair. Two months ago we ploughed two hundred Arabs into a field of four acres, and find they are coming up very nicely in turnips. For agricultural glory, there is nothing like bone-dust.

Indeed, it is amazing to see how glory blesses us in this country. We feed the Gallic cock upon small-shot; and, strange to say, the hens lay nothing but bullets. Indeed, such is the vigilance of the Arabs, that we are compelled to stand to our guns at milking time, and feed the pigs with fixed bayonets. We are, however, exercising the milkmaids in platoon firing, and trust they are quite able to take the field with the cows, now that the guns, which they are to carry, have been provided us.

We yesterday held a court-martial on the sentinel who mounted guard at the ducks' house; a party of the enemy having scaled the wall at night, and carried off our only brood of ducklings. The drake and duck were found with their throats cut. Were there ever such barbarous villains as these Arabs! The sentinel was shot this morning at six, with all the honours. Although the villains stole our ducks, they fortunately missed the onions; I say fortunately, for they might have found, at least, a rope apiece.

We are, however, preparing for a grand operation. We have deposited an immense quantity of gunpowder under the dunghill. We purpose to appear off our guard—shall suffer the enemy to scale our stockade, plant their banners on our dunghill, and then—as they think, in the moment of victory—blow them to atoms! Thus may true glory be obtained, like mushrooms, even from a dunghill!

You will, from the above, judge of the charming excitement of our country life; of the delightful employment of cultivating beet-root and laurels in the same field. You will ——

—— But I am called away. Our shepherd has just returned without his nose and ears. Our two sheep are carried off! We hasten to make a *sortie* to avenge the honour of outraged France! *Vive la gloire—vive la France, jusqu'à la mort!* Alexis Bonhomme, Pig-Adjutant.

P.S. The villains are conquered—but we have lost our Goose-master General (Monsieur Jacotot), who, you may inform his relatives, will be irrevocably

BOUND IN MOROCCO.

THE WOODEN-SHOE AND THE BUFFALO-INDIANS.*

ALL travellers agree in stating that the powerful tribe of Wooden-Shoe Indians occupies a large tract of territory on the Great Salt-water Lake, opposite the island inhabited by the Roast-Buffalo tribe. The two tribes have been at war from time immemorial; the Wooden-Shoes hating and cursing the Roast-Buffaloes, and the Buffalo having, in turn, the greatest contempt for his neighbour across the Lake.

The Wooden-Shoes are particularly bitter against the Buffaloes, because the latter are the only tribe in America over whom the Shoes have not obtained an advantage The Shoes are the most violent and quarrelsome people of the Continent: they live by robbery and pillage: they are little skilled in trade; hence, probably, their dislike to it, and their extreme fondness for war.

A Chief, to have any authority over them, has hitherto been in a manner obliged to lead them to the war-path; for, when left to themselves, they are so quarrelsome that they are sure to be cutting each other's throats; and the Sachems wisely consider it is best that their braves should be employed against the enemy than in the ruinous practice of internecine slaughter. Many moons ago, there was an unlucky Chief of the Wooden-Shoes, the *Manchon Blanc* or *White Muff* by name, who was of rather a peaceful disposition. The Wooden-Shoes scalped him and his wife, lifted the war-hatchet, burst into the territories of the neighbouring tribes, and such was the vigour of their onset, that at first all the Continent was subdued by them, and made to pay tribute to the victorious Wooden-Shoes.

They were led, at this proud period of their conquests, by a chief who was called in their language, *Le Petit Caporal*, a warrior of undaunted courage and amazing savageness and cunning. He conquered all the Continent; and, though of a low origin himself, carried off from the Great Father of the Pipe-Smoking Indians a daughter, whom he brought home to his wigwam, putting away his first wife for the purpose. But the successes of the *Petit Caporal* were of brief duration. The tribes allied themselves against him; and, headed by the Roast-Buffalo Indians, whom he had never been able to master, they overcame and utterly annihilated him.

They held a council after the victory, and determined on restoring the government of the Wooden-Shoes to a younger brother of the Sachem who had been scalped by the tribe. The Wooden-Shoes, however, indignant that foreigners should intermeddle in the concerns of their government, determined to get rid of the family so imposed upon them; and, though they allowed the first chief (he was called the *Fat Turtle*) to reign and die unmolested, they took occasion to seize upon his brother, who succeeded the *Turtle*, and turned him out of the government, and out of their territory.

We now come to the chief subject of the present memoir—the famous old chief who has been called by his countrymen *La Vieille Poire*, and who has reigned over them for fifteen years.

La Vieille Poire was a relation of the *Fat Turtle*, and his family (a younger branch) had incessantly been quarrelling with the elder for the chieftainship. The *Poire's* father conspired against the old chief, who was scalped in the outbreak, and had hoped to seize the government when the *Vieux Manchon* was murdered, but the people scalped the pair of them; on which the *Poire*, who was then a young warrior distinguishing himself in the trail of the enemy along with the other braves of the Wooden-Shoes, fled away from his native tribe, having no fancy to leave his top-knot to dry on the pole alongside of his father's.

Vieille Poire then rubbed off the war-paint of the Wooden-Shoes, and joined the Buffalo Indians, tattooing himself as much as possible after the manner of that tribe. He lived about among the Buffaloes as well as he could, and finally came back to his own tribe with the *Fat Turtle*, when that chief was restored. In the delight of his heart, the *Turtle* forgave the *Poire* all the evil his father had done, and restored to him the paternal wigwam. The people revolted for a second time against *Fat Turtle*, when the *Poire* persuaded them that he was the very man for their purpose, and accordingly they elected him their Sachem.

Since then the *Poire* has attained a position vastly too secure to be ever ousted from it, and now governs the Wooden-Shoe tribe in spite of themselves. As they were a very rebellious, captious race, the *Poire* surrounded the principal village of the Wooden-Shoes with blockhouses, which he filled with his own braves, who are ready to fire upon the other Wooden-Shoes, if they make the least disturbance or revolt.

In the last 15 years, the *Poire's* children have grown up, have taken squaws of their own, and the *papoosey* now begin to swarm about their lodges.

Last year the *Poire* sent one of his sons, called the *Belle Poule*, or *Fat Hen*, on a visit to the Buffaloes. They showed him their Island, and he thought it was very rich, abounding in game, firs, and wealth of every kind—the young braves who went in the canoe with the *Belle Poule*, looked upon the Virgins of the Buffaloes and panted for the day when they should set their wigwams blazing, scalp the young men of the tribe, and carry off the girls to their own lodges.

The young men of the Buffaloes—who have been thinking too much of their hunting and trapping, their fishing and trading, and who, from a long habit of beating the Wooden-Shoes, have got to despise them perhaps too much—are meanwhile beginning to awake and get angry too. "Shall we who crushed their fathers," they say, "allow these little savage Wooden-Shoes to bluster and threaten? Are they to go on for ever whirling their tomahawks, singing their war-songs, firing their rifles within an inch of our noses, and the Buffaloes never to show their horns?"

To this, there is an *Old White Bison* among the Buffaloes who replies. He is very old, very white, very wise, and very brave—perhaps the bravest chief now known in the world—for he has been more often on the trail of the Wooden-Shoes than any known warrior, and he it was who took the scalp of the Great Brave of the Wooden-Shoes, the cruel and terrible *Petit Caporal*. "The Wooden-Shoes," says he, "sing and chatter like women; the Buffaloes are men. He who is silent can see and hear better than he who talks. He who is still can take better aim than he who is running. If the Wooden-Shoes dig up the hatchet, the Buffaloes will take it up; and they know how to wield it better than any brave among the Wooden-Shoes. But it is better that their young warriors should brag, than that our lodges should burn. The yelping of curs only frightens children. The Buffaloes are men. I have spoken. Hech!"

* * * * *

At this interesting period the document kindly furnished us by MR. JONES ceases; and we know not what was the cause of the dispute between the two tribes. He states that the accompanying savage design, depicting the war-dance of these wild men, contains pretty accurate portraits of the chief of the Wooden-Shoes (LOUIS PHILIPPE); of *Belle Poule* (JOINVILLE), his son; of the *Solemn Owl* (GUIZOT), the chief Medicine of the tribe, a grave and peaceful chief; of the little *Cock-Sparrow* (THIERS), a very savage and mischievous little Wooden-Shoe, who has never been on the war-path himself, but has a great skill in inflaming his comrades; and of the *Old Bald Eagle* (SOULT), a great warrior of the tribe, who has often engaged with the *Old White Bison* of the Buffaloes. The *Old Bison* has had the better of him in all their battles, and has taken his top-feathers several times—hence the barrenness of his poll at present. But the two old Braves respect each other very much nevertheless, and know too much about war to plunge into it hastily, like some of the young braves of either side.

* From "Walks and Wanderings in the Wilderness and Wigwams," a forthcoming work upon the Virgin Forests of North America, by that eminent traveller, GEORGE JONES.

A Nursery Rhyme—for "Young France."

HE that bombards and runs away,
Will live to bombard another *Dey*:
But he that is in battle slain,
Will never bombard no *Moor* again.

JOINVILLE.

MONTGOMERY ON STEAM.

SATAN MONTGOMERY apostrophised our bell-ringer the other day thus: "Hail BOANERGES! Railway JUPITER! thou bellower august! bid thy colossal tocsin peal, outboom the thunders, shattering the spheres; with wild and dread dismemberment crumbling the dynasties of Night and Chaos: roll on, thou brazen-tongued, in gong-like accents; far and wide, through time, through space, through darkness, undismayed, the astounding fact proclaim, 'The railway coach starts at 6 P.M.'"

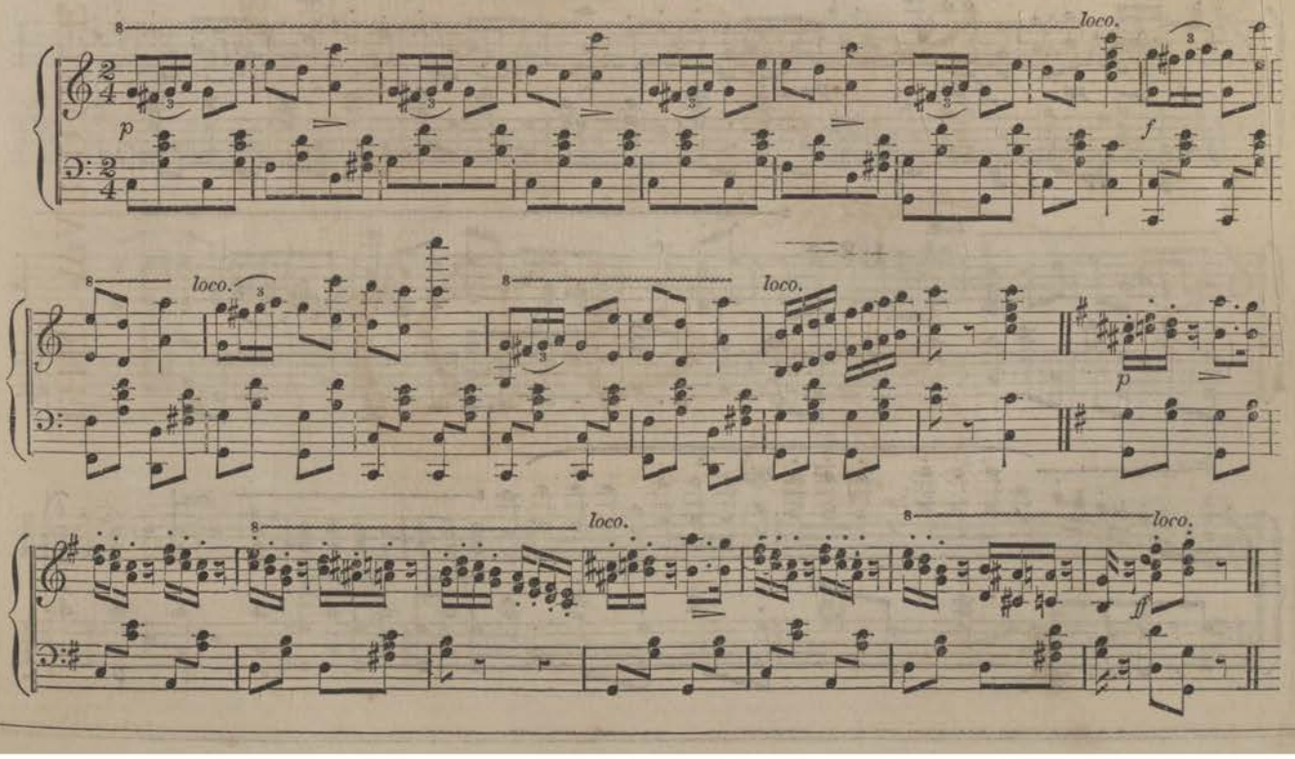
THE WAR-DANCE OF THE FRENCH WILD MEN:

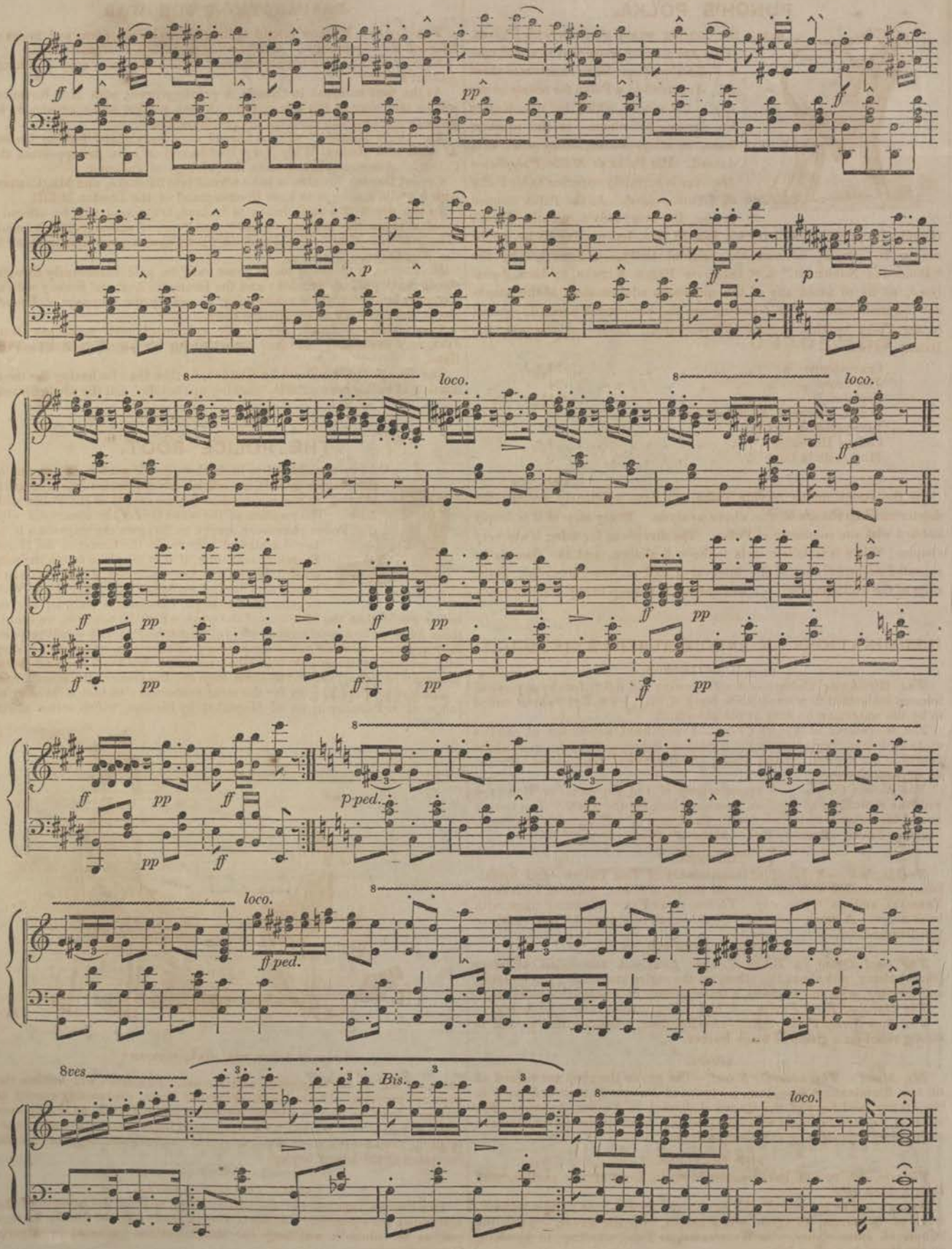
As at Present Performed.

PUNCH'S OWN POLKA.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR, AND CONDESCENDINGLY DEDICATED TO

Baron Nathan.

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PUNCH'S POLKA.

REALLY the dancing world abounds with Polkas. They are so numerous that it would take a Polka Encyclopædia to enumerate them all. JULLIEN has a Polka for nearly every day in the month, which he names after the persons by whom,—or the squares, lanes, or alleys where,—they were first danced. His Polka *de Mdlle. Polyphema Hopkins* is certainly superior to his Polka *de Hanway-yard*. As the Polka seemed to be in everybody's mouth, *Punch* thought he might as well try his foot at one, but wishing to be, as he always is, *unique*, he sent the original Polka,—as invented by the "Bohemian Nobleman," A. D. 1843,—to BARON NATHAN, to have it analysed, so as to avoid any of the numerous adulterations of this much-deteriorated dance. The following are the component parts discovered in the Polka by that greatest Terpsichorean LIEBIG of the age, the BARON NATHAN:—

Cracovienne	$31\frac{4}{10}$
Jim Crow	24
Cachuca	$15\frac{13}{10}$
Waltz, Galopade, Sauteuse, &c.	13
Ioway-Indian Dance	9
College Hornpipe	$7\frac{9}{10}$
Minuet de la Cour	0
	100

In the compounding of Our Polka, we have studiously avoided the deleterious ingredients of the above analysis. Every step of it is deeply imbued with the sublimate of Polka. The directions for using it are very simple. When it is taken, it is to be well shaken, and the dose to be repeated every evening, at the interval of half an hour, according to the state of the Polka patient. We will warrant it to keep in any drawing-room.

ILLUMINATIONS ON PRINCE ALBERT'S BIRTH-DAY.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The Waithman Column.—A soft glowing red light, fed by a piece of tobacco embedded in a small white bowl of clay. The light was attended to by the waterman on duty at the cab-stand.

The Monument at King's Cross.—A continued succession of candles up to midnight, beginning in the beer-shop below, and finishing at about twelve in the camera obscura above, which serves at night as the bedroom of the proprietor.

The Nelson Column.—A transparency of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA—with the committee at his feet, thanking him for the £500. The boards round the column embellished with the fresco of a Greenwich pensioner, begging, drawn extremely fine. Motto—"*Dinner* forget."

PALACES.

Buckingham.—A beautiful transparency of TOM THUMB—and medallions, surrounded with gold-coloured lamps, of GRISI, STRAUSS, THALBERG, PERSIANI, and an Ojibbeway. VICTORIA, as FAME, crowning them with bank notes. A small statue of "SHAKSPEARE compressed," just visible in the distance.

PUBLIC OFFICES.

The Seal Office in Inner Temple Lane.—A succession of lamps (three) rising, one above the other, up the entire staircase of the building, and forming, with the windows, a transparency of remarkable softness.

The Office of First Fruits.—A highly illuminated early gooseberry.

The Bow Street Police-Office.—At the door, a lantern thrown out in strong relief on a girdle of black leather.

SHOPS.

Mr. Moon's, Threadneedle Street.—The gas in the shop not turned off till ten, illuminating seventeen portraits of PRINCE ALBERT dedicated to the QUEEN, and forty of the QUEEN dedicated to PRINCE ALBERT. The effect of this arrangement was very pleasing, from its wonderful contrast, each portrait presenting a different feature.

THE THEATRES.

Victoria.—A row of baked-potato-boys, in front of the portico, with their lighted cans.

Astley's.—The letters "P. A." here, over the Pit-door; and a transparency of Britannia, riding on seven horses, over the waves, towards the temple of Immortality, with WIDDICOMB, as Time, standing, in hessians, on the steps, to receive her.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

THE LONDON MISSION intend visiting the principal ports and towns of England to preach peace. A recruiting serjeant accompanies them.

Every regiment has been presented with a facsimile copy of PRINCE ALBERT'S Hat.

At the first outbreak in Canada, a printing-press, with MR. ROEBUCK, will be sent over to the insurgents. A free pardon and a pension to be given to any one who survives his proclamations.

An "Ugly Brigade" will be formed as a body-guard for the Queen. A celebrated Radical-Whig-Tory Ex-Chancellor is to be appointed the Colonel. Americans are to have the privilege of enlisting.

Covent Garden Theatre is to be turned into barracks, and MR. CARTER, with his wild beasts, is to have the command of the London Militia.

In the event of a disturbance in Ireland, O'CONNELL will be offered a pension twice the amount of his "rent," or, if necessary, to be made Master of the Mint. The Pacificator is to have a good appointment in the War Office.

M. THIERS, and the French press, will be paid handsomely to write strong Anglophobian articles; and the Dramatic Authors' Society will, as a compensation for their trade being ruined by the stoppage of French pieces, have the job of translating them.

The regimental bands are to be reinforced with musicians from JULLIEN'S orchestra. JULLIEN himself, with his piccolo, will defend the Bank.

The *Punch Office* will not be fortified, further than its having the usual number of enthusiasts outside, blocking up the office and the whole Strand.

THE POLICE BOOT.

O! (we are obliged to begin thus, gentle reader, on account of the graphic initial), an official advertisement has appeared, offering to receive tenders for the supply of the Police with boots. The mention of the word tender, in connexion with the Police *chaussure*, ought, as SHAKSPEARE expresses it, to breed a kind of remorse in the breast of the Home Secretary—at least, if it is his place to see the men shod. We do not know who SIR JAMES GRAHAM'S boot-maker is, and we do not care; but if the Wellingtons of the Right Honourable Baronet are no better made than the Bluchers of the corps which he controls, we should think he must be a good patient of MR. EISENBERG'S; and would respectfully ask how he is off for corn-plaster? Policemen, surely, must vary with respect to their feet, like other mortals; but their boots (if boots they may be called) are of two sorts only, the too small and the too large.

The latter class are by far the most numerous; so that it is easy to judge of a Policeman, as of Hercules, by his foot, which seems about

"THIS IS ABOUT THE MARK, I THINK?"

twice as big as anybody elses, and *Ex pede Policeman* will become the popular proverb. These boots, or rather boats, presumably consist of leather; but they look as clumsy, awkward, and inflexible, as if they were made of cast-iron. We hail as a symptom of improvement, the announcement in the advertisement alluded to, that no guarantee is given for the reception of the lowest tender.

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

THE French dispatches of the battle of Isly mention the capture of the EMPEROR'S son's *parasol!* MARSHAL BUGEAUD has claimed this for his own use, as he thinks it will keep the laurels he has gathered in Algeria from withering.

THE BROUGHAM PORTRAIT.

We stated in our last, that Lord Brougham intended to present his portrait, in a plain frame, to every English attorney. We are now enabled to give the picture, with a copy of the letter which accompanied it.

"Dear ———, "*Brougham, August* 25, 1844.

"Herewith you have my portrait, in a plain frame. It has often been a matter of surprise to me, that whereas almost every attorney's office is decorated with either a portrait of Lord Ellenborough, Lord Eldon, or some such worthy,—that in no one instance did I ever see, or was it ever made known to me, that the portrait of Lord Brougham was ever similarly honoured. How is this? After much pondering, I must confess my inability to know, unravel, or discover, the cause of the omission. For have I not dedicated a life to a reform of the laws—have I not for thirty years been cleansing the profession from the moral feculence with which extortionate costs had defiled it? I have enemies—thank Heaven! I have enemies—but when all their malignity is vented, *this* they must allow,—that Harry Brougham has done more to destroy costs (those harpies that feed upon the poor and the unfortunate) than any other legislator from the time of Bacon. And, therefore, is it most surprising that a portrait of Brougham is never to be found in an attorney's office!

IN THIS STYLE, 1s.

"Naturally anxious to remedy this omission, I forward you the accompanying print (like my late friend, O'Connell's) in a plain frame. It is reckoned very much like me—though, between ourselves, I think it wants elevation: it has not a sufficiently encyclopædic stare.

"You will hang it, sir, in your office—you will, I trust, place it in a favourable position, that your clerks, while making out your bills of costs, may now and then raise an eye to my *vera effigies*, and, by so doing, never forget how much the profession owes to,

"Yours faithfully,

BROUGHAM.

"P.S. I perceive that a few crass attornies have called a meeting 'to counteract the operation' of my 'New Insolvent Act,' as being 'injurious' to them. It is an odd coincidence, but at that very time the foxes in my neighbourhood—as I understand—called a meeting 'to counteract the operation' of the watch-dogs, that in the most injurious manner protected the fowls and geese."

HORRORS OF WAR.—THE DRAMATISTS' PETITION.

We are informed that the following petition lies at the office of the Dramatic Authors' Society for signature. It has already received very many influential names. It is a sort of private remonstrance to Lord Aberdeen: nevertheless, we believe we are violating no confidence in laying it before the world, and soliciting—which we do most earnestly—the active sympathy and assistance of all whom it may concern:—

"My Lord,—Your petitioners have for some years exercised the profession, or handicraft, of dramatists. That is, they have continually and anxiously watched the movements of our natural enemies, the French; with the patriotic determination of always making the most of them. Hence, the French have never put forth anything that your petitioners have not immediately done the best to take it. That your petitioners have very frequently succeeded, is triumphantly shown by the playbills of all the London theatres.

"Many of your petitioners are yearly subscribers to the foreign library of Mons. Delaporte; and they submit that having, in the full reliance of peace, only recently paid their annual subscription, any hostility between the two countries would tend to the complete forfeiture of all such money paid for the early transmission of French dramas—such dramas being, like grouse, of a most perishable description.

"Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that you will on no account undertake a war against France; war always being, to most people, attended with disastrous results; but, in the case of your petitioners, with ruin most complete and final.

"Your petitioners earnestly entreat you to consider the forlornness of their condition, in the event of war. They are incapable of any other labour save that of translation, which (for many years) has afforded them a decent subsistence. Utterly unacquainted with the process by which a plot is made—incapable of the least invention of character—and wholly at a loss to find a language of their own to express themselves, they put it to your Lordship's generous consideration to imagine their destitution in the event of such a catastrophe as a war with France. All other wars are, perhaps, allowable; especially Indian and Chinese wars, they being very dramatic in their character, and affording the finest opportunity for entirely new scenery, dresses, and decorations.

"Your petitioners further state it as their belief, that several of their distinguished body are at this moment in Paris, in the delightful and praiseworthy pursuit of knowledge at the various metropolitan theatres; and your petitioners therefore trust—in case of the worst—that Lord Cowley will be instructed to demand passports for their brethren; or, if that be impossible, to cause whatever 'effects' they may have obtained on the French stage, to be immediately transmitted to this country, for the benefit of the fraternity in general.

"And further—if a war be inevitable, your petitioners trust that all the effects of Frenchmen residing in England will be immediately seized and confiscated for the compensation of the dramatists undersigned.

"And your petitioners will ever pray (*prey*)."

THE IMPUDENCE OF STEAM.

Over the billows and over the brine,
Over the water to Palestine!
Am I awake, or do I dream?
Over the Ocean to Syria by steam!
My say is sooth, by this right hand;
A steamer brave
Is on the wave,
Bound, positively, for the Holy Land!
Godfrey of Bulloigne, and thou,
Richard, lion-hearted King,
Candidly inform us, now,
Did you ever?
No you never
Could have fancied such a thing.
Never such vociferations
Enter'd your imaginations
As the ensuing—
"Ease her, stop her!"
"Any gentleman for Joppa?"
"'Mascus, 'Mascus?" "Ticket, please, sir."
"Tyre or Sidon?" "Stop her, ease her!"
"Jerusalem, 'lem! 'lem!"—"Shur! Shur!"
"Do you go on to Egypt, Sir?"
"Captain, is this the land of Pharaoh?"
"Now look alive there! Who 's for Cairo?"
"Back her!" "Stand clear, I say, old file!"
"What gent or lady 's for the Nile,
"Or Pyramids?" "Thebes! Thebes! Sir!" "Steady!"
"Now, where 's that party for Engedi?"—
Pilgrims holy, Red Cross Knights,
Had ye e'er the least idea,
Even in your wildest flights,
Of a steam trip to Judea?
What next marvel Time will show,
It is difficult to say,
"Buss," perchance, to Jericho;
"Only sixpence all the way."
Cabs in Solyma may ply;—
—'Tis a not unlikely tale,—
And from Dan the tourist hie
Unto Beersheba by "rail."

PRINCE ALBERT'S MILITARY STUDIES.

From Windsor we learn His Royal Highness Prince Albert is taking daily lessons in soldiering; so that, in the event of a war—should the Prince de Joinville land a lot of troops on the English coast—Prince Albert will be ready at the head of his regiment to drive them all back again. We understand that the telescope, which is usually carried in the hand of a Commander in Chief during the action, has not evaded the keen eye of Prince Albert, who has been practising the telescope exercise four hours a day, with the very natural idea that he will be able to do more good by looking on at a distance, than by exposing himself to immediate danger on the actual field of battle. His Royal Highness has also been devoting much time to acquiring the exact tone of voice in which the Duke of Wellington uttered his celebrated exclamation "Up guards, and at 'em!" which is said to have been one of the causes of winning the battle of Waterloo. If a victory can be gained by such means as these, we have every hope that Prince Albert will twine the laurel of Fame round the peaceful jupp of his every-day costume.

SHAMEFUL CASE OF LETTER OPENING.

A TALE OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE.

We have received from a member of that absurd place of meeting the two following letters, which we print at his request :—

Sir, *August* 16, 1844.

You will see by the stamp on the paper, that I am a member of a club which shall be nameless—but spose its in George Street, Anover Square.

I ave friends, lovers of litteryture and members of that club. Halderman Codshead is a lover of litteryture and member of that clubb ; Mr. X-Sheriff Spettigue is a ditto ditto —and hah ! what tremlous ixitement and dalicious hinflux of joy I ave ad, when Selina Spettigew, in her kinary bonnit and pink muzzlin dress, attended our president's last lecture on Jericho ! I was introdewst to her by the sheriff that day. It was but the fommation of a *wild inheffable tremenduous* passion on my part.

I'm not the honly member of our club of the name of Jones, has you well know. I'm not only not the only Jones, but I'm not the only Samuel Jones—there's another S. J. (ang him, or if you will allow the stronger word, *pray don't hawk yourself,*) there's another Samuel, the capting, late of the Oxillary Legium, a great feller of near six foot high, with emence beard and mistaches, who always smoax his filthy sigars, and *swells and swaggers* hup and down the club-room as hif it was his own. Heven when Buckinham comes in, this great beast don't stir hisself or take hoff his at. You may then fansy what *a rood monster* he is. They say he killed two gents in jewels in Spain : and though he's *perpetualy hectaring* over me, of course *I* ain't a going to run the risk of gitten myself anged for the pleasure of shootin' him. Besides I never fired a pistol hoff in my life—but to my porpoise.

You must know this *beest* is always opening my letters. He's at the Hinstitute from morning till night, and has I can only stepp in of an evening when my estabblishment (Swan and Edgar's) is closed—of coarse he has *the pick and chews* of the letters that come in. And I have *my* letters directed there as well as he has. It's more fashnable.

In this way the blaggerd has red many scoars of my letters—those from my Ma and Sisters—those from my Aunt Cowdy in Liverpool—from all my friends in fact: for his curosity is perfectly *insashable*. But once when I opened one of *his* letters by mistake, the great *broot* snapt his fingers close to my nose, and swoar he'd pull it if he ever found me meddling with his corspondance again! The consquance now is, that I am halways ableeged to wait now until he has opened *both* our sets of letters, before I venter to look at mine. So that I hoft'n say (in bitterness of sperrit) "there's two on 'em at my letters, Sam Jones and Sir James Graham."

Well ! When I say I made a favorable impression on the art of Selina Spettigew, on the night of that Lectur on Jericho—I bleave I may say so without fear of going wrong.

Old Spettigew, who had been asleep during the lecter with his bandanner over his face, woak up where Buckinham came to a stop, and said to me,

"You 've taken care of my Selina, Mr. Jones."

"Sir," says I, "I ave," and Selina's i's and mine met ; and we blushed, *my*, how we did blush !

"I'll tell you what, Jones, my boy," says he, (he knows my fammaly,) "I'm blest if I don't ask you to dinner." My art beat an hunderd a minute ; I went and called a cab, and put the dear ladies in for Hunter Street, their fammaly manshan, and Spetty and I ad some supper at the Hinstatute, which I stood—the appiest of human beings !

* * * * *

Days roaled on—Spetty never asked me to dinner—I pined and pined as I thought of Selina. I did'nt call in Unter Street. Pride pravented me : and bisness hours isn't over till eight. I saw Spetty at the lectur on the tomb of Cheops' grandmother (dalivered by Mr. B.), but he evoided me. I was too prowd to notice him—*I* am not poor—*I* am not an adventurer seaking for faviours. My father is an aberdasher in the west of Hengland, I am in London honly for my heducation.

Fansy then my disgust one day at hearing that other Sam Jones—confound him—a standin' among a score of other chaps, roaring with lafter, and making no end of fun—and imagin my luxry at overearing him say—

"You know that little beast my namesake who comes to this infernal hole. He's a haberdasher's apprentice. I open all his letters by mistake —and have read every word about his mama, and his sisters, and his aunt Cowdy. Well sir, six weeks ago, old Spettigue was here with his daughter at Buck's lecture. The gal's a monstrous fine gal. I heard Spet say he would ask the little brute to dinner. I got his invitation ; answered it, and by Jove, sir, *I went*. Real turtle—and plenty of port after dinner."

Hearing this I was halmost busting with indignation. So I goes up to the other Samuel Jones and I says, "Sir," says I, "*your umble servant.*"

At this sarchasm the *beest* bust out laughing again—and all the other fellers as well—and has for me—I, sir, can bear it no longer.

Ham I to be robbed, my letters to be opened, to be bullied, laughed at, in this dastardly way ! No sir, as you have taken the affares of the Hinstitute in hand—I imploar you pint out the shameful impydince practised upon

Your constant reader,
Samuel Jones.

Sir, *B. & F. I. August* 18, 1844.

It 's too late now. You needn't put in that fust letter I wrote. It's no good : no ballsem to a broken art. Send me a straight waste-coat,

for I'm dizzystracted. I've jest read in the *Morning Post* the following :—

"Married at St. Pancras, by the Rev. Dr. Golightly, Samuel Jones, Esq., K.S.F., K.S.T., M.B. & F.I., late a Lieutenant in the service of her Most Catholic Majesty, to Selina Scramjaw, only daughter of Mortimer Spettigue, Esq. of Hunter Street, Brunswick Square."

It 's his reading my letters that has done it. *This* is the consequence of the spy system.

No more from your unappy

Samuel Jones.

THE KENSINGTON RAILWAY.

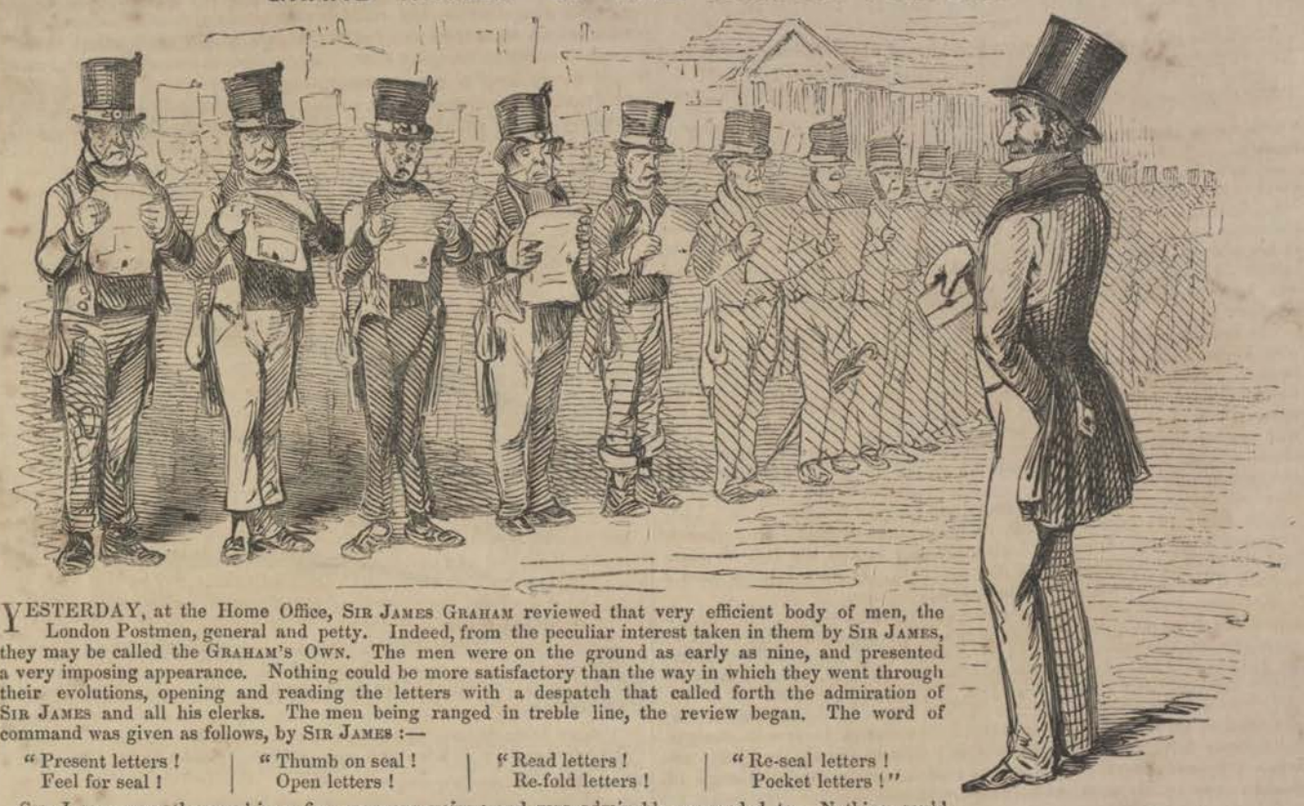
A PASSENGER AT LAST !

An omnibus suddenly drew up at the Kensington and Wormwood Scrubbs Little Western and No Junction Railway, at 35 m. p. 7, on Saturday evening last : the sensation created was immense. On the roof was observed a gentleman with a brown paper parcel ; the One Porter, in stupified amazement rushed to the omnibus—the Gentleman threw down his luggage, and scrambling down, demanded, in a trembling voice, if the "train was gone." Bewildered by the strange question, the porter could not answer, but, taking violently to his heels, ran over the way to feteh the Clerk. Five minutes afterwards, a person in shirt sleeves, emerged from the public-house opposite, and, with a curl on his lip, told the Gentleman "he was the Clerk." The Gentleman gave a convulsive twitch to his brown paper parcel, and mildly replied "he wished to go to Bath." A cry was immediately raised of "Where's the Stoker ?" and a pot-boy out of place, having volunteered as the Guard, was, after a consultation of five minutes between the Clerk and the till, despatched to Hammersmith for a half hundred-weight of coals. The steam, however, was got up in less than forty minutes, and, at about ½ p. 8, the *Special* train started, with its one passenger, for Bath. In the evening the office was lighted up with gas, and the Clerk invited the Conductor and Cad of the Omnibus to an elegant *souper* of Welsh rabbits and cheroots, in commemoration of this event. The beer was of the best XXX.

Malicious Report.

It is not true that Lord Brougham is at present editor of the *Morning Herald*. His letters to that paper, we believe, are paid for at the usual Standard rate of so many farthings a line.

GRAND REVIEW OF THE LONDON POSTMEN.



YESTERDAY, at the Home Office, SIR JAMES GRAHAM reviewed that very efficient body of men, the London Postmen, general and petty. Indeed, from the peculiar interest taken in them by SIR JAMES, they may be called the GRAHAM'S OWN. The men were on the ground as early as nine, and presented a very imposing appearance. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the way in which they went through their evolutions, opening and reading the letters with a despatch that called forth the admiration of SIR JAMES and all his clerks. The men being ranged in treble line, the review began. The word of command was given as follows, by SIR JAMES :—

"Present letters ! Feel for seal !	"Thumb on seal ! Open letters !	"Read letters ! Re-fold letters !	"Re-seal letters ! Pocket letters !"

SIR JAMES gave the word in a fine sonorous voice ; and was admirably responded to. Nothing could be more dexterous than the manner in which the postmen, by means of lucifer and wax, resealed the various missives. When wafers were to be used, the word of command was thus :—

"Wet wafer ! "Insert wafer ! "Stamp !"

The review over, SIR JAMES emphatically complimented the body on their efficiency ; and they were then dismissed for their several walks.

BEAUTIES OF THE POLICE COURT.

ONE CHRISTOPHER PRATT was charged at the Thames Police Office with an assault. Having made his way into the kitchen of the Camden's Head, Limehouse, he committed felony on a leg of lamb, by eating thereof. KETTLE, the pot-boy, remonstrated with the thief, when—

"He seized the boy by the neck and drew the knife which he had used in cutting the lamb several times across the lad's throat, at the same time uttering the most dreadful imprecations, mixed with awful threats, that if KETTLE ever uttered a word about the lamb, he'd certainly do for him. In drawing the knife across his throat PRATT inflicted two slight wounds in the lad's throat."

Subsequently, the boy informed his master, when PRATT learning this—

"Tapped him [KETTLE] on the shoulder and said, 'So, you have taken out a warrant against me?' KETTLE admitted that he had, upon which PRATT struck him a violent blow upon the stomach, which at the same time felled and doubled him up, so as nearly to deprive him of all sensation. Exhausted as he was, he, however, remembered that PRATT *first jumped with his whole weight upon his body, then knelt upon his chest, and seizing him violently by the throat, endeavoured to strangle him.*"

The boy, it is said, from extreme pain and debility gave his evidence with considerable difficulty.

And what was the punishment of this would-be cut-throat—this dastardly thief and ruffian !

Why, the majesty of the offended law fined him in the sum of four pounds, which, as he could not pay,—as he had not the wherewithal to buy the luxury of cutting a throat,—he was ignominiously consigned to the van, to be imprisoned for—one month !

Had he been indicted for stealing the meat his imprisonment might have been three times that duration.

Memorandum : a boy's throat is of less value than a leg of lamb.

INHUMAN REPRISALS.

IF the French madly rush into a war, the severest measures of vengeance will be taken by this Government. Every prisoner will be compelled to enter into the British and Foreign Destitute—with continual lectures on Jericho by MR. BUCKINGHAM !

REAL SCALPS! GREAT ATTRACTION.

MR. CATLIN, the importer of foreign curiosities for the English nation, lately advertised a most attractive dish. The Ioway Indians—he assured a refined, a humane, and discerning public—would dance the Scalp Dance with—real scalps ! Think of that, ladies and gentlemen ; the real skin and hair of a human creature. Is not that attractive ? As for the Ioways themselves, why by this time they are a common cold dish—but the scalp supplies the delicious pickles to the feast.

Still, we think the entertainment might be heightened. Scalping is, ordinarily, a fatal operation : nevertheless, men have been known to survive it. Why not then—for a crowning treat—why not engage a few desperate wretches, as the managers say, at an enormous expense, to submit to scalping—making it worth their while to risk life—and of course doubling the price of admission to the tasteful and curious public ? We really think the experiment would answer ; at all events, it would only be carrying out the delicate feeling which advertised the—"real scalps !"

We are happy to learn that Mr. CATLIN has engaged a party of Hottentots who will succeed the Ioways. After the real scalps, we presume they will be girdled with sheep's intestines, and every thing natural.

Where, alas ! will the romance of life hide itself ? We look in Cooper's novels upon glorious pictures of the majestic wild man—the proud, the indomitable, the disinterested—and he comes among us, and, with a torrent of native eloquence, begs for sixpences !

The Flattest Contradiction.

THE *Times* announces that it is now certain that LOUIS PHILIPPE is not coming over this year to England. We knew he never intended it, directly it was published that M. MONTALIVET had drawn from the *Liste Civile*, for the expenses of the journey, a sum of 3,000,000 francs ; especially as it was reported the money had been paid over to His Majesty.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XXI.

FROM A POOR RELATION.

My Dear Cousin,

Although so many years have passed since we last met—nay, since we last corresponded—I feel that I should do much wrong to the goodness of your heart, to the truth and dignity of our early friendship, did I fail to write to you in my present strait. Did I listen to the sarcasms of the worldly and ungenerous, I should suffer in silence—but my soul revolts from their harsh, cold creed, that confounds prosperity with selfishness, and makes a golden barrier between kin and kin. I fear it may be too true that a profitable commerce with the world is apt to change some men—but there are others whose lustre of soul nothing can dim. Let them possess the diamonds of Golconda, and their minds would remain to them priceless and unchangeable.

Though there has been silence between us, it has often delighted me to learn in this obscure nook that you were still increasing in worldly goods and in the respect of all men. I have sent you no line, yet have I spiritually again and again congratulated you on the happiness that a wise enjoyment of wealth bestows—on the enviable power of doing good to all around you. For I remembered the candour and generosity of your soul, and knew that riches would be only acceptable to you as bestowing a power to assist your fellow-creatures; that you would consider gold, not as the familiar of avarice, but as the beneficent charm of a fairy, by which you might profit and delight your species.

There are foolish, gossiping folks, whose pleasure it seems to be to set friends against friends: people, whose happiness (at least it would almost appear so) is to find or make a flaw in the best of hearts. Had I listened to them, I should have believed that you were desirous of forgetting all your poorer kindred; that you looked upon your good fortune as giving you the best right to deny your own blood; that, in a word, being rich, you were no longer of the family—that you had, in fact, been altogether new made by Plutus and had no relationship whatever with the Robinses. But how base, how wicked would it have been in me to believe in such a scandal!

"He has never written to any of you," these people would say—"depend upon it, he looks upon you all as a disgrace—as blots upon his finer fortune." But I knew too well that every moment of your time was occupied—that you had so many demands upon your hours that folks living in the quiet of the country have no thought of. "Again," I've said, "if cousin doesn't write to us, you must remember we never write to him." To this they've answered, "that was a different matter; for as you were the rich party, you ought to write first." A sort of argument, I must say, I never could see the reason of; for suppose you a thousand times richer than you are, what difference should that make! Lord bless us! as if your poor father and my dear mother—fond brother and sister as they were—would ever have thought about their children standing on any ceremony with one another!

You will, I know, be sorry to hear that I have had a great loss—for me, a very great one. The House of Flimsy and Straw stopped payment last week, and the consequence is, that I am at the present moment without a penny. Nevertheless, it isn't so bad as it seems; for they do say that the estate will pay some day ten shillings and odd in the pound. But the worst of it is, I am not able from this accident to meet two or three matters which are fast pressing upon me; and therefore in my difficulty must beg your assistance. I would not do so, were I not certain that it would even annoy you if I were to apply to anybody else. I know your heart so well that you would never forgive me for hesitating. It would—I am sure you would feel it so—be an affront to you as a friend and a kinsman.

How delightful then is it, on a stroke of ill-fortune like the present, to know that we have a relative—a flourishing, cordial soul—who looks upon himself as the steward of Providence; who is too happy to show his gratitude for prosperity, by shaking some few crumbs from his sumptuous, loaded board to his poor relations: who acknowledges the solemn claims of blood, not alone with lip-acknowledgment, but with a sympathy that elevates "him that gives and him that takes."

I will by the next post send you all particulars.

Your affectionate Cousin,

Edward Robins.

LETTER XXII.

THE ANSWER.

Dear Cousin,

You are quite right. Although so many years have gone by since you have written, you, nevertheless, only pay me my due, when you believe that I am by no means forgetful of my father's relations. As for the sarcasms and ill-words of people, I have too much faith in my own motives to attend to them. You will always find idle—too often, disreputable—persons who make the high and the wealthy their licensed game. It is enough to be rich, to be abused by them. Philosophy, however, and my bank-book, have taught me to despise them. Not that I am a jot altered from the time when we were intimate; certainly not—nevertheless, the prejudices of the world require a certain dignity of appearance that the vulgar mistake for pride and ostentation.

I am pleased to find that, though we have not corresponded, you have, nevertheless, not forgotten me. I assure you, many a time, worried and oppressed by the toil of a commercial life, I have, in thought, visited your beautiful little house—(ha! my dear friend, if we only knew it, in such humility is true happiness!)—and have wished that I could change all the glitter and ceremony of life for the simple, yet substantial happiness of that homestead. You are quite right in believing that I consider wealth as only an agent for the ease and felicity of those about me—that is, if I really had the wealth which the world, out of its ignorance or waywardness, is pleased to credit me.

Forget my poorer kindred! Impossible! No man, who, by the superiority of his talents and the energy of his character made an advance in the world, was ever yet permitted to forget them. *They* take too good care of that. It is true, my dear friend, that you and I have not corresponded; but you little know, how frequently, and how very peculiarly, I have been made to remember the existence of the Robinses. As for being new-made by Plutus, I am sure they have believed in such a re-creation, for they have again and again addressed me as one lump of gold—again and again would have been happy to change me among them.

They who have maligned me by urging that I considered the poverty of my relations as a disgrace, know little of my true judgment. I have, it is true, been compelled to look upon it as a great misfortune, inasmuch, as I have too frequently felt its influence. Your allusion to my father and your mother touches me—takes me back again to the days of my youth—when I thought the world was all that we read of in fairy books. Ha! my dear cousin, that was, indeed, a time! Pity is it that so sweet a dream should give way to so hard and cold a reality.

Your news about Flimsy and Straw affects me deeply. I would have wished to keep the ill-tidings from you, but the truth is, I fear that I shall be seriously compromised by their failure. Very seriously, indeed. I have been engaged in a mining speculation, in which—but I will not distress you with what I fear may be the result. Not that I have to dread anything fatal—certainly not; nevertheless, I fear—indeed, I am sure, that I shall be so driven into a corner that my heart will not be allowed to act as it could wish; and therefore—but you must take courage, my dear friend, and not suffer yourself to be dismayed by what may end in, comparatively, a trifle.

I know you think me rich—very rich. Well, I am not ungrateful. Notwithstanding, a man may be Crœsus himself, yet not have a shilling in his pocket. This may appear strange to you; but nevertheless, men

with large floating capital—but you *must* understand—I hav'n't at this present moment a shilling that I can fairly lay my hands upon.

Otherwise, as a friend, as a relative, it would have given me the greatest pleasure to see you through this little difficulty. I am not insensible of family ties—I should hope not: but what are family ties with money at its present price in the market? Nevertheless, let your motto be, *Nil desperandum*, and believe me,

Yours truly,

JOSEPH GOODENOUGH.

PUNCH'S CHARGE TO JURIES.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,

You are sworn in all cases to decide according to the evidence; at the same time, if you have any doubt, you are bound to give the prisoner the benefit of it. Suppose you have to pronounce on the guilt or innocence of a gentleman accused of felony. You will naturally doubt whether any gentleman would commit such offences; accordingly, however strong may be the testimony against him, you will, perhaps, acquit him. The evidence of your own senses is, at least, as credible as that of the witnesses; if, therefore, your eyesight convinces you that the prisoner is a well-dressed person, you have a right to presume his respectability; and it is for you to say whether a respectable person would be likely to be guilty of the crimes imputed to him. In like manner, when you see a shabby-looking fellow in the dock, charged, for example, with sheep-stealing, the decision rests with you, first, whether or not that individual is a ragamuffin, and, secondly, how far it is probable that a man of that description would steal sheep. Of course, as has been before said, you will always be guided by the evidence; but then, whether the evidence is trustworthy or not is a matter for your private consideration. You may believe it if you choose, or you may disbelieve it; and whether, gentlemen of the jury, you will believe it or disbelieve it, will depend on the constitution of your minds. If your minds are so constituted that you wish to find the prisoner guilty, perhaps you will believe it; if they happen to be so constituted that you desire to find him not guilty,—why then, very likely, you will disbelieve it. You are to free your minds from all passion and prejudice, if you can, and, in that case, your judgment will be unbiassed; but if you cannot, you will return a verdict accordingly. It is not, strictly speaking, for you to consider what will be the effect of your verdict; but if such a consideration should occur to you, and you cannot help attending to it, that verdict will be influenced by it to a certain extent. You are probably aware, that when you retire, you will be locked up till you contrive to agree. You may arrive at unanimity by fair discussion, or by some of you starving out the others, or by tossing up; and your conclusion, by whichever of these processes arrived at, will be more or less in accordance with your oaths. Your verdict may be right; it is to be hoped it will; it may be wrong; it is to be hoped it will not. At all events, gentlemen of the jury, you will come to some conclusion or other; unless it should so happen that you separate without coming to any.

EYES AND EYELASHES.

SAD complaints have been forwarded to our Office of the conduct of Waggoners, Draymen and others, Drivers of Carts and other vehicles of burden, in respect of their manner of carrying their whips. The whip is borne by these individuals over the shoulder, with the thong dangling down their backs. To this arrangement, abstractedly considered, there is no objection; but the thong not only dangles, but also whisks about at its own sweet will, flying constantly in the face of all propriety, and every now and then into that of some unhappy passenger. It is made to describe those mischievous gyrations by the slouching, careless gait of the bearer; the irregularity of which, there is every reason to suppose, is in many cases aggravated by beer. It is bad enough when a natural lash gets into the eye; what must it be to receive that of a whip there? Policemen! *Punch* and ENGLAND expect you to do your duty, and put an immediate stop to this nuisance. BARCLAY, PERKINS, and Co., correct your draymen.

A PLEA FOR PEACE.

(INTENDED ORIGINALLY FOR THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER OF THE "LADY'S MAGAZINE.")

ARE we to have peace or war with France? This is the momentous question which now agitates the public breast. War is a horrible thing; but, on the bloodshed, burning, devastation, and kindred atrocities which are its necessary results, we beg to be excused from dwelling. They are too frightful to think of; and the bare mention of them has obliged us to have recourse to our *vinaigrette*. To our thinking, the social inconveniences which would inevitably follow from a state of warfare with France, ought, of themselves, to induce us most seriously to deprecate it. For how many comforts and luxuries; for what an amount of those elegances which are essential to our refined existence, we depend on friendly relations with that country! We need hardly remind the sterner sex whence it derives its *eau de vie;* we will content ourselves with a brief, yet, we hope, sufficiently touching allusion to the source of its Claret, its Bordeaux, its Champagne. But we put it to any heart in which sensibility is blended with taste, to consider what the fairer portion of humanity would do, were the transmission of those decorative improvements, and those indispensable requisites to the *toilette*, which are only to be obtained from Paris, interrupted!

The progression of the *corset*, the march of the bonnet, the onward course to perfection of the sleeve—the flounce—the skirt—the tunic would be arrested—Horrid idea! Where could a lady fly for shoes? it is impossible for her to wear the things they make in England.—Whither should we go for the *bouquet de la Reine;* for the *esprit de lavande aux millefleurs?* And oh! when the London season, heralded by the Spring, shone forth in the effulgence of its glory, what—what would become of the Opera—and,—still graver question,—of the Ballet? Other things we might haply smuggle; but what contrabandist could import an ELLSLER, a CERITO? JULLIEN, too, in the event of a war, would fly; and when might we expect the introduction of another Polka? We might wait for it—it might be "for years"—it might be "for ever." No; oh no! Let us, if we possibly can, avoid war. Wives and daughters of England, think, only think of what you would lose by such a calamity. Beg, pray, coax, wheedle, entreat in every way, your husbands, lovers, papas, all, in short, who are dear to you, to use their best endeavours for the preservation of peace with that country, to which you must confess yourselves indebted for most, if not all the graces which invest you from top to toe; for the *Mazurka*, the *Polonaise*, the *Cracovienne;* for all the poetry, in short, if not of life, of motion.

Compensation to Sheriffs' Officers.

IN consequence of the operation of the new Insolvent Act, it is determined by that large, influential, and singularly useful body of men, the Sheriffs' officers, to apply to Government for compensation. We give a few of the most heart-rending cases:—

LAZARUS ——— is a ruined man. There was a time when he could make twenty pounds by bail-bonds before breakfast. Now, he can't make twenty pence. Had a flourishing sponging-house always full. Now, there isn't a soul in it. Did a good deal in small acceptances under twenty pounds to clerks, and such people—who'd trust 'em now? Calculated that his loss by the bill was five thousand pounds, every honest penny.

MOSES ——— is also a ruined man. Has his sponging-house empty, and dreadful expences going on. Time was when he could get a guinea a day out of every prisoner: now, the money goes to creditors. Believes that all the world will be insolvent, with nobody to arrest 'em, if the Act isn't repealed. Has lost by it—for he is a conscientious man, and has calculated every penny—£6000. 17*s.* 6½*d.*

AARON ——— is entirely ruined, with nothing but his wine and coal business to provide for his family. Can't get off his wine, because he can't discount small bills. Can't sell his coals, because nobody will give ready money for 'em,—and can't give credit because of LORD BROUGHAM's bill. Thinks the world is going to end, or Parliament had never passed such a wicked law. Had a beautiful sponging-house. In fact, was born in a sponging-house, as was his father and mother before him: all that's gone. Used to make five captions a day; hasn't nabbed a single soul these three months. If there's to be any security for property, government can't give him less than 3,000*l.*, besides places in the Treasury for his five little boys. Sends a sample of

YOUNG ISRAEL.

THE WRONGS OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

PUNCH might propound many deep speculations to account for the decay of this time-honoured festival, which BEN JONSON has immortalized—and at which the LADY CASTLEMAINES were wont to attend in masks to see JACOB HALL, the rope-dancer. We might give many acute, and, to ourselves, most satisfactory reasons for the present nullity of ST. BARTHOLOMEW, but we will this year merely hazard one, and it is this. We believe, then, that politics, and the acts of public men, have materially contributed to the fall of the glories of Smithfield. Now, do all people read the newspapers; and after the broad farce, the sleight, the trick, the fire-eating, and word-eating, to be witnessed in both houses of Parliament, how—in the name of pure fun—can we relish the small mummeries of the fair-players, and MR. MERRYMAN? What is NELSON LEE'S Show to the House of Commons? Has he, too, among all his troop, so rich an actor as LORD BROUGHAM? Could he get up any scene equal to the many delicious bits of acting of the past session between the EX-CHANCELLOR and LORD CAMPBELL? What, again, is the roundabout, compared to BROUGHAM? What, the small interest of the lucky bag, to the interest SIR JAMES GRAHAM has gathered about the bag of the postman? There were, to be sure, fried sausages at the feast of ST. BARTHOLOMEW; sausages that sang sweetly in the pan. But what are savoury pork sausages to that feast of reason which ever and anon Young England offers—odoriferous sacrifice!—to the mental palate of the nation? No—no; Parliament, we are sure of it,—has ruined Bartholomew Fair. There are very few members—very few, indeed—who ought not to make compensation to the tumblers and fire-eaters for having taken the bread out of their mouths.

Besides this, the "great ones of the city," have done something to destroy the Smithfield Saturnalian. Certainly, the Court of Aldermen have much to answer for. We should like to know, for instance, where the mummer could be found worthy to rival ALDERMAN GIBBS? Has there, in the memory of that solemn person, the oldest inhabitant—has there ever been any performer at Bartholomew Fair who afforded so much excitement to the citizens of London, and to the town in general, as the treasurer of St. Stephen's, Walbrook? Did the great GYNGELL himself ever play so many curious tricks with pieces of money? We think not. Again, if we look at the dramatic literature of the fair, what is there in the whole round of its fiction equal to civic reality? We can all recollect the thrilling plot and startling incidents of St. Bartholomew dramas now passed away—but was there one equal to the real drama in which SIR JOHN KEY played so conspicuous a part? A drama that, in his own touching words, might be entitled "*The Unguarded Moment.*"

No, no; the real mummers of life have beaten the fictitious ones.

Punch's Random Mottoes.

FOR POLITICAL LEADERS.

MOTTO No. 1. "Sentat mille vafer modis."—*Horace.*
"He tries wafers a thousand ways."—*Sir James Graham.*

— No. 2 "Ingenui vultus puer, ingenuique pudoris,
Vir nullâ fide."—*Latin Grammar.*
"He who in youth was modest as a lass,
Is now become a man as bold as brass."—
Probably Lord Brougham.

— No. 3. ὕνος φέρων τὰ μυστικά.—*Aristophanes.*
We suspect Colonel Sibthorp.

— No. 4. "Positusque carbo in
Cæspite vivo."—*Horace.*
"The flame is kindled and the turf 's alive."
This has been attributed to many gentlemen. We incline to the Duke of Richmond.

A PROSPECT FOR PADDY.

THE Repeal rent, we understand, is weekly increasing; and MR. O'CONNELL having just been let out, Ireland may expect to be still further let in.

LORD NON-CONTENT.

Lyndhurst.—CONTENT OR NON-CONTENT?
Brougham.—OH! NON-CONTENT, OF COURSE.

OH! no, I say; don't mention it,
'Tis really too absurd;
I don't admit a single thing:
I won't believe a word.
From all that Noble Lords have said,
In toto I dissent;
Why, doesn't every body know
I 'm always "Non-Content!"

They tell me I 'm an obstinate,
Impracticable man;
I 'm open to conviction—but
Convince me if you can.
I blame your views, deny your facts,
Dispute your argument;
Then why the question put to me?
Of course I 'm "Non-Content."

Content, indeed! I never was,
From childhood's dawn till now;
And I should greatly like to see
The statement I 'd allow.
To differ only I 'll agree;
On that I 'm firmly bent.
I am, I will, I must, I shall,
Be always "Non-Content."

NOTHING SO CERTAIN!

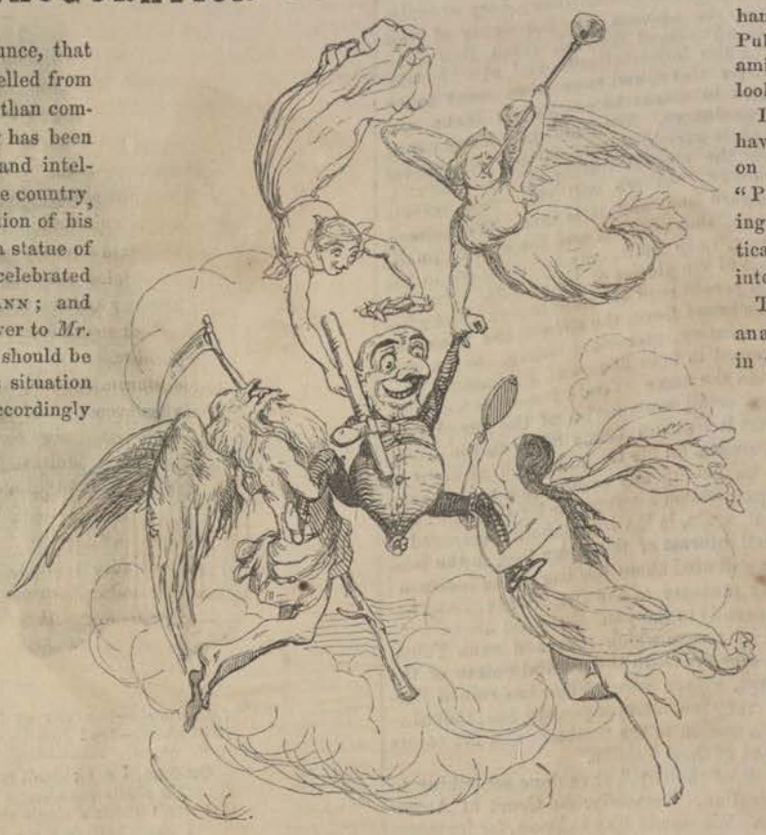
(*From our Paris Correspondent.*)

WE are informed by a remarkably fine officer in the National Guards—(the gentleman, by-the-by, is also a remarkably small dealer in coke and charcoal)—that, in the event of a war, it is intended to placard the Paris fortifications with "lists of impositions upon English visitors," under the conviction that, if they could not keep the British out of Paris, nothing else would.

Wonders will Never Cease.

THE *Musée Marine* has just been enriched by the addition of a remarkable curiosity found at Tangier during the recent bombardment. It is a shot that was fired by the *Suffren*, and actually hit the object it was aimed at.

INAUGURATION OF THE PUNCH STATUE.



PUNCH is proud to announce, that though he has been expelled from France, an honour far more than compensating for that indignity has been conferred on him by moral and intellectual Germany. That noble country, in testimony of its appreciation of his public conduct, has caused a statue of him to be executed by the celebrated artist ADOLPH FLEISCHMANN; and the statue has been sent over to *Mr. Punch*, with a request that it should be erected in some conspicuous situation in London. It has been accordingly erected in his office window, and the inauguration took place last week, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators, who were casually looking in. The ceremony was performed by the Publisher and Boy DICK; and consisted in the latter's moving some numbers of the periodical out of the way, and the former's placing the figure in the vacant space; after which our Boy replaced his hands in his pockets, and our Publisher retired up the office, amid the acclamations of the lookers-on.

It was at first intended to have placed the *Punch* Statue on the top of a column of "PUNCH;" but as this proceeding would have been less practicable than appropriate, the intention was abandoned.

This wonderful work of art is an admirable likeness, conceived in the sculptor's happiest moment, and embodying the happiest expression of the original. By means of a spring concealed in the hunch, the features may be set in motion at pleasure, so as to produce those peculiar movements which it is *Punch's* greatest delight to excite in those of his readers.

Punch flatters himself that FLEISCHMANN, in carving him, has cut out WYATT and WESTMACOTT.

GENUINE REPORT OF THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

THE delay attending the publication of the report of the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE created considerable surprise, and even now the report which has been given to the public is not exact. The following are the precise terms in which the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE furnished his account of the bombarding of Tangier. The report was addressed to the KING, and not to the Minister of Marine, though in its revised form it is given to the world as a communication to that functionary.

On board the Pluto Steamboat,
August 10, 1844.

MY DEAR FATHER,

KNOWING that you will be anxious to hear what I have really done out here, I send you the particulars, which you can dish up in any way you like as a report to MACKAU, to whom I don't think it worth while to write at all upon the subject.

On the 6th of August, being very anxious to distinguish myself in a naval engagement, we let off some guns at the batteries. I cannot tell the number of the enemy because we never saw them, but I have no doubt that there were at least fifty times as many as there were of us. Our brave sailors fired away beautifully, and we only lost three men, who, I think, were killed by some of our own shots; but it would read better in a *Despatch*, to attribute the fact to the spirited resistance of the enemy. After having ceased our own firing, we heard none from any other quarter; so I sent some of our gallant fellows on shore, who saw that the batteries were all destroyed, and the enemy retired from them. Not exactly knowing where the enemy might be, I contented myself with the destruction of the batteries instead of going into the town, where I thought the enemy might have been waiting to retaliate, and thus have brought down upon themselves further punishment. I dare say a good many of the foe were killed. It is utterly impossible to count, because we have nothing to guide us in our calculation; but it might be 150 killed, and 400 wounded. It is true, it might be half the number—or it might not be one quarter;—but I think, as there is nobody to set us right if we are wrong, it would be as well to make it the number I have fixed upon. I have no doubt the English will be greatly humbled, if this affair is worked in our Paris newspapers as it ought to be. If I could bombard Tangier, why should I not do the same with Dover? The only difference is, that one is in Morocco, and the other in England.

I'm in a great hurry to go to Mogador, where I believe the enemy are not, for BUGEAUD has gone to meet them somewhere else. I shall knock Mogador about as much as I can without going too near, and I think a very good report to the Minister of Marine may be made up.

Your affectionate son,
JOINVILLE.

THE NAME OF A PRINCE.

OUR contemporary the *Court Journal* lately put forth a very beautifully written article on the probable name of the last new Prince. The rake of recollection had been poetically plunged into the garden of history, or, to drop all metaphor, the writer had hooked up one or two leading events in HUME and SMOLLETT, upon which he had hung the glorious conclusion that the public would be ELECTRIFIED if the Prince were to be called **ALFRED.** Now if electrifying the public is to be the grand object in selecting a name for a Prince, we should suggest that the public would be much less electrified by his being called ALFRED, than if he were to be christened EBENEZER SAMUEL JAMES TIMOTHY BENJAMIN. Such a name as that would be what might be termed, figuratively—a stunner, to the entire nation.

THE QUARREL.

MASTER WELLINGTON. You're too good a judge to hit me, you are!
MASTER JOINVILLE. Am I!
MASTER WELLINGTON. Yes, you are.
MASTER JOINVILLE. Oh, am I?
MASTER WELLINGTON. Yes, you are.
MASTER JOINVILLE. Ha!
MASTER WELLINGTON. Ha!

[MORAL.—*And they don't fight after all.*]

HOW TO LIVE ON NINE SHILLINGS A WEEK.

EVERY man's income is limited more or less; and he must limit his expenditure accordingly. Thus, he may be forced to content himself with a house of a rent not exceeding two thousand a year, with no greater number of servants than a dozen, with six horses and no more; with but two carriages; with turtle, venison, champagne, and burgundy, only now and then; with a middling box at the opera, and so on.

Nine shillings a week is a decidedly limited income. To live upon it a man must first cut down his expenditure to the fewest possible branches, and secondly apply the closest shaving to each. They can hardly be reduced below three: food, clothes, and lodging; but if anybody could do without one of these, the difficulty would be much simplified. As to lodging. The cheapest to be had must be chosen: the more unpleasant the situation the better, as the rent will then be more reasonable. A roadside hovel, or a ruinous old house up a court, may be recommended. A single room, however small, must suffice for a whole family, however large. Chairs, tables, bedsteads, and other moveables, may be dispensed with; the entire furniture should consist of a few blankets and some straw; and the blankets ought to be begged. Coals and candles are too expensive; and it is extravagant to have any fire at all, except to cook a few potatoes, or to avoid being frozen to death.

With regard to clothes. These must be obtained, if possible, through charity: there is another way of getting them, which it would be hardly right to hint at. By a proper economy they may be made to last till they fall to pieces, which they will not altogether do for years. If it is necessary to buy clothes, they must be bought; but the purchase should only include indispensables. Shirts and stockings are superfluities; and the younger children may always, and the whole family at times, manage to do without shoes. Food must be confined, in general, to bread and potatoes; but perhaps, with management, a little bacon may be indulged in now and then. It will be out of the question to think of any other drink than the plain water; and tea and sugar are luxuries not to be dreamt of.

By following the above rules it is perhaps possible to live honestly on nine shillings a week, with a wife and family. Medical attendance is out of the question. What are called comforts must be considered unattainable; for any man, even though starving and perishing, to help himself to a meal, a handful of wood, or anything of the kind, is highly immoral; the law respects not persons but property, and severely visits such wickedness.

The Fine Arts in France.

WE understand that it is at length decided what are to be the subjects of the two pictures for which vacancies have been left on the walls of the French Chamber of Deputies. The first will be a magnificent and highly imaginative representation of the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE in the *Belle Poule*, towing the town and castle of Dover into Boulogne harbour; while the second will exhibit the same hero storming Windsor Castle, and receiving the keys of the Round Tower from the five military knights who had been defending it.

SHAKSPERE AT SADLER'S WELLS.

IT is a fact not so generally known as it ought to be, that when the Shaksperian monopoly was destroyed by Act of Parliament, several of the ancient members of the profession—the champions of the good old times—went into deep mourning for the death of the legitimate drama. Two or three took to their beds, had their knockers tied up, and straw laid before their doors. CHARLES KEMBLE made a manful fight for it; and, as a last piece of devotion to the moribund SHAKSPERE, read him "a little compressed." MR. BUNN took refuge from his sorrows in the blandishments and endearments of ballet and opera, and at length consented to be comforted. Now, MRS. WARNER and MR. PHELPS did better than all; for, full of hope, they took Sadler's Wells Theatre, and, to the edification and amusement of thronging audiences, have for weeks past been playing SHAKSPERE, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, SHERIDAN, and such folks, who—it was sorrowingly predicted—had been destroyed for ever and for ever by a recent statute! It is not often that PUNCH visits a theatre. Sooth to say, he has had but few temptations; but he has been to Sadler's Wells of late, and has seen plays so excellently put upon the stage—has beheld an audience so possessed and delighted by the admirable acting of the scene,—that he would be false to himself and to the town (whose guide, philosopher, and friend he is), not to counsel the said town—or those members of it who delight in the glories of a good play well acted—to make a pilgrimage towards merry Islington, made all the merrier by the high entertainment now proffered to all comers. Assuredly it is a pleasant reproof to those despairing folks who sighed over the hopeless condition of the Drama, to witness its robust vitality at Sadler's Wells. SHAKSPERE may have been banished from Drury Lane and Covent Garden; but then he has found the snuggest asylum near the New River. There, at nights, is he heard in all the might of his passion and the tenderness of his thoughts,—and there, in sweetest, laziest mood, is he sometimes to be seen, fishing for what CHARLES LAMB called

"legendary gudgeons," for our artist assures us that the above is a correct likeness of the immortal MASTER WILLIAM, as he appeared to his spiritual eye, last Monday.

Accident to the Liberator.

WHEN all the preparations were made to liberate O'CONNELL, it was discovered to be impossible for the martyr to quit the prison by the same door that he entered it. The truth is, he had become so enormously fat, in consequence of the culinary presents of a grateful people, that another opening had to be made in the walls before he could wend his way to Merrion-square. This circumstance is not generally known; but those who recollect—and who does not?—our portrait of O'CONNELL in his captivity, cannot for a moment doubt it.

AN ALDERMAN WANTED.

THE ward of Billingsgate *will want an Alderman*. May we beg to recommend a certain law lord, whose peculiar knowledge of the language of the district renders him singularly worthy of the gown.

Early Hours.

THE movement for the early closing of all places of trade is gaining strength. That two or three publishers may be shut up very early, the author of *The Great Metropolis* has resolved to write books for them.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.—OF THE TITLE TO REAL PROPERTY IN GENERAL.

TITLE is defined by SIR EDWARD COKE to be *titulus*, a definition in which the Latin dictionary curiously coincides with the very astute old jurist. A title is the means by which a man hath the just possession of his property, and there must be several requisites to form a title to land, which differs in this respect from a title to nobility, which is often conferred on those who have none of the natural requisites of nobility.

The lowest degree of title is naked possession, which is such a title as a man has who is bathing in the Serpentine; but his naked possession may be put an end to by his being ordered out of the water when the term for bathing has expired.

The next step is the right of possession, which arises when a man has booked a place in the boxes of a theatre, but is kept out by some one who has the wrongful possession. Here the rightful possessor is disseised until the intruder, who has the actual possession, is seized and turned out by the box-keeper. The right of possession may however be lost by negligence, as when the actual possessor is allowed to sit without being disturbed by him who has the right of possession until after the end of the first act, beyond which period no places can be kept, although they may have been taken.

There may, however, be a right of property without even a right of possession, which is equivalent to the law saying, "such a thing ought to be yours, but nevertheless you shall not have it." This occurs when a disseisor, the genteel legal name for a man who takes what don't belong to him, happens to die, then the son of the disseisor has a right to the possession, and the owner has a right to the property—if he can get hold of it. This is called a mere right, which is in many cases a mere humbug. A complete title to lands therefore requires a right of possession joined with a right of property; but the crafty Fleta, perceiving that people did not always get their property even when they had this *jus duplicatum* or double right—the two affirmatives sometimes resulting in a practical negative—the knowing Fleta laid it down that possession was also necessary in order to constitute a good legal title. It follows, then, the law gives you a title to what is your own:—1st, if you have a right to it; and 2nd, if you have actually got hold of it, when if you can manage to keep it, you will have the full privilege of doing so. Such are the incidents of a title to real property in general, which means that the law generally surrounds all property with the little difficulties alluded to.

BROUGHAM'S PENAL SETTLEMENT.

IN the Collection of Statues now exhibiting at Westminster Hall, LORD BROUGHAM is placed between two "Sleeping nymphs." *Vide* Catalogue, Nos. 166, 167, 168.

UNHAPPY BROUGHAM! doomed to silence long,
Muzzled in marble that unruly tongue:
In pensive plight, two slumbering nymphs between,
Unwilling partner in a passive scene.
What skilful judge the happy contrast chose?
Their calm, and thy compulsory, repose?
Or sleep the nymphs on either side to try
If thou *canst* hold thy peace—in courtesy?
Perhaps the anxious junto, half in doubt,
And fearing lest the very stone cry out,
Designed to fix thy active legal sense
On some distinction without difference;
Set to decide, in meditation deep,
Between a sleeping nymph and nymph asleep.
Oh! cruelly ingenious to invent
For BROUGHAM such a penal settlement.
All that could tempt the rhetorician's rage,
A lofty audience, and of every age,
Bound to be still, at least, if not to hear,
None to oppose, object, or interfere,
And yet be dumb! How far hast thou outgone
The stony writhings of LAOCOON;
For in thy penalty combined we see
At once a TANTALUS* and NIOBE.†

* TANTALUS, a gentleman in ancient fable, represented as always trying to do some thing, and just not succeeding in doing it.

† NIOBE, a lady in ancient fable, very boastful, and *turned into stone on account of her vanity*.

Letter from Satan Montgomery to Punch.

PUNCH,

You have behaved like an impetiginous[1] scroyle![2] Like those inquinate,[3] crass sciolists[4] who, envious of my moral celsitude,[5] carry their nugacity[6] to the height of creating symposiacally[7] the facund[8] words which my polymathic[9] genius uses with uberty[10] to abligate[11] the tongues of the weetless![12] PUNCH, you have crassly parodied my own pet words, as though they were tangrams.[13] I will not coacervate[14] reproaches—I would obduce[15] a veil over the atramental[16] ingratitude which has champfered[17] even my undiscerptible[18] heart. I am silent on the foscillation[19] which my coadjudvancy[20] must have given you when I offered to become your fautor[21] and admincle.[22]

I will not speak of the lippitude,[23] the ablepsy,[24] you have shown in exacerbating me—one whose genius you should have approached with mental discalceation.[25] So I tell you, PUNCH, syncophically,[26] and without supervacaneous[27] words, nothing will render ignoscible[28] your conduct to me. I warn you that I would vellicate[29] your nose, if I thought that any moral diathrosis[30] could be thereby performed—if I thought that I should not impignorate[31] my reputation by such a digtadiation.[32]

Go! tachygraphic[33] scroyle![2] band with your crass, inquinate[3] fautors[21]—draw oblectation[34] from the thought, if you can, of having synachronically[35] lost the existimation[36] of the greatest poet since MILTON, and drawn upon your head this letter, which will drive you to Walker, and send you to sleep over it.

Knowledge is power, and power is mercy—so I wish you no worse than that it may prove an eternal hypnotick.[37]

SATAN MONTGOMERY.

*** English words to be found in WALKER'S Dictionary:—

1. *Impetiginous*, scaly.
2. *Scroyle*, wretch.
3. *Inquinate*, corrupt.
4. *Sciolist*, imperfectly knowing.
5. *Celsitude*, height.
6. *Nugacity*, trifling.
7. *Symposiacally*, relating to merry-making.
8. *Facund*, eloquent.
9. *Polymathic*, knowing many arts.
10. *Uberty*, abundance.
11. *Abligate*, tie up.
12. *Weetless*, unknowing.
13. *Tangram*, cant word.
14. *Coacervate*, heap up.
15. *Obduce*, draw over.
16. *Atramental*, inky.
17. *Champfered*, furrowed.
18. *Undiscerptible*, unfrangible.
19. *Foscillation*, comfort.
20. *Coadjuvancy*, help.
21. *Fautor*, countenancer.
22. *Admincle*, help.
23. *Lippitude*, blearness of eye
24. *Ablepsy*, blindness.
25. *Discalceation*, act of taking off shoes.
26. *Syncophically*, with contraction of words.
27. *Supervacaneous*, superfluous.
28. *Ignoscible*, capable of being pardoned.
29. *Vellicate*, twitch.
30. *Diathrosis*, an operation whereby crooked limbs are straightened. [feit.
31. *Impignorate*, pawn, forfeit.
32. *Digtadiation*, combat.
33. *Tachygraphic*, fast writing.
34. *Oblectation*, pleasure.
35. *Synachronically*, at the same time.
36. *Existimation*, opinion.
37. *Hypnotick*, opiate.

LOYAL YOUNG ENGLISH LATIN.

LOYAL ADDRESSES of thanks, in Latin, have been presented by the Eton, Winchester, and Harrow scholars, to the QUEEN, on account of the additional holidays which Her Majesty has graciously obtained for them. We have been favoured with the following copies of these addresses; and we have no doubt about their genuineness. The Latinity of each, it will be observed, is peculiar; that of Eton being peculiarly canine; whilst Winchester affects the monastic or Anglo-Roman; and Harrow rejoices in the canino-compound.

Eton.

Maxime graciosa REGINA; nos sumus valdè multum obligati ad vos pro habente rogatâ bebdomadæ longiùs ferias pro nobis Etoniensibus pueris; et valdè læti quod vos estis progredientes tam benè, et speramus vos eritis citò omninò recuperata.

IN ENGLISH.

Most Gracious QUEEN; we are very much obliged to you for having asked a week's longer holidays for us; and very glad that you are going on so well, and hope you will be soon quite recovered.

Winchester.

Scholares de Collegio Wintoniensi respectus dutifulissimos et loyalissimos suos presentant ad Majestatem suam; et humillimas mendicant ei gratias agere de diebus festis supernumerariis quos illa pro eis procurare tam benigna fuit! et hanc capiunt opportunitatem congratulandi illam super eventum auspicatum recentem qui requesti regalis sui interestantem occasionem formavit.

VERNACULARLY.

The Scholars of Winchester College present their most dutiful and loyal respects to Her Majesty; and beg to give her their most humble thanks for the supernumerary holidays which she was so kind to procure for them; and they take this opportunity of congratulating her on the recent

auspicious event, which formed the interesting occasion of her royal request.

Harrow.

Maius id placere Majestati vestræ; nos, Rastri in Colle studentes, permittere, sensum nostrum magnum-plenum exprimere, favoris, quem nobis optime-debuistis, obtinendi pro nobis adde-disco-in-omnes sanctos-dies. Grandinamus, gaudium-plenè, juvenis principis alterius diem natalem, et vobis humilitèr optamus felices multos reditus ejusdem.

VERY LITERALLY TRANSLATED.

May it please your Majesty, to permit us, the students of Harrow-on-the-Hill, to express our great-full sense of the favour which you have best-owed on us, of obtaining for us add-dish-on-all holy-days. We hail joy-fully, the birthday of another young prince, and we humbly wish you many happy returns of the same.

SONG OF THE SPORTSMAN.

HURRAH for the cover! Hurrah for the field!
Let others to Study their faculties yield,
Or their minds to professions or business apply;
No employment, no mental resources have I.
Hurrah!

I'm completely wrapt up in my dogs and my gun,
And exist for no purpose or object but one;—
To bag as much game in a day as I can:
Occupation enough, I should say, for a man.
Hurrah!

Oh! talk not to me of the comforts of home,
I prefer with my good double-barrel to roam:
With his Juno, and Carlo, and Brush by his side,
Little recks the true sportsman of children or bride.
Hurrah!

All your tea-parties, dances and stuff, I detest,
When I come home at night what I wish for is rest;
Hang your harps, and pianos, and fiddledeedee!
The crack of my MANTON 's the music for me.
Hurrah!

On the beauties of Nature your muffs may dilate,
For my part I never attend to their prate;
Altogether intent upon beating the ground,
I care not a straw for the prospect around.
Hurrah!

Copse, turnips, and stubble all day let me tread,
No thought but of sport ever ent'ring my head:
Then homeward, at evening, to supper repair;
And when I 've had that, go to sleep in my chair.
Hurrah!

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO A POLICEMAN.

YOUNG OFFICER,

Always come when you are called; this is a rule too much neglected by some of you. Do your duty; England expects that of every man; but she does not expect you to do more. Bid the apple-woman, if obstructive, to move on; but go not out of your way to get into hers. Keep a sharp look-out for rogues and vagabonds; but apprehend not every poor-looking person you see, for a beggar. Smite; but smite forbearingly the young leaper of the street-post: cuff, but cuff not with cruelty. Remember that the mice will disport themselves in the absence of Grimalkin; that the pickpocket is on the alert when the Policeman's back is turned, and suffer not the siren voice of SUSAN at the area to beguile you from the beat of vigilance.

Your deportment should inspire respect, not excite ridicule. Strive, therefore, to know what to do with your hands at times when the collar of the evil-doer may not require their agency. Avoid the semi-military gait; walk perfectly, but not bolt upright. Above all things, when you happen to be on horseback, never allow your head to be turned by your uniform.

Young Officer, whoever you are, A. or Z., accept these gentle hints from one who ranks among the chief friends of that Peace of which you are constituted the guardians; namely,

PUNCH.

Gazette Extraordinary.

HER MAJESTY, in consideration of the Anti-Warner Protective Invention of MR. GEORGE JONES, has been graciously pleased to permit MR. JONES to assume the name of WALKER.

GALLANTRY OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

OUR contemporaries have stated that letters recently passed between LADY ALDBOROUGH, at Paris, and LOUIS-PHILIPPE. Her ladyship wished to know if war was likely, and like a true woman applied at once to head quarters. We have been exclusively favoured with a copy of the correspondence, which we subjoin:—

LADY ALDBOROUGH TO LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

SIRE,—I have just returned home from my morning drive, and having seen "*Mort aux Anglais*" chalked on walls and other places—besides having remarked many significant gestures on the part of your excellent people—I am desirous to learn of your courtesy, when you think the war between England and France will really commence. It would much oblige me could I have the earliest notice, as I have much packing.

Your obedient servant,

P.S. In the event of a war, I wish particularly to know if my poodle will be suffered to depart with me, or if he will be claimed as a French-born subject?

LOUIS-PHILIPPE TO LADY ALDBOROUGH.

MY DEAR LADY ALDBOROUGH,

It penetrates me with the greatest distress to learn your uneasiness. Assure yourself, my dear madam; assure yourself. As for the words "*Death to the English*," they mean nothing. They merely indicate the literary yearnings of my people. They must always be writing something; and it is one of their characteristics to choose death and such horrors; they being, as they conceive, peculiarly national. As for the chalk, I assure you, odd as it may seem, it is that very article that will prevent any rupture between England and France. We can't afford it; we must fight upon credit—and then how is the chalk to be wiped off—how is the score to be paid afterwards?

Besides, is it likely that we should be going to war, when I have just sent a *char-à-banc*—a sort of French omnibus—to my sweet little friend, QUEEN VICTORIA! It is one of the largest kind, not only capable of accommodating HER MAJESTY, the PRINCE, and the children; but all the philosophers, authors, artists, and men of science, who, as I understand, are continually guests at Windsor.

Trust me, my dear Madam, we shall have no war: no, you are in Paris safe—safe as though you were in Eden.

Yours,

LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

SPECIMEN OF A NEW ANGLO-INDIAN DICTIONARY.

FOR THE USE OF ENGLISH READERS OF INDIAN NEWSPAPERS.

Begarrie. A man convinced by the *argumentum baculum* of the propriety of carrying half a hundred-weight fifteen miles for three pence.
Cowardice. Any one striking you when your hands are held.
Fair play. Yourself striking another person whilst his hands are held.
Keranie. A helot, or clerk in a government office, who is retained because he is indispensable; and is consequently detested.
Honour, affair of. Two "keranies" settling a dispute by the duello. [It is absolutely shameful that such people should ape the vices of "gentlemen."]
Insolence. To ask for payment from a "gentleman" of a debt long overdue.
Gentleness. Any "gentleman" knocking down a "nigger," and then kicking him for falling.
Cruelty. A plebeian presuming to chastise his "nigger."
Sobriety, proof of. A "gentleman," being able to ride home from mess supported on his pony by an attendant at each stirrup.
Witness, Native. A man hired for a few pence to perjure himself by the hour.

A Philanthropist.

MR. CATLIN, the dealer in savages, is upon his own showing a remarkably benevolent man. He is now exhibiting his Ioway chattels in Vauxhall gardens, having resolved, as he benignly and tastefully observes in his bills, to—"turn the fourteen Indians *loose for a few days*." When our eye first caught the sentence, we naturally thought it applied to cattle or beasts of some kind; but no,—the philanthropic MR. CATLIN merely means men, women, and children.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

OLD birds are *not* to be caught with chaff; or certainly not with the chaff of Irish law, as administered in the case of REGINA *v.* O'CONNELL. In vain has SIR ROBERT tried to put the fatal salt on the tail of the Liberator. He has flown away upon "the wings of a dove;" but whether he will be at rest, even *Punch* himself cannot prognosticate. That the sporting delights of September were expressly invented for the solace and relaxation of law-makers, no one save the forlornest sceptic can deny. Never, then, were these pleasures so necessary to a Ministry as on the closing of the session 1844. They must have retired from the House of Commons with feelings very much akin to those of an actor, who—although he had made a few tolerable hits in the course of his part, and was vehemently applauded therefore by his good friends with orders—was, nevertheless, soundly hissed at the fall of the curtain. O'CONNELL is now a somebody almost supernatural—a political saint—a holy martyr—an incarnation of all the wisdom, the force, and the purity of human nature. Thus, at least, he appears to the great body of the Irish people, and for this amended appearance he is indebted to the bungling prosecution of the present Ministry. SIR ROBERT PEEL has done no more than play the part of valet to the Liberator, and helped to dress him in all sorts of captivating graces.

However poignant be the grief of the Ministry, they are nevertheless deeply sympathised with by LORD BROUGHAM. They have at least a comfort in their sorrows in the unfailing solicitude of the ex-Chancellor. If all the jugglery of the State Trials did not pass for the purest law, it was not the fault of his Lordship; who was brought into most fatal contrast by the moral grandeur of the great LORD DENMAN. How pitiful to consider a BROUGHAM—"where his soul sits squat"—beside his early friend and co-mate! On one hand, we have all sleight, and trick, and reckless assurance; on the other, the noblest indication of all that gives us value as free men, and majesty as a nation.

HINTS ON THE USE OF METAPHOR.

(*To Newspaper Critics*).

PUNCH, having skimmed the cream of the most approved critiques of some of the most eminent of his brother journalists, and compressed it, so to speak, into a caseous form, hereby presents the same, as a model cheese, to those young reviewers who may profit by its digestion.

Robinson's Magazine.—ROBINSON, this month, presents a good bill of fare; though some of the dishes want a little seasoning. "Quiddlethorp" increases in interest; but a spice of ginger in the hero, and a little more pepper and salt in his tiger, young FIPP, would be an improvement. The scene in Wapping is deficient in gas; and the Police Office sketch wants indigo. We admire the junk in "Larboard Jack;" but must enter our protest against the bilgewater. Had the author kept more to the gangway, and steered clearer of the main-brace, the tale would have told more effectively. The Cheshire in the "Demon Sire" may please some palates; but we should have preferred Stilton. We laughed heartily over "Alderman Bobwig." The narrative, it is true, is rather fruity, but in many parts of it we recognise the true bee's-wing. On the whole, and making allowance for some little excess of sawdust, and an occasional unnecessary introduction of bran, the current ROBINSON is an improvement on its predecessors.

FIGHTS TO COME OFF.

LORD BROUGHAM and VAUX is ready to fight LORD CAMPBELL any day for five shillings. His money is ready at his Lordship's bankers.

BILL COBDEN will match himself against FERRAND, the Farmer's Pet, for any sum the latter thinks proper; the fight to take place on the floor of St. Stephen's any time during the next session. May be heard of at Covent Garden Theatre.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL will have no objection to meet SIR ROBERT PEEL, on equal terms, to contest for the seals of office. He holds out for the present at the Bedford Arms.

TOM DUNCOMBE, the Finsbury Lad, will fight either SIR JAMES GRAHAM or the BISHOP of LONDON, for a trifle; and MR. JOSEPH HUME and MR. WARLEY will be happy to back him. A JUNIUS addressed to his residence in town will reach him.

COLONEL SIBTHORP is prepared to have a turn with the whole opposition; one down the other come on. Particulars may be had at any respectable house in Lincoln.

JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, the Bath Chap, says that he will fight any man of his size in the House of Commons.

THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.

THE young Prince has been baptized ALFRED—*Ernest*—ALBERT! These names remind us of the old story of passing off a bad shilling between two good ones.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by Joseph Smith, Publisher, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, St. John's Wood Road, Regent's Park, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1844.

THOM, THE WEAVER POET OF INVERURY, VERSUS SCOTLAND.

THE Scotch press is even at this time hardly silent on that great national ceremony—mingling of triumph with self-humiliation—the BURNS Festival. Scotland, however, is repentant Scotland, and will sin no more. Let us test her sincerity. Let us try the honesty of her sighs and groans at the Banks of the Doon, by the activity of her sympathies at Inverury. Let us, if we can, discover the real amount of her affection for the dead Ploughman, by her tenderness towards a kindred, if a lesser, spirit—the living Weaver. In fine, let us see how Scotland—enthusiastic, genius-loving Scotland—stands towards ROBERT BURNS, deceased, and WILLIAM THOM, living and suffering.

It is obvious that our limits compel us to be brief. Otherwise, we would reprint the whole of THOM's story, written, as much of it is, in the very tears of domestic anguish. We must confine ourselves to brief extracts. WILLIAM THOM is a hand-loom weaver; he is a native of Aberdeen, and was born in 1800. He lived with his family at the village of Newtyle, when, some years since, he was left to struggle on five shillings a week.

"I will not expatiate," he says, "on six human lives subsisting on five shillings weekly—on babies prematurely thoughtful—on comely faces withering—on desponding youth and too-quickly declining age."

With no employment, he pawned "a most valuable relic of better days" for ten shillings, with which he bought a few books to trade with. He and his family then left their breadless home. They travelled three days.

"Sunset was followed by cold, sour east winds and rain. The children becoming weary and fretful, we made frequent inquiries of other forlorn-looking beings whom we met, to ascertain which farm-town in the vicinity was most likely to afford us quarters. JEAN was sorely exhausted, bearing an infant constantly at her breast, and often carrying the youngest boy also, who had fairly broken down in the course of the day."

THOM, we should have premised, is a cripple. When seven years old, his ankle and foot were crushed beneath the carriage of the EARL OF ERROL, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire. No pleasant thought this, to the Earl, we should imagine, when he heard—for as a Scotchman, of course, he has heard—of the multiplied miseries of the *unassisted* poet. But to proceed: THOM seeks shelter at a "comfortable-looking steading," but is denied the hospitality of an out-house and straw.

"I returned to my family. They had crept closer together, and all, except the mother, were fast asleep. 'Oh, Willie, Willie, what keepit ye?' inquired the trembling woman; 'I'm dootfu' o' Jeanie,' she added; 'isna she waesome like? Let's in frae the cauld. 'We've nae way to gang, lass,' said I, 'whate'er come o' us. Yon folk winna hae us.' Few more words passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them. My head throbbed with pain, and for a time became the tenement of thoughts I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow than of indignation, and it seemed to me that this same world was a thing very much to be hated; and, on the whole, the sooner that one like me could get out of it, the better for its sake and mine own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind—enclosed—prisoned in misery—no outlook—none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me—what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour! Here let me speak out—and be heard, too, while I tell it—that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits—when Despair has loosed Honour's last hold upon the heart—when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust—when every unsympathising on-looker is deemed an enemy—who THEN can limit the consequences? For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain, with one end fixed in Nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny."

He is no common man who writes thus. However, to finish this terrible narrative. The wretched family obtain admittance about eleven o'clock at the farm-house of JOHN COOPER, West Town, of Kinnaird, and were led to an out-house.

"In less than half-an-hour, the whole slept sweetly in their dark and almost roofless dormitory. I think it must have been between three and four o'clock when JEAN wakened me. Oh, that scream!—I think I can hear it now. The other children, startled from sleep, joined in frightful wail over their dead sister. Our poor JEANIE had, unobserved by us, sunk during the night under the effects of the exposure of the preceding evening, following, as it did, a long course of hardship, too great to be borne by a young frame."

The child is buried—the family wander on. One night they arrive at a lodging-house at Methven. Thom is required to pay sixpence for the accommodation; the rule of the house being payment before the parties "tak' aff their shoon." This demand induces THOM to have recourse to his flute. He leaves the lodging with his wife:—

"'A quarter of an hour longer,' said I, 'and it will be darker; let us walk out a bit.' The sun had been down a good while, and the gloamin' was lovely. In spite of everything, I felt a momentary reprieve. I dipped my dry flute in a little burn and began to play. It rang sweetly amongst the trees. I moved on and on, still playing, and still *facing* the town. 'The flowers of the forest' brought me before the house lately mentioned. My music raised one window after another."

His music touched the hearts and pockets of the Methven folk.

"There was enough to encourage farther perseverance; but I felt, after all, that I had begun too late in life ever to acquire that 'ease and grace' indispensable to him who would successfully 'carry the gaberlunzie on.' I felt I must forego it, at least in a downright street capacity."

After a time, trade revived a little—he got tired of "this beggar's work"—and settled at Inverury:—

"Nine months after our settlement here" he says, 'She died—JEAN, the mother of my family, partner of my wanderings, the unmurmuring sharer in all my difficulties—left us, too, just as the last cloud was passing, ere the outbreak of a brighter day. The cloud passed, but the warmth that followed lost half its value to me, she being no partner therein."

In 1841, THOM sent a poem, *The Blind Boy's Pranks*, signed "By a Serf," to the *Aberdeen Herald*. The simple beauty of this poem attracted the attention of MR. GORDON, of Knockespock, one of those men of true heart who wait not until genius shall become churchyard clay, ere they can feel for its past agonies. This gentleman became the fast friend of THOM, and has stood by him until the present time. THOM is now at his loom at Inverury. "Alas! for the loom though," he says, "amid the giant waves of monopoly, the *solitary* loom is fast sinking. Thus must the lyre like a hen-coop be thrown on the wrecking waters, to float its owner ashore!"

We have no space to quote any of THOM's poems. They possess great natural grace and tenderness; though their dialect will prevent their popularity on this side of the Tweed. For which good reason, THOM more especially belongs to Scotland; it is the more *her* duty to foster him.

Be it understood, that in the above we have made no discovery. Two years ago the narrative was published in Scotland; nay, it adorned the pages of *Chambers' Journal*—a work peculiarly addressed to Scotch sympathies,—and what has Scotland up to this time done for THOM? Why, in the words of a correspondent, "Scotland, with but few exceptions, has felt proud and sorry, and has given a return of *nil!*"

But the time is not yet come. In some eight-and-forty years, perhaps, there may be a THOM Festival. A descendant of ERROL's Earl—of the family whose carriage made a hopeless cripple of the poet—may honour the solemnity with his presidentship; a Professor—some Jupiter from the great Saturn—may discourse

"Like that large utterance of the early gods!"—

and all be jubilee and gladness. Then may the weaver's house at Invertyle be visited—*then* may the roadside where the mother watched her dying infant be deemed consecrated ground—the flute on which the poet played for meals and shelter, a priceless relic! Wait eight-and-forty years, WILLIAM THOM, and such glory shall be your's. For the present, starve. It is cheaper—thinks economic Scotland—to give bays to the dead, than bread to the living.

It has been insinuated that—*viva voce*—we called the BURNS Festival, a "hollow humbug." We have no recollection that such a phrase ever escaped us. If, however, Scotland continues to neglect the weaver of Inverury, we shall no longer doubt the hollowness of the late festival, as a national demonstration. Add every Scotch coronet to that of EGLINTOUN—let PROFESSOR WILSON——

"Was that thunder?"

No: we can name PROFESSOR WILSON, and the heavens still be tranquil! Let PROFESSOR WILSON, we say, utter the eloquence of all Olympus,—why, even then, with THOM neglected, we would

most unhesitatingly pronounce the words attributed to us, and in the very teeth of Scotland groan, "HOLLOW HUMBUG!"

But no, Scotland will do otherwise; she will be genial, generous towards the weaver of Inverury. She will sympathise with his wants, she will be proud of his genius. Yes, in the case of WILLIAM THOM a miracle will be worked; for he will find that he "*can* gather figs of Thistles."

A word for ourselves. We have been pleasantly abused by *Tait*. Very dirty motives have been made for our notice of the BURNS Festival. Now the man who makes dirty motives for others, generally does so from an abundance of the material in his own nature. The writer talks of an enthusiasm that "had visited too-favoured Scotland at publishers' expence." Now, how was it that this enthusiastic Scot thought of an expence—in *this* case certainly apocryphal, and never to be paid? We will tell him.

"TAIT DE VEAU MAGAZINE."

Tait was sitting in the solemnity of his closet, trying to feather his skewers for arrows that he might shoot them at *Punch*. He heard upon the stairs the chink of six-pences and the rattle of bawbees; and then the pulseless genius of Scottish thrift walked in to cast up for the enthusiast *his* expenses per rail and back from Edinburgh to Ayr. It was thus he thought of ours! A matter wholly of association of ideas. And then his genius, thinking of *Punch*, cried out to him, in the words of *Scrub* in the comedy—

"Kill him, kill him, Brother *Martin!*"

But Brother MARTIN—albeit he has shot with a long bow—has not killed us. Nay, he has not even drawn blood.

Slaughter, next month,—eh, *Mr. Tait?*

A NEW IRISH MELODY.

(To an old Air, viz. "Brian O'Lin.")

DANIEL O'CONNELL 'd no mischief to brew,
So he started Repeal just for something to do,
And the watch-word like mad through Hibernia ran;
"Och! the rint is a mighty fine income," says DAN.

DANIEL O'CONNELL found nothing would do
But to keep up a regular hullabaloo,
Till he found himself frying like fat in a pan;
"Faith, I 'm thinking I'd like to be out on't," says DAN.

DANIEL O'CONNELL said rather too much,
About blackguards, and tyrants, and Sassenachs, and such,
Till the Government shut up the turbulent man;
"Arrah! here 's a gintale situation," says DAN.

DANIEL O'CONNELL had friends to his back,
So he go out of prison again in a crack;
And he now is exactly just where he began,
"Arrah! What in the world will I do now?" says DAN.

TO THE WOULD-BE GENTEEL.

THE termination of the Season has enabled *Punch*, through extensive negotiations with the butlers and footmen of the nobility and gentry, to offer to his subscribers, on the most moderate terms, a large assortment of ARISTOCRATIC VISITING CARDS. Any Gentleman or Lady, desirous of gaining credit for TITLED and FASHIONABLE ACQUAINTANCE, will find this an eligible opportunity for gratifying their pride or vanity. PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS, and other professional men, who may wish to appear to have a good CONNECTION, will also do well to avail themselves of it. Cheap De Veres, Montgomerys, Montagues, Mortimers, Melvilles, &c., (a large stock,) at the smallest figure. At *Punch's Office*, 194, Strand.

N. B. Observe the Statue of *Punch* in the window.

STATE OF THE MATRIMONIAL TRADE.

LOVERS.—A large cargo of fine lively Lovers just landed, in prime condition. Dressed every day by MOSES and SON, in the highest perfection, and sent to any part of Town or Country. Allowances to Widows, or to Families having two or three Daughters, according to the quantity taken.

PUNCH'S OWN REPORT OF THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

EARLY DEPARTURE FROM WINDSOR CASTLE.

Monday.—PRINCE ALBERT's shaving water started from the kitchen boiler exactly at six, and arrived at the royal landing-place, where it was received by the Prince's valet, at two minutes after. Her Majesty, who always washes in cold, was ready some time before; and MAJOR-GENERAL WEMYSS, who is a very bad getter-up, having been waited for for a few minutes, the royal *cortége* then started in three carriages and four for the railway station.

MAJOR-GENERAL WEMYSS had to be woke up on arriving at Slough; for the gallant officer had been attempting to snatch forty winks, and had succeeded in enjoying about twenty, when a violent nudge from COLONEL BOUVERIE reminded him of the necessity for keeping his eyes open. At Slough the royal party were received by the porters and policemen; the former wearing the Knots of the Order of the Portmanteau. The clerk in attendance having made out two grown-up tickets for the Queen and the Prince, and taken half fare for the Princess Royal, delivered the checks to VISCOUNTESS CANNING, who placed them in her glove, and the whole party soon arrived at Paddington. From thence they proceeded over Vauxhall Bridge to the Elephant and Castle, where the Princess Royal was rather troublesome, in consequence of a sudden desire to stop and see the Elephant; but her Royal Highness having been pacified by an acidulated drop, the royal party at length arrived at Woolwich.

ARRIVAL AND EMBARKATION AT WOOLWICH.

Nine o'Clock.—Woolwich was in a state of immense excitement, and the authorities at the Dockyard had tied bits of ribbon all about the premises in celebration of the auspicious occasion. An immense cannon, and a battery of twelve-pounders, having been placed under CAPTAIN BOBE, the gallant Captain, with the battery of twelve-pounders under him, sat down to wait the coming of the royal visitors.

Precisely at nine o'clock two outriders plunged into the dockyard, which was the signal for the discharge of the battery *under* CAPTAIN BOBE, at which the horses of the outriders took fright, and CAPTAIN BOBE entirely disappeared—nobody being in the least aware what became of him.

The little Princess was much pleased with the music of the band, and called PRINCE ALBERT's attention to the fact that they were playing "God save Mamma;" a tune with which her Royal Highness has of course become by this time perfectly familiar.

The QUEEN looked remarkably well, and wore her second-best black silk dress, with her new crape bonnet. PRINCE ALBERT wore his Oxford mixed wrapper over a suit of black, and he had got on his drab hat, with a deep black band standing out in bold relief over the rim of it. The PRINCESS ROYAL wore a bonnet and ribbons, but as her mamma's shawl was placed over her shoulders, it was impossible to make out the remainder of the infantine apparel.

ROYAL PROGRESS TO THE NORE.

Ten o'Clock.—This was the hour at which the Royal yacht was expected at the Nore, and PRINCE ALBERT facetiously remarked that as the wind was Nore by Nore-West it would be very hard if

they did not arrive pretty punctually. Whether the conjugal joke had anything to do with it, we, of course, cannot tell, but HER MAJESTY, as the *Observer* informs us, "looked very pale, and went below immediately."

The current number of *Punch*, without which the QUEEN never thinks of travelling, soon restored HER MAJESTY to her former self; but PRINCE ALBERT, seeing it begin to rain, and having already had sufficient damp thrown upon him, crept for shelter into a small nook "abaft the paddle-box."

It was soon after this that the *Lightning* steamer was observed approaching on her return from conveying PRINCE FREDERICK to Ostend, when HER MAJESTY being anxious to know how Prussia got home, had the *Lightning* stopped to ask after him. It was then that LORD ADOLPHUS FITZCLARENCE came out with a touch of that epigrammatic humour for which his Lordship, amongst his own immediate circle, is peculiarly noted. He was engaged at the moment in heaving the lead, and wrote on a card with the very lead he was in the act of heaving, the following Epigram:

ON THE LIGHTNING BEING STOPPED AT THE DESIRE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Though CANUTE could not check the wave,
While rapidly the tide was heightening,
VICTORIA her orders gave,
And at her bidding stopp'd the *Lightning*.

On reaching the Nore Light the PRINCESS ROYAL fell into the same error to which most juveniles are liable. Hearing that there was a buoy in the water, the PRINCESS with characteristic kindness wanted to have a rope thrown to the little fellow, but HER MAJESTY having called for the Royal Spelling Book, and pointed out the happy distinction drawn by MAVOR between B-o-y Boy, and B-u-o-y Buoy, the PRINCESS was found to be consolable. We ought, perhaps, to have stated that at Woolwich, his Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT was prevailed upon to take off the very unbecoming drab hat with the black hat-band, and to substitute a naval undress cap, with a gold band.

While the foaming waves were swellin',
PRINCE ALBERT look'd extremely well in.

At Rosherville, BARON NATHAN and a large body of retainers were screaming on the pier as the squadron passed, but nobody heard them, and their loyalty passed by as the idle wind, which nobody paid any attention to. At Herne Bay, HER MAJESTY was exceedingly desirous to view the place, having heard so much of it for the last three years in *Punch*, and observing a select party of eleven at the end of the pier, the QUEEN was graciously pleased to remark that she presumed she had the pleasure of seeing all the inhabitants. On pursuing the investigation through a powerful telescope, the one policeman was seen brandishing his staff and entreating the crowd!! to keep back, adding, that there was plenty of room for everybody.

Three o'Clock..—By this time the squadron was abreast of Harwich Harbour, and all the authorities were congregated at the end of the pier, with an address; but the nearest vessel was ten miles off, and, though the Mayor caused signals of distress to be thrown up every ten minutes, the municipal authorities were compelled to disperse, which they did, after a violent quarrel amongst themselves as to whose fault it was that the deputation had failed in its object.

"At six o'clock," says the *Observer*, with its customary acuteness, "the royal squadron had left Aldborough far behind;" and, as our contemporary thinks it a notable fact that the squadron had left Aldborough behind, we presume that the *Observer* thought it very possible that the squadron, instead of leaving Aldborough behind, would have taken it on as a part of the luggage.

The QUEEN, having taken an early tea, retired very soon to rest, and PRINCE ALBERT repaired to the deck to smoke a quiet cigar with the EARLS of LIVERPOOL and ABERDEEN. LORD ADOLPHUS FITZCLARENCE was invited to join the party, and, as PRINCE ALBERT always makes a point of tasting the provisions dealt out to the men, wherever he goes, some grog was brought to His Royal Highness, on the merits of which a council was held, which sat till a late hour. The EARL OF ABERDEEN, who is a high authority on foreign affairs, gave a very favourable report as to the genuineness of a Bengal cheroot, and his Lordship also received dispatches from the Havannahs, with which he transacted business.

Tuesday.—This was an extremely flat day on board the royal yacht; and neither the QUEEN nor PRINCE ALBERT ventured on deck, while the little Princess remained in her berth as quiet as possible.

HER MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL AT DUNDEE.

Wednesday.—At half-past three, the royal yacht came to anchor in the roadstead of Dundee, and a party of Native Dundeeians, with the mayor at their head, anxious to avoid the error of the people of Edinburgh, who were too late, came rattling, bellowing, and hailing under the bows of the royal yacht, long before HER MAJESTY felt disposed to get up to attend to them. In vain did LORD ADOLPHUS FITZCLARENCE exclaim, "Hush, the QUEEN's asleep!" in vain, did the honest tars insist on the "land lubbers sheering off."

The authorities of Dundee would not quit the yacht till they knew the hour HER MAJESTY had appointed for landing. At length, the QUEEN, aroused by the noise, inquired the reason, and having ascertained the facts, good-humouredly exclaimed, through an open port-hole, "Eight o'clock, my good people! come again at eight o'clock!"

Such is our account of the Royal progress as far as Dundee, where HER MAJESTY was received by the usual assemblage of authorities and evergreens, triumphal arches, town councils, pocket handkerchiefs, and pink calico; all of which she gracefully acknowledged by those smiles which royalty is expected to wear on similar occasions.

HOSPITAL FOR DECAYED PICTURES.

THIS Institution is the building in Trafalgar Square, heretofore known as the National Gallery. It is one fraught with melancholy interest. Here is provided an asylum for the Old Masters during their progress to decay; which its arrangements are in every way calculated to expedite. They may be seen, in their respective wards, resting against the wall; an incrustation of dust, dirt, and mildew quietly forming over them, and no attempt at disturbing their latter days being made by interfering with it. With feelings like those of LORD BYRON in the Coliseum, one surveys the fading tints, vanishing outlines, and darkening canvass of RAPHAEL and GUIDO, CORREGGIO, and CARACCI, GAINSBOROUGH and HOGARTH. To think how many of our old acquaintance are going! Age is daily creeping upon VANDYKE and REMBRANDT; RUBENS is fast breaking up, and poor SIR JOSHUA looks very ill. Everybody used to talk of the green old age of GEVARTIUS; his fine fresh colour has almost departed; and his venerable face is now quite smoky. Unfortunate VENUS, vainly attired by the Graces, begins to look quite palely; and ANDROMEDA'S complexion is beyond the reach of Kalydor. Might we venture to suggest that a little soap and water occasionally, a gentle dusting now and then, would really do the patients no harm, and improve their looks considerably! But perhaps this would be giving the attendants too much trouble.

A SPEAKING LIKENESS.

ROYAL FASHIONS.

PRINCE ALBERT'S taste in hats seems to be rather singular, not only as far as the military cap is concerned, but the civil tile selected by His Royal Highness appears to bear the stamp of eccentricity. At the recent embarkation of the Royal Family for Scotland, PRINCE ALBERT, we are told, "wore a drab hat, with a deep mourning band,"—and a precious Guy he must have looked in it. His Royal Highness appears to labour under a sort of monomania with respect to hats, some extraordinary specimen of which he seems continually doomed to run his head against.

PORTRAIT OF "PERFIDIOUS ALBION."

Dedicated to Jeune France.

MESSIEURS,

You have long raved about "Perfidious Albion,"—you have execrated the monster—loathed—abhorred him. Your hatred of the wretch has been, and is, a very cordial to your hearts. You have nourished yourselves upon such national rancour, as the king of old is said to have grown plump and sleek on poison. The frog has strangely enough really taken the fabled nature of the toad, and has swelled almost to bursting with venom!

And alas! what now avails this magnanimous, this truly heroic disgust? Jeune France had his sword glittering half from the scabbard—his moustache quivered with martial energy—his fingers were already near the throat of Albion the Perfidious, that in another second would have felt the civilising weapon in his vitals, when lo! GUIZOT—yes, the Man of Ghent—traitorously saved him. Young France has been ordered to sheathe his sword, and Perfidious Albion—like an escaped tiger—may lick his lips in his jungle.

Sympathising, dear Young France, with the cruelty of your disappointment, I here present to you a finished portrait—a *vera effigies*—of Perfidious Albion for the Louvre. It will serve to keep alive your national enmity; it will enable you to burn the brutal, unrelenting features of the monster into the minds of your babes and sucklings. You may take your children, and they in turn may take your grandchildren, and make them swear, beneath the very eyes of the wretch, a hatred deep and inexhaustible as the hatred of young Hannibal.

Be assured, that the portrait is a true likeness. But this speaks for itself. The whole expression is that of a beast, a monster, a man-eater, an ogre—in fact, Perfidious Albion!

Dear Jeune France,

Allow me to subscribe myself,

With sympathy and admiration,

Yours never,

PUNCH.

THE PEPPER-BOX AND THE "VINEGAR-CRUET."

"Touch me with Vinegar, I'll have at you with Pepper!"

DENNIS BULGRUDDERY (*The O'Connell Reading.*)

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XXIII.

FROM A WIDOWER TO A WIDOW, WITH AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

My dear Madam,

Your kind looks and cordial words have accompanied me all the way home, and—the truth is, I write this before going to bed; I shall sleep the more soundly for having the matter off my mind. It is true, we have met but once; but we are both of us at that rational point of life, when people know the most value of time; and as all ceremony is but an idle waste of existence, I beg herewith to offer you my hand, and, with it, though I have been married before, an entire heart. There are hearts, madam, allow me to say, all the better for keeping; they become mellower, and more worth a woman's acceptance than the crude, unripe things, too frequently gathered—as children gather green fruit—to the discomfort of those who obtain them. I have been married to one wife, and know enough of the happiness of wedlock to wish it to be continued in another. The best compliment I can pay to the dear creature now in heaven, is to seek another dear creature here on earth. She was a woman of admirable judgment; and her portrait—it hangs over my chimney-piece—smiles down upon me as I write. She seems to know my thoughts, and to approve of them. I said, madam, she was a woman of excellent judgment.

My means are tolerably good; more than sufficient for my widowed state. Of the truth of this, your solicitor shall have the most satisfactory proof. I have also heard—casually heard—that fortune has not, my dear madam, been blind to your deserts, and has awarded you more than enough to keep the wolf from the door. I rejoice at this; for whatever might be my disappointment, I would not entail upon you the inconvenience of marriage unaccompanied by an agreeable competence. What is enough for one—it has been said—is enough for two. But this is the ignorance of Cupid, who never could learn figures. Now Hymen—as you must know, dear madam—is a better arithmetician; taught as he is by butcher and baker. Love in a cottage is pretty enough for girls and boys; but men and women like a larger mansion, with coach-house and stabling.

You may urge against me, that I have incumbrances. By no means. My daughter having married a beggar, has ceased to have any natural claim upon me. If I am civil to her, it is solely from a certain weakness of heart that I cannot wholly conquer; and something too, moreover, to keep up appearances with a meddling world. I have told her that she is never to expect a farthing from me, and I should despise myself not to be a man of my word.

I have, too, a son; but when I tell you that I have once paid his debts, incurred in his wild minority, you will allow that, except my blessing, and, at times, my paternal advice, he can expect nothing more. I know the duties of a father, and will never satisfy the cravings of a profligate. Nevertheless, he is my own son; and whatever may be his need, my blessing and my counsel he shall never want.

My health, madam, has ever been excellent. I have worn like rock. I have heard of such things as nerves, but believe it my fate to have been born without any such weaknesses. I speak thus plainly of essentials, as you and I, madam, are now too wise to think consumption pretty—to tie ourselves to ill-health, believing it vastly interesting. I can ride forty miles a day, and take a hedge with any fellow of five-and-twenty. I say, I speak of these things, that you may know me as I am. Moreover, I assure you I eat with my own teeth, and grow my own hair. Besides this, I am only two-and-fifty.

What do you say, madam? As for vices, as I am an honest man, I do not think I can lay any to my charge. I may have my human weaknesses—such, indeed, as I have touched upon above; but, madam, it has ever been my study through life to be respectable. I have the handsomest pew in the church, and don't owe any man a shilling.

Well, my dear madam, it is getting late, and I must conclude. I hate to be out of bed after eleven—it is now past twelve. Hence, you must perceive how very much I am interested in this business. In another ten minutes I shall be asleep, and dreaming of you. May I wake to find my dream—for I know what it will be—a reality!

If our solicitors are mutually satisfied, will you name the day? I am superstitious about days—say, then, say Thursday week, and believe me your devoted lover, till death,

Nicholas Blackthorn.

P.S. May I see you to-morrow?

LETTER XXIV.

THE WIDOW'S ANSWER.

Sir,

Your favour of last night has, I own, surprised me. What! after one meeting, and that at a card-party, to make such an offer! Well to be sure, you men are strange creatures! What, indeed, could you have seen in my conduct to think I could look over such boldness?

As for the rational point of life you speak of, I must confess I know not when that exactly occurs; do you think it—at least with women—at two-and-thirty: or if not, may I beg to know what age you consider me? Perhaps, though, my early and irreparable loss may have brought a look of premature age upon me. It is very possible—for what a man he was!

As for what you say about hearts, sir, I know but little; I only know the one I have lost. If I did pluck it green, like the winter-apples in my store-room, it grew riper and riper in my care.

You say your wife's portrait smiled while you wrote. *His* dear miniature is now before me; I think I see the tears starting through the ivory as I look upon the precious features. If he ever could have frowned, surely he would frown now to think—but I will not pursue the theme.

As to your means, sir, I am happy to hear they are sufficient. Although I can by no possibility have an interest in them, nevertheless I myself too well know the blessings of competence not to congratulate you. True it is I know but little of the ways of money; but am blessed in my solicitors, Messrs. Grip and Nip, No. —, Furnival's-inn.

You speak of your incumbrances; my husband dying, left me without a single one. That your daughter should have forgotten her duty, is an affliction. I am glad, however, to find that you know the true source of consolation, and refuse to lend yourself to her improvidence. Truly, indeed, do you say it is a meddling world. *I* have found it so; as some of my lamented husband's poor relations will answer for me. However, as I could not endure the sight of anything that reminded me of my dear lost treasure, I have left them for ever in Cornwall. It is now some months since they have ceased to distress me.

Your son may mend. If you will allow me as a stranger to speak, I think you should still act with tenderness towards him. How very little would pay his passage to Australia!

Health is, indeed, a treasure. *I* know it. Had I not had the robustness—pardon the word!—of a mountain nymph, I had never survived the dreadful shock that cruel death has inflicted on me. As it was, it struck me down. But, as the poet says, "the bulrush rises when the oak goes crash."

You are partial to hunting? It is a noble recreation. My departed lamb followed the hounds, and, as sportsmen say, would ride at anything. He once broke his collar-bone; but, with good nursing, we put him in the saddle again in a month. Ha! you should have seen him in his scarlet coat!

In this fleeting life, how small and vain are personal gifts compared to the treasures of the mind! Still, if there is anything I admire, it is fine teeth. A wig, at least in a man, is detestable.

You say you are two-and-fifty. Well, I must say, you don't look *that* age.

You speak plainly of vices, and say you have none. It would be ill manners in me, on so short—I may say, so very trivial—an acquaintance, to doubt you. Besides, it has been my faith—and what I have lost by it I hav' n't time to tell—to think well of everybody. Weaknesses we all have. One of mine is, a love of a pew. We think but very little of religion, when we forget proper hassocks.

I have, however, delayed you too long; and indeed, except for politeness' sake, know not why I should have written at all.

I therefore remain,
Your obedient Servant;
RUTH DOUBLEKNOT.

P.S. I shall be out all day to-morrow. At present—I say at present—I know of no engagement for the next day; no, not next day—the day after; for *I* hate a Thursday.

LORD LONDONDERRY'S PROTEST.

IT has hitherto escaped the notice of our contemporaries that LORD LONDONDERRY has placed a protest on the journals of the House, which, for conciseness of style, and closeness of reasoning, is certainly very far superior to anything of even the late LORD HOLLAND'S. The reader will remember that the Lay Lords upon the late writ of error were entreated by the EARL OF WINCHILSEA not to vote, as, having heard none of the arguments, they could not be supposed to know anything of the matter. LORD LONDONDERRY'S protest is, it will be seen, a tremendous blow at this new and very dangerous doctrine.

Protest.

That having sat many years in the House of Lords—(in the same House which has been decorated by the eloquence of my late lamented relative, that did more for Ireland than any other statesman which has ever lived)—I hold it to be altogether and wholly unconstitutional—completely and entirely and in every part subversive of the rights of the Peers of the United Kingdom which they are born to and hold by birthright, to refrain from voting on the egregious and radical doctrine that they do not understand what they vote upon.

That it is a constitutional and no less agreeable fiction of the law that Peers are supposed to be born knowing everything: and that even if they know nothing—which is never the case—when they are elevated to the upper House, such elevation does immediately impart to them all the science of government. They take such science as children take the small-pox, by mixing with them which have it.

That with this belief I have unhesitatingly voted, and ever should wish to vote, upon any and every question: and that if I have not exercised my born birthright upon the late writ of error, it is simply because I was not in the House, and for no other cause, let, or hindrance whatsoever.

That firmly attached to the constitution—which my lamented relative did more to uphold than any other Minister which ever was—I have entered this protest, that my late absence (and with it my unavoidable silence) may not be taken for a precedent.

That to forego this privilege would soon reduce the British constitution to the state of Constantinople (my *Voyage* to which is still to be had at a reduced price, in a new edition, of MR. COLBURN, Marlborough-street).

LONDONDERRY.

INTENTIONS OF FRANCE.

RESOLUTELY determined there should be no war between France and England, still we may as well let our countrymen know what they might have expected in the event of hostilities; for we have succeeded in finding out the plans of the French from a commercial traveller, in an Algerine beard, who was bringing some ribands from Paris—a pattern of which, as he belonged to the Legion of Honour, he was privileged to wear in his button-hole.

The French intended to have landed 200,000 men at Folkestone, so that VANTELINI, of the Pavilion Hotel, would have been prettily puzzled how to accommodate his gallant countrymen. They would have taken a special train up to the Bricklayers' Arms, sacking the receipts of the company at all the stations on the road up; and they would then have bivouacked on Kennington Common. The next morning they would have marched into London, pillaged the Mint, turned the coffers of the Bank inside out, and have proceeded thence by omnibus to the West End, where they would have declared England a republic in the middle of Regent's Circus. They would then have marched on Paddington, bombarded the Yorkshire Stingo, and sent a detachment round St. James's Park to spike the gun belonging to the Gun Tavern, immediately opposite Buckingham Palace. They would then have taken a special train to Slough, and dictated the terms of peace at Windsor Castle. Before showing the heads of a treaty, they were to insist on having the heads of all the Ministers, particularly that of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON; after which they purposed deposing the Queen, and installing TOM DUNCOMBE as First Consul, assisted by FEARGUS O'CONNOR and JOSEPH HUME, as Tribunes of the people.

It will be seen that the whole of this account is very complete and substantial, as far as the French are concerned; but the statement omits altogether one very essential point—namely, how the English meant to employ themselves while the scenes above described were being enacted.

BEAUTY AND BUSINESS *versus* EARLY SHOPS.

WE have received the following communications from persons interested against the early closure of linen-drapers' shops; and, on the principle of hearing both sides of a question, we insert them:—

MR. PUNCH—SIR,

Your wife ought to pull your ears; wouldn't I, if I were *Judy!* I will tell you why; for trying, as you do, to get linen-drapers to close their shops at eight or nine o'clock. Suppose a lady, late on Saturday night, sees, in the *Magasin de Modes*, a new lilac, or lavender (and it 's just the same with a shawl), that she would like to appear in at church the next day, why now all she has to do is to go and get it: whereas if the shops were shut, she would have to wait till the following Monday; and how would you like that, if you were in her place? By the time Monday came, very likely she wouldn't want it at all; and it isn't always convenient for a lady to go out in the morning. Do be a little considerate, *Mr. Punch;* really, it is too bad of you. Hoping you will excuse haste and spelling, &c.

UNE ELÉGANTE.

P.S. As to the young men sitting up an hour or so, getting pale, and having little headaches, what is that to a lady's disappointment?

PUNCH!

What business have you to dictate to us as to when we ought to shut up shop? It is no affair of yours. A man has a right to do what he likes with his own; and his shop is his own; and so are the shopmen in it, as long as he pays them. You talk about their wanting recreation; but why are they to have recreation at our expense? What do we get by their recreation? Their "mental culture," as you call it, is nothing to us. We hire them to increase our business, not to improve their minds. Besides, we do very well without it, and why shouldn't they? As to their morals, I 'm sure we attend quite enough to them. We teach them not to embezzle goods, or rob the till; and we prosecute them if they do. Besides, morals may be carried too far. An assistant must stretch a point, now and then, to get an article off. A pretty sort of morals, too, I call it, to cheat an employer out of three or four hours a day. At 4*s.* a day's wages, reckoning fifteen hours a day, four hours would be 1*s.* 0¾*d.*, and a fraction over, downright plunder. What have you got to say to that? As to injuring their health by confinement and late hours, that is their look out. Our object is to get as much work out of them as we can; if they don't like it, they may leave it.

A MASTER LINENDRAPER.

DREADFUL STATE OF DESTITUTION.

YESTERDAY, a miserable object—we present his portrait—was brought up before SIR PETER LAURIE, at Guildhall, by Policeman A 1, who stated that he had taken the prisoner into custody on the heinous charge of begging. He had found him seated on the pavement, the culprit having written thereon with chalk "I am starving." The general boldness and flourish of the writing was of the most hardened description. Several of the aldermen had been considerably disgusted with it, as another evidence of the effrontery of the lower classes.

Sir Peter Laurie. Starving, eh? Humph! a growing abuse. I must put it down in the same way that I crushed suicide. What is your name, my man? and what your occupation?

Prisoner. My name 's my own property, and I shall keep it to myself. As for my occupation (*here the prisoner laughed hysterically*), my occupation 's gone.

Sir Peter. Come, come, no laughing here. I'm an alderman, and won't allow such fellows as you to write "starving" on the Queen's highway, with the London Tavern, BIRCH'S, and a hundred cook-shops beside, in the City. What are you?

Here the policeman informed SIR PETER that the prisoner was the Clown of RICHARDSON'S Show. Since last Bartholomew's-day he had been wandering about the City—abusing the Court of Aldermen—swearing that they had robbed him of his birthright—and that he'd have compensation, or his friend LORD BROUGHAM should know it.

Sir Peter. Oh, oh! And pray, fellow, is this true?

Prisoner. Yes, it is; even though the policeman swears it. The Court of Aldermen have robbed me of my birthright. I was born a Clown—I have a wested interest in Bartlemy Fair, and was brought up to get my living by making a fool of myself: and now, the Court of Aldermen, like a pack of amatoors—

Policeman. He means amateurs, your worship.

Prisoner. Didn't I say so? Like a pack of amatoors, come and take the bread out of my mouth. Is flesh and blood to stand this? I married the Ghost of the Show—as sweet a cretur as ever stood in a white sheet—on the strength of Bartlemy Fair: I'm the father of a family on the understanding that Bartlemy should last for ever. And now it 's put down, I should like to know why I 'm not to have what they call compensation? I can't do nothing but grin, and what 's to become of me? I tumbled from the werry breast, and now I'm brought to a stand-still.

Here the worthy magistrate, becoming visibly affected, asked the prisoner what had become of the rest of the troop.

Prisoner. Why, the Pantaloon 's married the Columbine—she 'd saved five pound—and gone into the baked tatur business. The Harlequin now and then gets a job as mute with his cousin, an undertaker. As for me, why I tell you—me and the Ghost of my bosom is starving!

Sir Peter. Nevertheless, you mustn't write "starving" in the City—it is offensive to the aldermen, and, as I say, is flying in the faces of the chop-houses.

Prisoner (*much excited*). Will the aldermen give me compensation, then?

Sir Peter. Be quiet, my man. Impossible!

Prisoner. Will they buy my Clown's dress, then? It 's sure to fit some of 'em.

Sir Peter. Quite out of the question. Notwithstanding, I feel such an interest in you—I may almost say that it amounts to a sympathy, that—

Prisoner. Heaven bless you, SIR PETER!

Sir Peter. That I will see what can be done for you and your wife.

Hereupon SIR PETER directed the officer to go to MR. OSBALDISTON, of the Victoria Theatre, to inquire if, with his known benevolence, he could not give shelter in his asylum to the unhappy couple.

In a short time the officer returned with a letter to SIR PETER from MR. O., stating that he should be happy to engage the prisoner for the next Christmas pantomime, and that there would always be employment for his wife, the Ghost, in the continual run of some domestic drama.

The poor fellow was so overcome with gratitude, that he threw a summerset out of court.

THE LAW IN DANGER.

HAVING heard of the panic caused in the legal profession by the passing of LORD BROUGHAM'S Bill, we were not astonished when we were told that an association will shortly be formed under the name of the "Pettifoggers' Protection, United Bailiffs' and Amicable Turnkeys' Society," the object of which will be to reserve the classes above named from that gulf—which, in anticipation of their ultimate descent into a larger abyss, threatens immediately to swallow them. We have been given to understand that the following resolutions will be proposed at the preliminary meeting:—

That LORD BROUGHAM'S bill is calculated to injure the trade in parchment, by diminishing the number of writs—and is, therefore, in direct opposition to one of our greatest commercial interests.

That the iron works of this country give employment to several thousands of souls. That it is expedient to preserve our manufacturing superiority. That iron gives employment to an enormous amount of labour and capital; and that LORD BROUGHAM'S bill will cripple this branch of our industry by lessening the demand for bolts, locks, and bars to our prisons, and that, therefore, all the great iron making districts ought immediately to organise an opposition to this very obnoxious measure.

That it is a grand principle of philosophy to turn an evil into a good—and to derive a profit from misfortune. That the attorneys, bailiffs, and turnkeys have hitherto profited largely from the misfortunes of other people—a piece of practical philosophy which LORD BROUGHAM'S bill will henceforth render impossible. (It will be seen from the above resolutions that self-interest has nothing whatever to do with the hostility to LORD BROUGHAM'S new measure.) The objections to it are founded on a deep sympathy with the parchment and iron trade, as well as a zealous regard for the principles of practical philosophy.

ANOTHER NEW COMET.

(*From our own Astronomer.*)

HAVING read a letter in the *Times* from Professor SOUTH, who has discovered another Comet which nobody can see, I took out my *lorgnette*, and watched with considerable intensity. Having detected a bit of coagulated vapour in an altitude of two and a half, I looked for its right ascension, but as it did not ascend right, but was left on the end of my glass, I discovered that the phenomenon was occasioned by a bit of what is usually termed flue, or flough, adhering to the end of my opera-glass. Having manœuvred a little so as to get my *lorgnette* to a better focus, I continued my observations, and ultimately espied what I suppose must have been the Comet, and which the following table may perhaps enable the public to trace the course of.

Day	1 *Hour.*	*Mean Altitude.*	*Average Declination.*
Monday . .	0	a 24 0 6	S. × × ×
Tuesday . .	½	∨ □ — K	0 0 0 0 9
Wednesday .	0	— O —	— O —
Thursday . .	9	⌒	⌣
Friday . . .	2¾	12 yards	2 fathoms
Saturday . .	8	The Monument	The Thames
Sunday . . .	—	Relâche	Relâche.

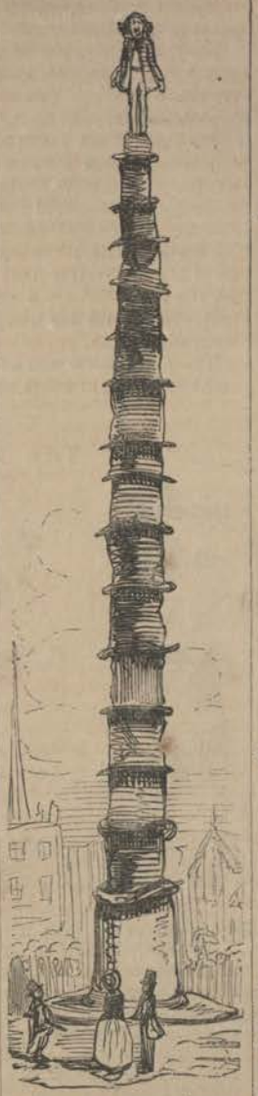
APPROPRIATE AIRS.

THE custom of following the giving of toasts at public dinners by appropriate airs, is all very well if it can be carried completely out, but when some of the toasts will admit of the arrangement and others will not, the effect may be occasionally rather awkward. The other day, at the dinner given to SIR ROBERT SALE, the health of Her Majesty was followed, very properly, by "God save the QUEEN;" but when it came to the PRINCE OF WALES, and the rest of the Royal Family, there was no air that seemed particularly appropriate, and the glee-singers unfortunately struck up the popular ditty of "That 's the way the money goes," a *contre temps* which was happily put an end to by the band commencing, *fortissimo*, the "Prince of Wales's March," thus effectually drowning the efforts of the glee-singers.

But the funniest combination of the evening was the health of SIR R. A. FERGUSON, BART., the Member for the City, with the song of "I 'm ower young to marry yet." We should be glad to know the honourable baronet's age, and whether he has any idea of marrying; and if so, whether he is considered "ower young" to enter into the state of matrimony.

THE HUNGERFORD SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

IT has just occurred to the proprietors of this snug little footway, that it will pay by adding a railroad to it. They have got the bridge and they now only want the railway, a state of things which reminds us of the boy who had got a watch-key and only wanted a gold watch to add to it. If the proprietors are desirous of uniting with a railway, why not fraternise with the Kensington concern; a bridge that nobody wants to go over, would be an excellent adjunct to a railway nobody wants to go by, and as the two speculations are decidedly two negatives as far as profit is concerned, it is just possible that an affirmative might arise out of them. An uninterrupted communication between Wormwood Scrubbs and the Belvidere Brewery might stand a chance of being visited from a feeling of curiosity, and the very absurdity of the thing would render it to a certain extent an object of interest.



DESIGN FOR THE D'ISRAELI COLUMN AT SHREWSBURY.

D'AUBIGNY REPRIMANDED.

MONS. GUIZOT has undertaken to order CAPTAIN BRUAT to reprimand M. D'AUBIGNY for his conduct to PRITCHARD. The solemnity will, we understand, be performed in the following manner:—BRUAT will be seated at a table with bottles and glasses before him. He will then order D'AUBIGNY to be brought into his presence. BRUAT will then rise, and with great sternness address the prisoner, thus—

M. D'AUBIGNY, it is my painful duty to severely reprimand you —and you are reprimanded accordingly. (*D'Aubigny bows.*) Now, comrade, sit down. (*Pushes the bottles.*) Chateau-Margaux or Lafitte?

D'AUBIGNY. Lafitte.

BRUAT. (*Filling.*) "*Trinquons! A la gloire de France!*"

And, until a late hour in the evening, D'AUBIGNY continues to be reprimanded.

English Politicians Abroad.

THE Whigs are all gone upon their travels, the country having left them quite free to *aller promener* as long as they find it agreeable. Speculation is very busy as to the motives by which some of the leading politicians are influenced; and it is roundly asserted that LORD JOHN RUSSELL has been into Germany with the intention of "warming up old animosities against France." This seems to be a most unprofitable branch of political cookery; for, whoever tries to warm up old animosities, is likely to make a pretty hash of it.

V. R.

ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

The Queen's Visit to Scotland.

Her Majesty has just issued a Proclamation, of which PUNCH *has been favoured with an early Copy.*

Whereas, On each and every of our Royal Movements, it has been, and is the custom of sundry weakly-disposed Persons, known as "Our Own Correspondents," "Our Private Correspondents," and others, to write, and cause to be printed, absurd and foolish language, touching Ourself, our Royal Consort, and Beloved Babies,—it is Our will and pleasure that such foolish practices, (tending as they really do to bring royalty into contempt,) shall be discontinued; and that from henceforth, all Vain, Silly, and Sycophantic Verbiage shall cease, and good, Straightforward, Simple English be used in all Descriptions of all Progresses made by Ourself, our Royal Consort, and our Dearly Beloved Children. AND FURTHERMORE, It shall be permitted to our Royal Self to wear a white shawl, or a black shawl, without any idle talk being passed upon the same. AND FURTHER, Our Beloved Consort shall, whenever it shall so please him, "change his round Hat for a Naval Cap with a gold band," without calling for the special notice of the newspapers, AND FURTHER, That our Beloved Child, the Princess Royal, shall be permitted to walk "hand in hand" with her Royal Father, without exciting such marked demonstrations of wonderment at the familiarity, as have been made known to Me by the public press.

Be it Known, That the QUEEN OF ENGLAND is not the Grand Lama; AND FURTHER BE IT REMEMBERED, That Englishmen should not emulate the vain idolatry of speech familiar in the mouths of Eastern bondmen.

Given at Blair Atholl, Sept. 16, 1844. Victoria Regina.

INCIDENTS OF THE ROYAL TRIP.

THE report of Her Majesty's progress announces the important fact that during a heavy shower PRINCE ALBERT refused to go below, but took shelter abaft the paddle-box. His Royal Highness must have stuffed himself in somewhere between the kitchen and the gunwale, but he evidently kept his weather eye disengaged, for the report adds that he was able to command a view of surrounding objects. Amongst the surrounding objects the EARLS OF LIVERPOOL and ABERDEEN are particularly mentioned.

The Archæological Society.

Punch has to apologize to this learned body, that in consequence of an excruciating press of matter, he is not enabled to give up so many of his columns as he could wish, to a report of their proceedings. He will, however, next week, make sure amendment. He has been favoured by JAMES ROBINSON PLANCHÉ, Esq., F.R.S.A., with the MS. of his forthcoming paper, "On the Origin, Progress, and Uses of the Shoulder-knot." This paper forms a companion essay to that read at Canterbury by the learned gentleman on the Buckle, and will, furthermore, be illustrated with a very handsome portrait of the author.

Early in October will be Published,

PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK,

FOR 1845.

EMBELLISHED BY LEECH AND DOYLE.

Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

WRIT IN ERROR.—THE following sentence was delivered in the judgment on the last year's *Punch's* POCKET-BOOK:—"Nothing can go beyond *Punch's* POCKET-BOOK for 1844." It having been ascertained that *Punch's* POCKET-BOOK for 1845, will exceed its predecessor in every respect, the sentence is reversed.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by Joseph Smith, Publisher, of No. 33, St. John's Wood Terrace, St. John's Wood Road, Regent's Park, in the county of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1844.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XXV.

FROM A CLERGYMAN TO A CHURCHWARDEN, ECCENTRIC IN HIS ACCOUNTS.

DEAR SIR,

IT is now two years since the horrors of fiscal war broke out in our once peaceful parish of Wholehog-cum-Applesauce. For two years, sir, have the affrighted parishioners had their souls and pockets torn by thoughts of mammon—for two years have they nightly fallen to sleep to groan and writhe beneath a nightmare sitting on their breasts in the horrid shape of a Churchwarden, grinning and hugging in his arms an iron-clasped account-book! Neither sex nor age has escaped the evil influence of the time: old women wax older when they talk of Churchwarden GRIPPS; and the faces of little children become sharp and thin as sixpences when they stammer out his name. True it is, the parishioners have put you in the cage of Chancery; nevertheless, with a magnanimous philosophy, you do nothing but make mouths at them through the bars!

Dear sir, pause—consider. Have you not done enough for history? Is it possible, think you, that the fame—such as it is—of Churchwarden GRIPPS can die whilst the parish of Wholehog-cum-Applesauce shall endure! Will not its annals preserve until the latest day a thousand memoranda of the peculiar reputation of GRIPPS? Whilst arithmetic shall remain to man, can they ever be forgotten! Why, then, be thus gluttonous of glory! Why crave for more renown, when some folks vow it is impossible for you to stand upright with the load already on your shoulders?

Dear Churchwarden, consider the danger of your present condition. For years and years have you borne the bag of Wholehog-cum-Applesauce. You have been the depository of the hopes of the parish; and if—as with a golden tongue you have declared it—the people owe you monies, blush not, but take the balance. Let your mystic books be opened; call in pundits for the work, and let the Cabala of Wholehog-cum-Applesauce be revealed to the vulgar. Then, how joyfully will your debtors pay their dues to the Churchwarden; while, on the other hand, if you should have slumbered in error—for even Churchwardens are men—with what serene delight will you pen a cheque upon the fortunate banker who holds in trust the hoard of GRIPPS!

Dear sir, you have been abused—sorely abused. You say it—all the world know it. Unhappily, it is the infirmity of men to throw anything but crowns of flowers upon him they deem their debtor; and true it is, you do not walk in the odour of roses. It was one of the thousand fallacies by which the Romans hectored it over the world, that "money has no smell." Never believe it, dear GRIPPS. There is some money that will turn the sweetest Christian into a human pole-cat.

Consider what a plight are we all brought into by these pestilent accounts! Enter the Church of Wholehog-cum-Applesauce—survey its wants—take some leisure solemn half-hour, and pace up and down its aisles! Tears will trickle down your nose, and your noble heart will lie melting in your breast like green fat in the platter of an alderman. You will weep, sir—I am sure of it—you will weep, and your trembling and repentant hand will, with awakened instinct, unbutton for once your breeches' pocket.

Give ear to the sorrows of the people of the church. Myself, sir, its unworthy minister, would be very happy to hand you a receipt for arrears of salary. You are my debtor; but I pass my own claim, and implore for others.

Our organist, sir—our tuneful musician—lacks payment of some five quarters. Every touch of his subtle fingers has been for fifteen months a touch upon credit. Can you think of this, sir, and surrender up your Sabbath heart to the solemnity of pealing fugues? Alas, sir! with these teazing accounts upon your mind, does not some evil genius strike all religious harmony from out the music—does it not to your ear profanely change the hundredth psalm into the worldly discord of *The Miser thus a Shilling sees?* And then our church bells that should call like comforting angels to your Sabbath soul—alas, sir, and alas!—what do you hear in them? Nothing, but three horrid, clanging notes—*£ s. d. £ s. d. £ s. d.*!

Our sexton, sir—poor, patient creature!—for a year and a half he has not known the sweets of income. Consider it, dear sir, consider it; a day must come, when you will need his service. Therefore, that you may meet that day with Christian peace, ponder on the troubles of Wholehog-cum-Applesauce—allay the tumults—pay arrears—cure all heart-burnings—make straight your accounts, and believe me,

Your earnest well-wisher,

GILEAD BALM.

LETTER XXVI.

THE CHURCHWARDEN'S ANSWER.

SIR,

As I consider your letter a very great impertinence, you will take any answer to it as, upon my part, a remarkable condescension. I had made up my mind to go out of the world without ever deigning to write or speak again of the accounts of Wholehog-cum-Applesauce. I feel that they ought to be beneath my notice: but so it is—throughout the whole of this fiscal war, as you are pleased to call the present atheistic revolution of the parish—I have been overflowing with a courtesy, a gentleness, that has only increased the audacity of my slanderers. I have been meek and unresisting, and so I have been trampled upon. But, sir, a worm will turn, and, by consequence, so will the Churchwarden of Wholehog-cum-Applesauce!

The parishioners *have* certainly put me into Chancery. What of it? The people at the Zoological Gardens have put a brown bear into a pit; and the fine fellow still climbs to the top of his pole, and squatting there, looks with surly contempt upon the poor creatures who, whatever they may say of him, dare not come to close quarters. Take your answer out of that, sir.

I have law upon my side—law, sir, which I should hope is stronger than any arithmetic you may please to talk of. I am Churchwarden of Wholehog-cum-Applesauce for life: for there is a divine right of churchwardens as well as of kings. As a scholar and a man of some sense, you ought to know that I was born for the office. At all events, come what may, I intend to die in it.

You ask me to throw open my books to the vulgar eyes of the whole world! What next? No, sir, it is enough for me to know that the parish is in my debt; and if I do not arrest every man, woman, and child in it for the arrears, I only show a considerateness and a humanity for which myself to myself has always been distinguished.

I know nothing about the Romans, and want to know nothing. They were, I believe, a set of heathens, who never knew the blessings of a Churchwarden. I believe, however, with you, that money has a smell, and a sweet smell too, or how, as a man of wealth, should I still be hugged and caressed by so many friends in the City?

You invite me to take a turn in your church. No, sir; until the brawls which now disturb it shall have ceased, I will never enter it. I shall perform my devotions in a place where parishioners are obedient, and churchwardens are respected.

As for your claim, sir, I wonder at the hardihood with which you make it, when you consider the heavy balance there is between the parish and myself. Decency should have taught you better.

As for the organist, I very much doubt whether a parish that is in debt should encourage such a luxury. I know that *I* should never think of spending my money in music whilst I owed money to a living soul.

Your sexton, too, has claims for wages. Poor man! I am sorry—very sorry for him; but as I have made up my mind to have a public funeral in either Westminster Abbey or Saint Paul's, I shall, of

course, be under no obligations to the sexton of Wholehog-cum-Applesauce.

And now, sir, to conclude: You have, among you, placed me in Chancery. There I shall remain, and take the cast of the dice. What! do you think I would call in accountants and so end the matter? I should think not. You know not how sweet to me is the hubbub I have made. When folks can't afford real turtle, they make themselves as comfortable as possible with mock; for callipee and callipash they content themselves with plain calf's-head. In like way with other men, if they are not able to make a high reputation, they will at least, by hook or by crook, lay hold of notoriety. Now, reputation to notoriety is what real turtle is to mock. If I am contented with the humbler dish—with the mere calf's-head—I best show my humility, and at the same time remain,

Your obedient humble servant,
EBENEZER GRIPPS.

THE NEW EXCHANGE.

HER MAJESTY IN THE CITY.

THE QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT are to dine in the City on the opening of the Royal Exchange. It may not be generally known that the City is indebted for this glory to the perseverance and great moral energy of MR. LAMBERT JONES, who seems to have a peculiar genius for drawing out crowned heads. It was his indomitable politeness—aided and abetted by the kindred spirit of LAURIE—that dragged the KING OF SAXONY, with his unmunched luncheon in his mouth, from the Mansion House to confront the WELLINGTON Statue on its first exposure to the world; and we repeat, it is to the invincible courtesy of JONES that the City owes the forthcoming visit of QUEEN VICTORIA. Indeed, it was found impossible by her Majesty to withstand the invitation of JONES, who some days since flung himself into the Slough third-class train, and taking omnibus for Windsor, proceeded to the Castle. Having pulled the bell, and given a double knock at her Majesty's door, JONES gave in his card, desiring an instant interview with the QUEEN. To the astonishment of the "King of the City" his card was refused, and he was unceremoniously bid to go about his business. A weaker spirit would have quailed beneath this rebuff. Not so, LAMBERT JONES. He immediately retired to the Garter Hotel, and there penned a letter to the QUEEN, of which letter JONES has, in the most handsome manner, favoured us with the subjoined copy:—

"*Parlour of the Garter Hotel,*
"MY VERY DEAR MADAM, *Windsor, September —.*

"I—that is—we of the City are about to open our New Exchange, a fine building, a very fine building, I assure you. You will be particularly struck by the figures which I have had perched about it, as a sort of exercise for the dull intellects of my fellow-citizens. As yet, nobody but myself knows what they mean, and, between you and me, the secret shall die with me. However, to business.

"On the day of opening, we intend to get up a little dinner; and I need not say, my very dear Madam, how much it will delight me, and indeed the whole City, if on that day you will take pot-luck with us. Come, and bring your Husband and Children with you—there shall be room enough for all, and nobody shall be more welcome.

"Say you will come, and I will meet yourself and amiable family at the Paddington Station at any hour you may name.

"It was my intention to have personally invited you, but the people at the Castle, strangely enough, denied me admittance. I therefore retired to this hostelry, and in a pint of brown sherry drank your health and the rest of the Royal Family.

"Trusting, my dear Madam, that it may harmonize with your many arrangements to pick a bit with us on the day appointed,

"I remain, yours, very truly,
"LAMBERT JONES.

"P. S. An early answer is desired."

MORBID TASTE.—Some one has been writing a letter, and signing it with the name of ALDERMAN GIBBS!

COURSE OF STUDY FOR A PRINCE.

THE following course of study is recommended for a young Prince; and distinguished examples prove it to be highly princely:—

1. PHILOSOPHY.

Lectures on Taste, in connexion with Court and Military Uniforms, to

be delivered by Professors MOSES and WILSON; the latter gentleman to undertake the principles, and the former their application.

2. NATURAL HISTORY.

Lectures on the Canine Species; with peculiar reference to its more nondescript varieties; as to the Physiology of the Turnspit, the Uses of the Pug, and the Habits and Manners of the Poodle. The Lecturer might be appointed by the Parliamentary Dog Committee, who may perhaps select him from the venders of the animals in question who frequent the Quadrant.

3. ARCHITECTURE.

A Discourse on Foundation-stones, with Directions for laying them, and a Dissertation on the Gilt Trowel, with the Mode of Handling thereof. This *Punch* will be happy to deliver himself; and he would introduce a Disquisition on Perfumed Mortar, which he hopes would blend entertainment with novelty.

4. LANGUAGES.

The Application of the English Tongue to the Answering of Addresses of Congratulation. An Essay, to be composed by the joint efforts of the Cabinet.

5. ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Instruction in Dancing and Deportment, by some Nobleman of course; and who could give it better than BARON NATHAN?

Instruction in Music. Preceptor, M. JULLIEN undoubtedly.

Instruction in Riding—especially as exhibited in the Clearing of Five-barred Gates—need we propose our WIDDICOMBE for Tutor?

Instruction in Field-sports, by the prototype—whoever he is—of MR. DICKENS'S WINKLE.

Punch will be satisfied with a moderate sinecure for the above suggestions.

MOSES AND O'CONNELL.

MR. PUNCH,

At the late "martyr" banquet, the REV. MR. MAGUIRE rashly observed, that "the mantle of MOSES had fallen upon O'CONNELL." Now, sir, as the reverend gentleman could not by possibility mean any other than our firm, we here beg leave to state that we have never made mantle, cloak, or any thing else for the said DANIEL O'CONNELL.

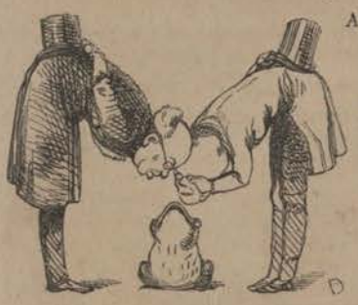
Your obedient servant,
Minories. MOSES AND SON.

P.S. We have, however, an elegant assortment of strait-waistcoats, which we beg to recommend to the attention of the friends of MR. HENRY GRATTAN!

THE HARVEST IN THE MANSION HOUSE.

IT is reported there is a capital crop of grass this year in the Lord Mayor's kitchen. His Lordship, however, will not commence cutting before the 9th of November.

The Archæological Society.



ANY persons may not be aware that the Archæologians are a body of *savans* who devote their whole lives to the unrolling of mummies, the opening of barrows, and the pick-axing of ancient tumuli. A select few of these enthusiasts have lately been playing "Mag's diversion" with the antiquities of Canterbury, and the Dean has very injudiciously, but very good-naturedly, allowed them the run of the Cathedral.

It is a mercy that the whole building did not tumble about their ears, for they have been grubbing away at the foundations, under the vague idea that they should get at interesting bones, and they have dug up a series of bricks which they declare will form materials for the future historian. If that had been the case, GIBBON would have written his Decline and Fall among a lot of dry rubbish, and HUME would have pursued his researches among the curious collections of JOHN JOHNSON, SON, and BIRD, who were the leading dustmen of his own era. For our own parts, we have little sympathy with the Archæologians, and, therefore, though we hear they have lately opened a barrow, we care not to inquire whether it is a baker's barrow, or an ordinary barrow, which, by-the-by, could scarcely be opened, for it has generally no top to it.

The unrolling of mummies is a sort of monomania with MR. PETTIGREW, and as the eccentricity is harmless, we do not see that it calls for the energies of a commissioner of lunacy. The most interesting part of the proceedings of the Archæological Society appears to have been the reading of the papers, one of which we subjoin, as it is from the able pen of MR. J. R. PLANCHÉ, who has judiciously chosen the subject of the Buckle, which perhaps is capable of as much point as anything that he could possibly have selected for an Archæological essay. In the last week's number of PUNCH another paper had been promised, but as the portrait of the author is not yet completed, it has been thought better to give the paper on the Buckle in all its primitive purity :—

PAPER ON THE BUCKLE.

In rising to treat of the Buckle, I feel my own tongue—(every Buckle, it must be observed, has a tongue)—sticking to the roof of my mouth, because I feel overwhelmed with the importance of my subject. Buckles are of very ancient origin. It is supposed that the first Buckles ever known in this country were brought over from Normandy by the Conqueror and some of his nobles, who wore them on their shoes ; but finding the Buckle was not so fashionable as the old *cothurni*, or shoe-strings, the Norman nobles buried their Buckles on entering London, and Bucklesbury, corrupted by time into Bucklersbury, no doubt had its name from the fact alluded to. After this period, we lose sight of the Buckle for nearly three centuries, until we find it at the end of a leather strap, in the shop of a barber, who flourished in the very middle of the dark ages. Again, we lose all trace of the Buckle till the year 1825, when it bursts upon our astonished senses in the shape of a prize at Brook Green Fair, in the Lucky Bag. I do not think it necessary to branch off into the subject of Brook Green Fair, or go deeply into Lucky Bags, or any bags at all, at the present moment; but on some other occasion, I hope to dive into that fine mine of Archæological lore, and trace the Bag in all its stages, from the sack in which SIR WALTER RALEIGH first brought potatoes over to this country, down to the horse's nose-bag of later date, and the still more recent reticule. (*Cheers.*)

To return, however, to the Buckle—(*Hear*)—the Buckle to which I last alluded was improperly denominated, in the fortunate ticket by which it was drawn, "a silver breast-buckle ;" but I have had the assistance of an accomplished Archæologian, who had preserved one of these buckles, and by holding it over a lighted candle in an iron spoon, we found the buckle to be made of pewter or some other metal—say lead—of equal ductility. (*Shame.*) I have in my pocket one or two specimens of Buckles, the finest of which is the Buckleius Melodramaticus, or equilateral tri-tongued buckle, which is usually to be found on the girdles of smugglers at the Minor Theatres. There is also the Buckleius Vitreus, or glassy buckle, worn chiefly by testy guardians on their shoes in genteel comedies.

Having now exhausted the Buckle, and I fear very much fatigued you (*No—not very much*), I bring my observations to a close ; and I hope that the Buckle may long remain a type of that union which a society like this ought always to be cemented by. (The learned Archæologian resumed his seat amidst loud and long-continued cheering.)

WHO 'LL TAKE 100 TO 1 that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is present at the Dinner given at the opening of the Royal Exchange !

PUNCH'S FINE ART DISTRIBUTION.

INSPIRED by the extraordinary (the very extraordinary) success of similar speculations, *Mr. Punch* contemplates the possibility of getting together a large sum of money, a portion of which he has no objection to give back again in the shape of

PRIZES.

Every Subscriber of sixpence will have his choice of

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY NUMBERS OF PUNCH,

one of which will be delivered at once on the sixpence being paid, together with the

Chance of Obtaining a Prize,

if he happens to get one, in the contemplated Fine Art Distribution. Any person persuading six friends to pay threepence each, will be entitled to

A SEVENTH PUNCH FOR HIMSELF.

on the payment of threepence, which will also give him a claim to one of the

SPLENDID LARGE CARICATURES

which have appeared in any of the numbers of the work that are already published.

The Prizes will consist of 60,000 volumes of *Punch*, amounting to the value of

£20,000,

The Prizes being in the proportion of one to every thirty subscribers of sixpence, threepence of which will be returned at once in the shape of the current number.

Among the splendid Numbers, from which a selection may be made, will be found

Punch's Almanack for 1843,

and the celebrated companion to it, being

Punch's Almanack for 1844.

Subscribers may apply personally or by letter, post paid, at the *Punch* Office, or to any Bookseller in Town or Country.

DEUX OU TROIS EXEMPLES D'UN NOUVEAU DICTIONNAIRE ANGLAIS-FRANCAIS.

RÉDIGÉ PAR LA JEUNE FRANCE.

ALBION.—Tout ce qu'il y a de plus perfide.

ANGLAIS.—Un homme sans foi, un lâche, un menteur, un orgueilleux, un ivrogne.

TO BOX.—L'art de raisonner en Angleterre.

GENTLEMAN.—Un homme qui boit, bat, et jure, et se plait à insulter tout ce qui est Français.

GROG.—Le boisson ordinaire de tous les Anglais.

MILORD.—Un butor noble, un riche Béotien, voyageant pour dissiper ses guinées et le SPLEEN. Un idiot privilégié.

MILADY.—La femme du MILORD, qu'il peut vendre, quand bon lui plait, au marché, la corde autour du cou.

PRIZEFIGHTER.—Un homme de la meilleure Société. Un Prince.

SPLEEN.—L'esprit des Anglais.

WATERLOO.—Une bataille gagnée par les Prussiens, et perdue par les Anglais.

WELLINGTON.—Un poltron, un tyran, un ROBERT MACAIRE, un blagueur, un sot, un assassin.

RIVAL ROGUES.

(TO SIR JAMES GRAHAM.)

IT is understood to be your intention to bring in, during the next Session of Parliament, a Bill for Medical Reform. It is generally admitted that the Law wants reforming just as much as Medicine, and that you are equally competent to legislate on either subject. Your above-mentioned Bill includes, I am told, a clause, empowering certain unqualified practitioners, otherwise quacks, to pursue their calling with impunity. Sir, I belong to a much-injured class of men, debarred, at present, from getting an honest living, except at their peril ; and I claim your protection for myself and my fraternity. I humbly hope you will couple Legal with Medical Reform, and that you will, in so doing, repeal that enactment which imposes upon all persons who wish to practise Law, the necessity of articles, study, examination, and other expenses and hardships. The unskilful physician can only kill a few patients, the ignorant attorney can but ruin a client or two ; and I put it to you to say, in common fairness, which is of the greater consequence, life or property.

I am, Sir,

A PETTIFOGGER.

DIRECTIONS TO LADIES FOR SHOPPING.

Shopping is the amusement of spending money at shops. It is to a lady what sporting is to a gentleman; somewhat productive, and very chargeable. Sport, however, involves the payment of one's own shot; shopping may be managed by getting it paid for. Ride all the way till you come to the shopping-ground in a coach, if you can; in an omnibus, if you must; lest you should be tired when you get there. If you are a lady of fashion, do not get out of your carriage; and when you stop before your

milliner's, particularly if it is a cold, wet day, make one of the young women come out to you, and without a bonnet, in her thin shoes, stand on the kerb-stone in the damp and mud. The best places for shopping are fashionable streets, bazaars, and the like. *Street-shopping principally relates to hosiery, drapery, and jewellery of the richer sort. Bazaar and Arcade-shopping, to fancy articles, nick-nacks, and perfumery. In street-shopping walk leisurely along, keeping a sharp look-out on the windows. In bazaar-shopping, beat each stall separately. Many patterns, colours, novelties, conveniences, and other articles will thus strike your eye, which you would otherwise have never wanted or dreamt of. When you have marked down some dress, or riband, for instance, that you would like, go and inquire the price of it; haggle, demur, examine, and, lastly, buy. You will then be asked "whether there is any other article to-day?" Whether there is or not, let the shopman show you what wares he pleases; you will very likely desire one or more of them. Whatever you think very cheap, that buy, without reference to your need of it; it is a bargain. You will find, too, as you go on, that one thing suggests another; as bonnets—ribands for trimming, or flowers; and handkerchiefs—perfumery. In considering what more you want, try and recollect what your acquaintances have got that you have not; or what you have seen worn by strangers in going along. See if there is anything before you superior in any respect to a similar thing which you have already; if so, get it instantly, not reflecting whether your own will do well enough. You had better finish your streets before you take your bazaars and arcades; for there the shopping, which one might otherwise call cover-shopping, though excellent sport, refers mostly to articles of no manner of use; and it may be as well to reserve toys and superfluities to the last. Married ladies, when they have laid in all they want for themselves, are recommended to show their thoughtfulness by purchasing some little trifle for their husbands, who, of course, will have to pay for it in the end.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE AT FOLKSTONE.

The other day, Mr. Baron Alderson went an extraordinary circuit, or, in other words, a tremendous round from the Pier at Folkstone to the waiting-room of the Custom House, where he held a very tedious sitting in (wooden) *Banco*, while several cases (of luggage) were being disposed of. The learned Baron opened the commission by employing a commissioner, who acted as associate *pro tem.*, carrying the judicial *sac de nuit*, umbrella and mackintosh. The learned Baron having taken his seat, alluded to the motion of course, of the steamer, which he had recently gone into, and then proceeded to try a demurrer, by demurring to other people's luggage being looked at before his own was examined. The demurrer being completely broken down, his lordship called for the list of the day's business, and ascertained that short causes were being taken first; that is to say, people with one package were having their baggage first looked into. The learned Baron coincided in the justice of this proceeding, but expressed his opinion that the list was not being fairly gone through, and his lordship made use of some very strong expressions in favour of number one, when

Faulkner—on the part of the Custom House officers, showed cause, and explained the mistake into which his lordship had fallen.

Alderson, B.—This savours of *Covin*. I have sat on this bench for upwards of two hours, and I have seen all the cases that have been looked into.

Faulkner.—Your lordship will see by the paper-book (*handing up the list*) that all the cases before your lordship are fairly entitled to rank as precedents.

Alderson, B.—But suppose I put myself in the position of the remainder man; is the remainder man never to be allowed to come in, Mr. Faulkner?

Faulkner.—Your lordship must be aware that the remainder man cannot come in until all the searchers in possession are satisfied.

Mr. Baron Alderson said he should take time to consider, and shortly afterwards his lordship's judgment confirmed the view taken by Mr. Faulkner.

OH! THE WHITE VESTS OF YOUNG ENGLAND!

Air.—"*Oh! The Roast Beef of Old England!*"

Oh! the vests of young England are perfectly white,
And they 're cut very neatly and sit very tight,
And they serve to distinguish our Young Englishmen
From the juvenile Manners to Coningsby Ben;
Sing, "Oh! the white vests of Young England,
And Oh! the Young English white vests!"

Now the Old English vest was some two yards about,
For Old England was rather inclined to be stout;
But the Young English waist is extremely compress'd,
By the very close fit of the Young English vest.
Sing, "Oh! &c."

The Young English white vest, upon one little score,
May perhaps be considered a bit of a bore,
For it makes the resemblance exceedingly near
'Twixt the Young English Waiter and Young English Peer.
Sing, "Oh! &c."

But what are the odds as concerning the vest,
So long as felicity reigns in the breast?
And Young England to wear what it pleases may claim,
Let us hope all its tailors are paid for the same.
Sing, "Oh! &c."

Good News for the Pensioners.

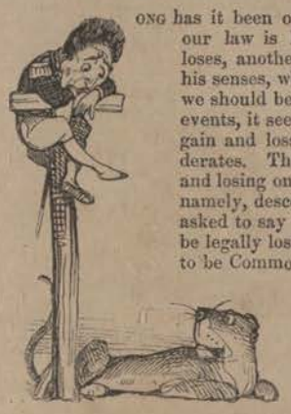
It is stated that the out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital are to be identified every six months, and "are to be considered on a nearly similar footing as when they were in the service." We shall be glad to know how this will affect those pensioners who have lost their legs, and who cannot be supposed to be on anything like the same footing as when they were in the service.

THE NEXT MOVE.

(FOR PARTICULARS INQUIRE OF SIR R. PEEL OR D. O'CONNELL.)

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.—OF TITLE BY DESCENT.



ONG has it been one of those beautiful maxims in which our law is luxuriantly rich, that "what one man loses, another gains," but, supposing a man to lose his senses, which he often does when he goes to law, we should be glad to know who gains them. At all events, it seems quite agreed that law is a matter of gain and loss, whereof the latter decidedly preponderates. The methods of acquiring on the one hand, and losing on the other, are reduced by COKE to two, namely, descent and purchase, though if we had been asked to say the two methods by which property may be legally lost, we should have at once defined them to be Common Law and Equity.

Descent is the title by which the estate of the ancestor is cast upon the heir, but if the estate of the ancestor consists of Wallsend coals it may be very inconvenient for the heir to have them cast by descent upon him.

Descent depends upon consanguinity, which is either lineal or collateral, the former being the sort of relationship that exists between old Jones and young Jones, supposing young Jones to be the son of old Jones,—and all the little Joneses would be lineal descendants through as many generations as there happened to be of them. Collateral consanguinity is the sort of relationship existing between a couple of gooseberries, growing on different branches of the same root, as if Smith (the root) has two sons (the branches) each of whom has a son (a gooseberry), there is a clear collateral consanguinity existing between the young Smiths, that is to say, the early gooseberries. Several alterations have been made in the law of descent, which did not come into operation until the 1st of Jan. 1834; and MR. STEWART has discovered, with his usual acuteness, that persons who died before 1834 will not be expected to comply with the law that came into operation after that date, an indulgence which those who died previous to 1834 will no doubt fully appreciate.

By the old law, an estate could never ascend, or go up, but always descended, and indeed even now the law rather delights in knocking property down, for an estate goes down to the son, before it goes up to the father, who only takes it if the owner has no son to come in for it. But by the same law, paternal ancestors take before maternal ancestors, or, in other words, the law never falls back upon the mother until the father is quite exhausted. A second rule is that the law casts the estate on the male issue before the female, which we can only account for by presuming that the law, in its gallantry towards the ladies, is unwilling to cast upon them anything they may not be strong enough to sustain the burden of. A third rule is, that males shall inherit alone, and women altogether—the latter being a cunning device of the law to get property into its own hands, for by giving an estate to a lot of women, a quarrel amongst them is ensured, and the estate getting into Chancery, the law has its pickings out of it. A fourth rule is, that the lineal descendants *ad infinitum* shall stand exactly in the same position as the ancestor would have done, had he been living; so that all the posterity of BARON NATHAN will be expected to dance hornpipes among new-laid eggs, because that was frequently the position in which their ancestor placed himself. A fifth rule is, that if lineal descendants fail collaterals shall take, or to revert to the simile of the gooseberry bush, if the root has no branches the estate shall go to the gooseberries, "but this," says BRACTON, "is sending the estate to old gooseberry;" a remark that could only have been made for the sake of the joke, for there is certainly very little legal learning comprised in it. A sixth rule is, that the brother shall shut out the uncle, a proceeding, by-the-by, that appears to be very unnephew-like. Thus, if JOHN STILES has a brother, the uncle is shut out until there is a failure of brothers; whereupon if there should be a glut of uncles, the oldest uncle—like the oldest hand at a game of whist—is allowed to count the family honours. The seventh and last rule is, that male stocks in collateral inheritances shall be preferred to female; so that if land descends from JOHN STILES, who marries LUCY BAKER, the STILESES shall for ever shut out the BAKERS, who, like the old woman and her pig, will not be able to pass over the STILES, as long as one of them remains in existence.

In former editions it has been customary to give elaborate directions for searching for the heir of JOHN STILES, and it has been usual to add a table of consanguinity, through the various ramifications of which that illustrious person—like a needle in a bottle of hay—may be looked for.

We shall not, however, take the reader through the awful labyrinth, pouncing at one moment upon STILES's paternal grandfather's mother, now plunging down after his maternal grandmother, then suddenly emerging from the blood of the BAKERS, to wade through the collateral consanguinity of the WHITES, the THORPES, and the WILLISES. No, if STILES's heir is an object of interest to any particularly curious reader, let him exercise his own ingenuity in searching for STILES's heir amid the amusing puzzle of bits of riband, squares, hexagons, octagons, demi-hexagons, demi-octagons, hands, lines and numbers, which in the *Table of Descents* given in the ordinary editions of Blackstone surround the name of

John Stiles,
THE PURCHASER.

AGE OF OUR LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIPS.

A STATEMENT under this head has been put forth for the purpose of proving that our ships are not so very old after all; and it appears that half of them are not out of their teens, while very few indeed have reached the years of discretion. The *Superb*, of 80 guns, turns out not to be an old man-of-war, but a mere baby, having been launched in 1842; while the *Boscawen*, 74, can hardly be said to have been weaned, having never hoisted the pendant. In fact, the line-of-battle ships seem to be in a state of happy infancy, and England may boast of as juvenile a navy as she could possibly wish for.

A DAY AT A CUSTOM HOUSE.

OR the following Vicissitudes of a "Day at a Custom House," we are indebted to the kindness of the Custom-House Officers at Folkestone:—

You arrive very early in the morning. Your fellow passengers eye you with distrust; though you are 135 on the list.

The clock strikes nine. A groan escapes from 178 individuals in and out of the room. The first train has gone.

No. 4 is called. An hour afterwards No. 5; then No. 6, followed at eleven o'clock by 7 and 8, the latter consisting of a French schoolmaster with thirteen of his pupils, come over on a holiday trip. Good Heavens! It is already twelve o'clock, and you have a wife waiting for you at the Bricklayers' Arms, and a bill to take up at 4.

One o'Clock.—You have read the Almanack over the mantelpiece no less than four times, eaten a basin of soup, got bitten in playing with the old lady's parrot, and yet No. 29 has only just gone in! You think of your wife, and prepare to go to sleep.

Half-Past One.—You wake up. Can you believe your eyes? There's not a man, woman, or child, in the room. Don't be alarmed! The Custom-House Officers have only gone to their dinner, and you have missed the second and third trains long ago.

Quarter to Three.—Another boat has just come in. 200 passengers. You wonder at what distant period No. 200 is likely to reach London. Not before A.D. 1845. You suddenly determine to go in search of lodgings.

Three o'Clock.—Not a lodging—not a book—not a newspaper to be got in the place, excepting at the Pavilion. You begin reading the "Hackney-coach Fares," in last year's Pocket-Book, till another train starting reminds you it is

Four o'Clock.—You rush recklessly into brandy and water and cigars.

Five o'Clock.—It's beginning to rain. Your great coat is in your trunk, so you are obliged to go back again into the little cupboard of a waiting room for shelter.

Six o'clock.—A mutiny has just broken out amongst the starved-out passengers. The complaints are heart-breaking. The door-keeper has retreated into the next room to escape the vengeance of an old lady's poodle, and the threats of a BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER.*

Seven.—A Policeman and a copy of *Punch* have restored order. A famine, however, has just attacked the 257 remaining passengers. Five and thirty full-grown children and two babies are screaming excruciatingly with hunger. The Policeman has sent to the Pavilion for a wheelbarrow of sandwiches.

Eight.—The sandwiches be praised! The babies are again quiet.

Half-past Eight.—The children are asleep,—the women are putting their hair into paper. The men every five minutes keep pulling out their watches.

Nine.—No. 100 has just gone in. Hip, hip, hurrah!

Ten.—Every bed in the town is booked three deep.

Eleven.—Can it be possible? Only two numbers more, and then—

Quarter to Twelve.—No. 135! Yes—no, pooh! it cannot be—but yes, it is—you are called! You shake the doorkeeper by the hand, and plunge frantically into the next room,—huddle boots, shirts, shaving tackle,

* See page 142.

gloves, chocolate, soap, perfume, all together in the same box—and drive at a steeple-chase pace with your luggage, up to the Railway Station.

Half-past Twelve strikes as you arrive. Command your patience—the last train has that moment gone.

CONCLUSION.—You are morally convinced there is a base conspiracy betwen Her Majesty's Custom House and the Pavilion Hotel to detain passengers at Folkestone as long as they can.

THE LAST ON THE LIST.

THE QUEEN IN SCOTLAND.

SIR ANDREW AGNEW has written a letter to the EARL OF ABERDEEN, though intended as a sort of side-wind epistle to HER MAJESTY. This letter is, on the face of it, meant as a lecture to QUEEN VICTORIA on her better keeping of the Sabbath. SIR ANDREW is grievously afraid that the QUEEN will introduce the sinful levities of Sunday-breaking England among the patent pious folk of sweetly austere Caledonia. He trembles lest the Sabbath revelry of Windsor should startle and confound the kilted proprieties of Blair Athol. Certainly, if we wanted to pick out a man of pattern impudence, we would go neither to the court or camp, but to the conventicle. Your self-thought saint is ever a fellow of imperturbable brass. One *Mawworm*, in such material, outweighs a hundred *Bobadils*. Take an example :—

"Scotland has, since the Reformation, [says SIR ANDREW,] been distinguished amongst the nations of Christendom as a strict Sabbath-observing country, in the true Scriptural sense of that word; and it is this important fact which, with all imaginable respect, and deference, and dutifulness, and loyalty, it is humbly prayed *may be brought under the notice*, AT THIS TIME, of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, not doubting that in this, as in all other respects, it is the gracious desire of the Royal mind to recognise, *to respect, and to gratify the religious habits, the peculiar characteristics, and the best principles of Her Majesty's most loyal and devoted subjects in this her ancient kingdom.*"

That is, SIR ANDREW, in plain English, hints that the QUEEN will behave herself better on Sundays in Scotland than is her wont on the Sabbath-day in England. As her Scotch subjects are in every respect a nobler, purer, more generous, and really and truly more religious people than the English—in fact as, past dispute, they are the chosen vessels of all created flesh—so should the QUEEN pay to them that studious observance only due to the elect of heaven. Thus, SIR ANDREW hopes that, on the Sabbath, the QUEEN will encourage no quadrille parties; that PRINCE ALBERT will not whistle "My heart 's in the Highlands;" and that the little Princess will especially not play at "Beggar my Neighbour" with LADY CAROLINE COCKS. It is evident that SIR ANDREW fears licence of this sort, or why, with such tremulous sanctity, should he give warning to the QUEEN? The saintly baronet continues :—

"It would be the highest presumption to suggest to your Lordship's consideration the extent of the overwhelming moral influence which the example of the court is calculated to produce upon the religious habits of Scotland on this auspicious occasion."

HER MAJESTY'S visit will extend to a few days; yet may such brief time be fraught with mortal danger to the habits of the most moral people on the face of the earth! For that the Scotch are the most moral people of the universe, who shall be bold enough to doubt, seeing that they themselves never lose the remotest chance of declaring it? Well, let us hope the best for Scotland in her present peril; but had *Punch* been born north of the Tweed (think of a Scotch *Punch!*), he would not feel at ease for the surpassing purity of his native land until QUEEN VICTORIA'S court was once more fast at Windsor.

The amount of nonsense from those folks "whose heads do grow" heaven above knows where—those mysterious diurnal scribes called "Our own Correspondents," "Our own Reporter," "Our own Special Reporter," and such like magii—has been of average quantity and quality. The *Morning Post's* "special," of course, carries the day. Hence, the "rude hand of health," which, according to the same authority, has its "established dwelling-place in the hills and glens of Scotland," (making lodgings preposterously dear, no doubt,)—well, this rude CRIBB-like hand of health has made very free with the QUEEN'S complexion; "for," says the "special,"—and we are half-inclined to think that JENKINS has recovered from his trance, and wears a kilt—for

"Her Majesty left the shores of England like a second *Galatea*—

'Candidior nivei folio, *Galatea*, ligustri;'—

but constant exposure to the weather *and* the fresh air, which *streams* through 'the land of mountain and of *flood*,' *have* substituted a healthful ruddiness for the pale cast of thought with which her Majesty's countenance has been sicklied over," &c. &c.

HER MAJESTY as Galatea! Well, we hope no man doubts our loyalty—but for the moment, charmed by the picture of the special JENKINS, we could not help associating HER MAJESTY with the Opera glories of Drury Lane!

"The Princess Royal, mounted on a Shetland pony, and attended by a groom and servant, always accompanies her Majesty and the Prince in their morning walk through the grounds, and the Royal parents are frequently seen to stop and listen with alternations of interest and amusement to the *naifs* observations of the youthful Princess on the novelty of the objects which meet her view at every instant."

How extraordinary! that a father and mother should be pleased and interested with the simple prattle (that is, with "the *naifs* observations") of their own babe! Is it possible that a woman, become QUEEN, can condescend to laugh and talk with the child of her blood? Well, we only hope that such eccentricities will not bring royalty into contempt.

We suspect there will be a great run for Gaelic masters at the West-end, the QUEEN having become so intensely Scotch.

"Her Majesty appears to have a great taste for things *peculiarly Scottish*. At Dunkeld, Moulinearn, and Blair, she tasted, and not only so, *but as the report goes, highly relished*, the Athol brose which was proffered her; and oaten cake is an established and especial favourite. 'Scotch broth,' as Englishmen term it, is also in daily requisition at the royal table."

The most astounding part is to come :—

"*It is even whispered* that her Majesty is not altogether unacquainted with the mysteries of Scotch 'haggis.' The English cooks are puzzled."

And therefore, we are informed, HER MAJESTY has appointed two new officers to her kitchen, to be called the Serjeant of Brose, and the Grand Master of Cockaleekie!

"And then as to dress, both her Majesty and the Prince, when at the Falls of Bruar *appeared in tartan plaids*, and, but that they are now in mourning, they would, it is said, wear tartan dresses."

However, the PRINCE has promised—when out of mourning—to wear nothing but the kilt at Windsor. One incident, shamefully unnoticed by the Scotch papers, shows the intense admiration of the QUEEN for all things Scottish. Walking to the Falls of Bruar, HER MAJESTY suddenly paused—and out of compliment to the custom of the country—pulled off her shoes and stockings, and walked an hour and more barefoot!

"The Princess Royal, young though she be, *is not slow in these things* to imitate her royal mother. Not a child in all broad Scotland likes better to lunch on milk and oaten cake, or dine on broth. Meeting the young son of Lord Glenlyon, the other day, in the Castle avenue, she told him how much *she liked his tartan dress*, and how it was the same as was worn by the Prince of Wales."

The Princess has also refused to wear shoes and stockings, and, in imitation of the peasantry, runs about the grounds of Blair Athol "bare leggit."

HER MAJESTY, however, has learned a new pleasure from her visit to Scotland. She now knows what water really is; for, according to a Scotch paper (*The Witness*), she takes a copious draught from a stream in Glen Tilt, "declaring that never in England did she taste of such a stream!"

HER MAJESTY will, however, have left many marks of her condescension behind her, which will be duly prized, for we are told that—

"The good folks at the Falls [of Tummel] are delighted with the smallness of the Royal foot. From the prints *left in the sand* they have measured the exact length, and they keep the trophy as a *great* treasure."

Silver slippers will, we understand, be made according to the dimensions of the impression. Since *Robinson Crusoe* started at the foot-mark "left in the sand," there has been no such astonishment.

The royal party are accompanied by Scotch bards who point out different historical localities, at the same time narrating their legends. The field in which CLAVERHOUSE was shot, was shown to HER MAJESTY.

"According to tradition, Claverhouse was shot with a sixpence, the superstition being that he bore a life that was charmed against ordinary modes of attack, and a body bullet-proof."

This is, of course, a poetic fabrication. Shot with a sixpence! We should like to know who supplied the money?

PUNCH'S OWN REPORT OF THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

BEFORE resuming our report of the Royal progress, we have one or two little incidents to revert to, particularly the affecting circumstance of the QUEEN having tied on the bonnet of the Princess-Royal at the window of the inn; a fact that has added ten per cent. to her popularity. That bonnet will give stability to her Crown, and those strings will tie the people more closely to the House of Brunswick. Another source of the popularity which Her Majesty has gained must be looked for in the Brose, an unpalatable concoction of barley and salt, which the QUEEN manages to taste wherever she goes; and, by calling it nice, she has tickled the vanity of the Scotch people. PRINCE ALBERT has patronised the toddy once or twice, and the little Princess has been made to eat oat cake several times—for a child will demolish any thing with the name of cake—and the Scotch are flattered into the belief that theirs is really a treat for the illustrious infant.

Saturday.—PRINCE ALBERT rode out on a pony, and shot three harts, facetiously observing, that three *harty* dinners could be made of them. The QUEEN rode out in a pony-phaeton to see the Falls of Bruar, but witnessed a fall of another kind in the shape of a pelting shower, which she was informed would add greatly to the grandeur of the scene; but as she was compelled to hold a great gig umbrella right over her eyes, the grandeur of the scene was thrown away upon her.

Monday.—Her MAJESTY was wheeled about in a garden-chair, while PRINCE ALBERT went out grouse-shooting. The sport was meagre, and, it is said, the birds were shy, but we suspect the "shyness" was on the part of the PRINCE'S sportsmanship. On his way home, he bought a few brace, to prevent the QUEEN from quizzing him—an innocent amusement Her MAJESTY is much addicted to.

Tuesday.—The PRINCESS-ROYAL and her nursery-governess, MADLLE. CHAIRIER, had their usual run and romp, for half an hour, on the grass-plot.

As it would be wearisome to continue the account of the progress from day to day, we therefore refer the public to the daily journals, in which events equally interesting with those related above will be found faithfully recorded.

We ought, perhaps, not to omit a royal *bon mot* of more than average brilliancy:—THE QUEEN asked PRINCE ALBERT'S opinion of LORD GLENLYON. "Oh!" said the Prince, "LORD GLENLYON is all very well, but nothing out of the way." "Indeed!" replied the Queen, "you would not have thought him nothing out of the way, if you had been taken, as I was, a mile in the wrong direction by his Lordship yesterday." The PRINCE, who indulges in the same sort of banter that the QUEEN is said, by the papers, to delight in at the expense of the PRINCE, threatened to send the joke up to *Punch*.

How well his Royal Highness can keep his word, our present number will testify.

SCENE AT A CHOP HOUSE.

A Gentleman eating his Dinner, and reading a Paper. Another enters.

2nd Gent. I'll look at that Newspaper when you have done with it, Sir.

1st Gent. It's not a Newspaper.

2nd Gent. No? What is it then?

1st Gent. It's the *Morning Herald*.

2nd Gent. Oh!—then I won't trouble you.

A Disloyal Dog.

WE have often heard of the sagacity of the canine species, but we don't know what to say to the ill-mannered hound, who while on his way to be presented to PRINCE ALBERT, slipped away from the person who had the charge of him. Perhaps the creature was shy and felt nervous at the idea of being expected to make his bow-wow in the presence of royalty.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S VISIT TO "PERFIDIOUS ALBION."

IT is by this time pretty well known to the whole universe that the King of the French has no great claim upon the good offices of *Punch*; seeing that, wherever *Punch* shews his nose in France, he is immediately impounded by the police; that he is stopped at the Post-office—seized at the Custom House—not permitted even to be at the table of any steam-boat in any French port. But doth this foolishness of the King of the French move the wrath of *Punch*? Certainly not—nothing but his pity; he can look philosophically around him, and pardon French injustice: more, he can give good advice to LOUIS PHILIPPE—a fact made manifest by the subjoined epistles.

From the King of the French to Punch.

Neuilly, Sept. 17, 1844.

MR. PUNCH,—Whatever differences may have passed between us, I have too much faith in your wisdom and generosity to believe that you will deny me your counsel in my present perplexity.

I have been invited to England. Now, Sir, do you think it safe for me to come? Do you believe that, after all the hard words, all the *fanfaron* of my Paris press,—that I shall be decently received by the people of England? Shall I be mobbed or huzzaed? Covered with roses or eggs?

I am induced to put this question from a thorough belief that if QUEEN VICTORIA were just now to come to Paris, that a French mob would not, by their reception of her, prove themselves the most civilised people of the earth. Sure I am that her ears would be assailed with "la bas les Anglais"—"Pritchard"—"Albion perfide," and other choice epithets current in the French papers.

To whom, then, in my difficulty can I so well apply as to you, Mr. PUNCH; you, who know so well the heart of perfid—that is, of generous Albion. Pray, then, drop me a line—let me know if I may with safety venture among you, and (despite our quarrels)

Believe me, your sincere friend,
LOUIS PHILIPPE.

From Punch to the King of the French.

SIRE,—I thought your long experience of Englishmen had taught you better. What! have you forgotten the sweet days of retirement when, freed from the ceremony of a palace, you lived a philosophic exile in a two-pair back, Tottenham-court-road? Can you, then, for a moment, doubt the kind of reception you will have of us?

Fear not, Sire, but come. We shall treat you with respect—with hospitality. We leave it to the "the sons of glory," to "*jeune France*," to insult the stranger in their streets by foul words and braggadocio gestures—yes, we leave it to "the most civilised nation of the earth" to make mouths and deal in foul words towards the foreigner who, in the security of peace, trusts himself to national hospitality and—finds it not.

I remain, your obedient servant,
PUNCH.

When you come, I shall be happy to show you the lions.

SNAILS ON RIBANDS.

IN one of the excursions of the Archæologists, DR. BUCKLAND paused at some snails. He gave, says the *Athenæum*—

"A striking illustration of the strong acid of these snails, by placing one for a short time on the lilac riband of a lady's bonnet. The young lady did not seem displeased with the test, with its success, or the scissors of the operator reducing the riband of her bonnet; but when DR. BUCKLAND requested her signature in attestation of the truth of his statement, the lady declined the honour."

This is an error. The young lady wrote the following document:—

"I hereby attest that DR. BUCKLAND, with his nasty salts of snails, has entirely spoilt my love of a lilac riband; and I furthermore declare it to be my opinion that the said DR. BUCKLAND, if he be a gentleman, will behave himself as such, and immediately present me with a new one."

Martyr Promises.

THE present MR. GRATTAN—who bears about the same relative value to his great father as the potato apple bears to the potato—has promised Ireland "never to have a quiet mind or a peaceful sleep" until repeal shall be obtained! MR. STEELE has also promised Ireland never to sneeze until his country shall be free; whilst it is whispered that FATHER MAGUIRE has vowed "never again to open his lips" until that glorious consummation! This last report, however, is too good to be true!

NE EXEAT REGNO.

WE beg leave to suggest, as a motto for the *Great Britain* Steam Ship at Bristol, the saying of STERNE'S Starling, "I CAN'T GET OUT."

A PROFESSIONAL PASTORAL FOR THE LONG VACATION.

See Sergeant Tityrus—in rural ease,
Forgetting all the cares of Common Pleas,
Taking beneath some shady beech his station,
To sip the honey of the long vacation.
Ye nymphs beware should Tityrus seek your grove,
For his "attachment" is no name for love.
The gentle lamblings cluster idly round,
Lured by his legal pipe's too dulcet sound.
Ah! little do ye think, ye simple sheep,
(Or at a greater distance ye would keep,)
That he whose plaintive strains ye flock to hear,
Knows not a greater pleasure than to shear.
Viewing your curling fleece, it o'er him flits
The hide beneath is meant to furnish writs,
While all the woolly treasures on your back
He hopes one day may stuff for him the sack.

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO STATE SERVICE.

The following suggestions, it is hoped, will prove useful to the servants whom they concern:—

1. The Premier.

No particular person is more qualified than another to be Premier; indeed, a Premier must not be particular. The Premier's place is to superintend the other state servants, and see that they do their work; but he has no occasion to trouble himself about this till complaints are made. He has also to propose new laws, or alter old ones; but he should wait, before he does either, till the country is on the eve of insurrection.

His chief business in Parliament is, to resist all improvements as long as he can; to which end he must possess great strength of lungs, to out-talk those who call for them. He should be able to speak, standing, for three hours at a time, either without saying anything tangible, or only to the effect of misleading his hearers. He will find an active imagination useful, therefrom to derive his facts. He should know how to answer an argument with a joke, so as to turn the tables when in a corner. He may as well be provided with a few classical quotations, for use on occasion: he will find plenty in the Eton Grammar. He must be able to take all sorts of abuse with indifference; and bear to be hooted and even pelted, now and then, with equanimity. He must be ready to say and unsay without the slightest scruple, and to change his opinions as often as he may find it expedient.

2. The Home-Secretary.

The Home-Secretary is an under-servant to the Premier. He has to regulate such little matters as prison discipline, workhouse regulations, and the appointment of magistrates. His principal object with regard to the two former should be to assimilate them as closely as possible; and in the latter he should be guided by his political prejudices. He also presides over the Post-office; and when he has nothing else to do there, may employ his leisure in opening the letters that pass through it. He is likewise employed, subject to the approval of his principal, in introducing new laws of a certain sort, such as Medical Reform; but it does not seem at all necessary that he should understand one iota of the subject on which he legislates.

THE SONG OF THE LIBERATED.

Air—"*The Groves of Blarney.*"

"Och! sons of praties—I know how great is
Your joy to see me resume my sate;
Did Dan not tell yez—ye loyal-rebellious,
He 'd bother Justice and bilk the State!

Such pleasant quarters they gave us "martyrs,"
That some of my friends felt inclin'd to stay,
Else 'twas not in natur, that a *Liberator*
So long should dwell under lock and kay.

I knew 'twas in yez—to find the "*sinews*
Of war,"—so long as in "*quod*" I'd lie,
And Daniel junior, *he*, in matters pecuniary
Is almost as *taking* and 'cute as I.

And thus relyin', on him and O'Brien,
At Richmond long I could love to stay,
Wid princely diet, and peace and quiet,
And "sympathisers" and extra pay.

A monster meeting—ye 'll be entreating,
To yell in pride, through an idle day.
But I'll make a "preachment," about "impeachment,"
And turn your heads on a smoother way.

Yez must not jostle your great apostle,
Wid ill-timed shoves, to the battle's van,
But wide mouths opening, wid closed eyes groping,
Let white "thirteens" show your faith in Dan.

I 'm "agitator," "regenerator,"
"Moral creator," "young Ireland's dad,"
On the nation's nose I've a hold far greater
Than ever sceptred monarch had.

Mind my instructions, let 's have no "ructions,"
But oil your "twigs" wid a peaceful mien,
'Till Joinville whacks on the haughty Saxon!
Hurrah for Dan, and—God save the Queen!

ODD FAVOURITES.

Some people have strange likings for strange things. Some men love Manx cats, because they have no tails; some Friesland hens, because their feathers sit the reverse way—but for what virtuous peculiarity, may we ask it, of certain citizens who have of late flourished their signatures—for what extraordinary advantage can they admire Alderman Gibbs? We see it—doubtless, for his humility. Yes, simply because he holds himself a man of *no account!*

Severe Cross-Examination.

Sir James Graham (*in the box*). Now, Sir, on your oath, is not the "Medicine Man" of the Ioway Indians—better known amongst medical men as "The great Mystery,"—really the author of your Medical Reform Bill? (*The delinquent refusing to answer, is committed by* Punch *for contempt.*)

PICTURES OF THE PEOPLE.

The pictures in the National Gallery are now called by the artists "The great unwashed."

THE STANLEY MAUSOLEUM.

Died, last month, universally condemned, the political career of Lord Stanley. The remains of it have been interred in the House of Lords.

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PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XXVII.

FROM A LADY IN WANT OF A GOVERNESS, TO AN ACQUAINTANCE.

DEAR MADAM,

WE are again in tribulation; for MISS SINCLAIR, the young person whose harp-playing you were pleased to admire, has left us—left us, too, in the most shameful and ungrateful manner, before we could provide another teacher for the dear children. Oh, these governesses! I am told there is some clever gentleman who has invented an arithmetical machine that will calculate any sum to a fraction. What a blessing would that man bestow upon really good society who should invent an instrument for teaching! I am sure, in these days, the thing might be done, and would pay admirably; for how much annoyance would be spared us—how much impertinence that we are daily exposed to from a class of individuals who can have no standing in society, and are nevertheless continually at one's elbow! The cook, the housemaid, the lady's-maid, all know their place, and behave themselves accordingly: but there is no teaching a governess that she is nothing more than a servant; a person hired for wages to polish the minds of your children just in the same manner as MOLLY polishes your rosewood and mahogany—and to be as careful of their morals as if, like the housekeeper, she was entrusted with so much precious china. Your maid dresses your hair with due humility, and takes your little bits of ill-temper with proper resignation; she knows these things are considered in her wages, and thus she may be an ornament to the sphere to which it has pleased Heaven to call her. But governesses! they are continually flying in the face of Providence! There is, too, an impertinence in their very meekness; at times, an insult in their silence. They move about you with the air of injured beings—an air that says to your very face—"We, too, are ladies, though you can't believe it." Ladies! as if the person who takes a salary is not, to all intents and purposes, a servant—at best, a better sort of menial servant.

To return to that person SINCLAIR. I never liked her from the first; but as I heard that she had an old father to provide for—the man was, I believe, in gaol at the time—I suffered my charity to cover a multitude of her faults, and received her, as she was afterwards pleased to call it, into my family,—into one of my back bedrooms would have been a more respectful phrase. Well, she would always be reading, when she ought to have talked to and amused the dear children. It was only yesterday that she repeated the fault. She had been out three or four hours walking, and I found her again reading a book, whilst the dear things were moped to death for something to enliven them. My indignation was roused, and I asked her if she thought she was acting honestly by her employer? She looked up at me—her face turned blood-red—her lips quivered with some impertinent reply, I am certain, by their motion—and then dropping the book, she burst into tears. Governesses, my dear Madam, *always can*. But I have not told you all. What book, think you, was it? *A Christmas Carol*. I have never read the thing; but knowing it to be aimed at the best interests of good society, all the feelings of a mother rushed upon me, and I believe I *did* read her a pretty lesson. You hav'n't heard all. Whilst I was reproaching her for her ingratitude, her baseness in bringing such books into my family, and saying something, I forget exactly what, about a viper I had warmed—she sprang from the chair like a play-house queen, and in a voice as searching as an east wind—told me that she would leave my house this instant! Her impudence—for I knew she must go to starvation—fairly took away my breath. Well, it isn't all told. She multiplied her insults, for with her wet, streaming face, she caught little EMMELINE about the neck, and kissing her violently, cried "GOD bless the children!" I trust I am not unforgiving; no: but there was an emphasis upon "the children" that nothing would ever make me pardon. It was a refinement of abuse that made me quiver again. However, I had my satisfaction of my lady; for I would not suffer a servant to stir—no, I made her call a hackney-coach herself to take her boxes; though after the sort of book I caught her with, I certainly ought to have well rummaged them before they left the house.

Can you recommend me another governess—for although I have been but a day unprovided, I feel worn to death by the children? What's worse—but then she's only a child—EMMELINE has been crying all day about the creature, and moreover says she loves her. The principles she might have instilled into the dear babe's mind I shudder to think of! However, we are happily rid of her. If you can recommend me a really useful, well-behaved person—you know the kind of individual I want—you will confer a favour on

Yours obliged,

HONORIA ASPHALT.

P.S. I hav'n't told you all my troubles. We are about to lose our treasure of a cook. SIR JOHN and he have had some words about the soup—the man feels his reputation wounded, and has resigned. I have myself tried to pacify him, but as yet without success. I have scolded SIR JOHN well for his indiscretion towards so valuable a *chef*. I am, however, going out, and shall see if a nice diamond ring will restore peace; if so, fifty or seventy pounds will be well bestowed.

LETTER XXVIII.

THE ANSWER.

DEAR MADAM,

WHILST I sympathise with you, I must also use the privilege of a friend, and admonish. The truth is—and, though truth, like medicine, is generally unpleasant, it must nevertheless, like medicine, be sometimes administered—the truth is, you spoil all your governesses. You do, indeed. I, who have had a large experience of that sort of people, know it. Only a week ago, I saw SINCLAIR in the Park, talking with another governess. As your friend, I took the liberty of asking her who she was? She replied—I thought very boldly—an old schoolfellow. Upon which I told her you would be very angry if you knew of the indiscretion. That, as a governess, she had no longer anything to do with schoolfellows, and should speak to nobody but to the young ladies. That it was her duty, as a young woman of principle—and I dwelt, as you know I can dwell, upon the word—upon principle, to cut herself off from the rest of the world, and study nobody but you and the dear children. My idea of a good governess, I observed, is, that she should be a sort of nun engaged upon wages; a person vowed to humility, gentleness, and resignation, for so much salary. That she should mix in the world as though she were no part of it—self-removed from its pleasures and its sympathies; in fact, as a sort of machine ordained by Providence to await the behests of those ordained above her. Upon this, she dropt her eyelids, I thought, very insolently, and, with a smile not to be mistaken, turned away. Never, my dear madam, let your governess talk with another governess. Depend upon it, their conversation is always about their employers; and such is the ungrateful spirit of the people, I fear me always to their detriment. Besides, I have known the scarlet fever brought into a house by such a practice.

You will also pardon me, when I tell you that you are not sufficiently discreet as to the age of your governesses. MORRIS, I remember, who preceded SINCLAIR, must at least have been seven-and-thirty; whilst SINCLAIR cannot have been more than one-and-twenty. Now, a governess should never be chosen younger than five-and-twenty, or older than five-and-thirty. The intermediate time may be called the prime of governess life. If you get them younger, their heads are full of most preposterous notions about affections, and sympathies, and what they call yearnings for home. Like unweaned lambs, they are always bleating and unsatisfied. At

five-and-twenty, the governess-mind knows better what is due to itself and employer, and with a strong hand plucks up such weaknesses as unprofitable weeds; at least, if it doesn't, it ought. After five-and-thirty, the governess gets slow and prosy, and her heaviness may dangerously infect the light-heartedness of the dear children—therefore, she is not to be thought of an hour longer. Immediately supply her place with a junior teacher, as you value the morals and accomplishments of your beloved family.

If, in the course of ten years, with a salary of, let us say, twenty pounds a-year, out of which she has only to buy clothes fit to keep company with the children, the governess has not saved a sufficiency for her declining age—it is but too painful to know that she must have been a very profuse, improvident person. And yet, I fear me, there are lamentable instances of such indiscretion. I myself, at this moment, know a spendthrift creature who, as I have heard, in her prime—that is, for the ten years—lived in one family. Two of her pupils are now countesses. Well, she had saved next to nothing, and when discharged, she sank lower and lower as a daily governess, and at length absolutely taught French, Italian, and the harp to the daughters of small tradesmen, at eighteen-pence a lesson. In time, she of course got too old for this. She now lives somewhere at Camberwell, and, though sand-blind, keeps a sixpenny school for little boys and girls of the lower orders. With this, and the profits on her cakes, she contrives to eke out a miserable existence—a sad example, if they would only be warned, to improvident governesses.

I am now called away, and am therefore unable to answer your letter to the full. However, you shall have another epistle on the subject to-morrow.*

Yours always,

DOROTHEA FLINT.

MEDITATIONS ON MR. BARRY'S NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Written on board the Lily Steam-Boat.

THE wharf-bell tolls the knell of starting steam,
The jostling crowd pours quickly o'er the pier;
The ladies forward rush with timid scream,
And leave the stern to *Punch* and bottled beer.

Now fades each public building from the sight,
As on her course the *Lily* steamer holds,
Till new St. Stephen's rears its moderate height,
Which many a tier of scaffolding infolds.

Beneath those beams; those yet unfinished towers,
At present echoing with the workmen's clang;
Upon their legs, perchance, for weary hours,
Shall Britain's future Senators harangue.

Full many a Whig of coldest heart serene,
Shall broach his philosophic nonsense there;
Full many a Tory, born abuse to screen,
Shall waste his humbug on the midnight air.

Some future DUNCOMBE, there, with dauntless breast,
The tyrant of his diocese shall twit:
Some mute, good-humoured BROUGHAM contented rest—
Some SIBTHORP, guiltless of his country's wit.

Mourn not the Houses burnt some years ago;
No vain regrets the ruin'd pile requires.
Ev'n from its dust a voice exclaims "Oh! Oh!
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

ERRATUM.

THE *Post's* "special" reporter at Blair Athol, writing of LORD GLENLYON's little boy, says that, "his eyes glitter as with morning dew." This is an error of the printer. For "morning dew," it should have been "*mountain* dew." The whole tenor of the article shows what was in the writer's brain.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SHORTLY will be published in the City,—"*A Scamper to Windsor and Back again*," by MR. LAMBERT JONES. It will be embellished with a splendid cut kindly given for the purpose, to MR. LAMBERT JONES, by the QUEEN.

* We shall give this letter in our next.

The Ghost of Whittington to Michael Gibbs,

CITIZEN AND FISHMONGER.

From the Shades, Sept. 30, 1844.

Y EXPRESS.—We have just read it in the *Morning Herald* that thou, MICHAEL, alderman—churchwarden—salt-water treasurer—inspector of the sewers, with many et ceteras—art chosen Lord Mayor of glorious London. The thing is not credible, MICHAEL. We believe it not—and for two reasons. The first is,—that it is so put down in the *Morning Herald*, which as a punishment for our mortal sins, is the only gazette permitted in these dreary regions. Verily, for the commercial reputation—for the honoured name of the city—we are prone to denounce the story as scandalous and wicked; a naughty fiction to cast shame upon the Court of Aldermen. No, MICHAEL: thou mayest be citizen and fishmonger—(the folk of Walbrook say skinner, too)—but thou art not, never canst be, chosen Mayor. When the Guildhall cook shall trust his custards to the keeping of the Guildhall cat—then shalt thou be trusted with the authoritative mace—the glorifying chain!

London's Mayor should be cunning in arithmetic. Alack! therein forlorn is thy ignorance. Thou wouldst have to count hob-nails at Westminster—thou, who wilt count nothing, though sorely pressed, in Walbrook. Venerable are those hob-nails; yea, in them is the very Palladium of the city. Yet, once in thy hands, who shall make thee render them? When thou hast come down upon the nail as churchwarden, it may then be seasonable to reckon nails as Mayor.

The merchants and traders of London were wont to have a golden name for honour—for men of righteous dealings. Their books of trust were open as their hearts. Their reputation, even among the heathen, was lustrous as a star. The word of an English merchant was more precious than ingots. And can these men have chosen MICHAEL GIBBS Lord Mayor? Say it not to GOG and MAGOG, or even they will blush redder through their paint.

MICHAEL GIBBS, Lord Mayor! Walbrook's stiff-necked and unrelenting churchwarden for one year the master of the City Palace! Sole despot on London's throne! Grand depositary of the city plate! Alas, the twelvemonth over, who shall say that the "loving cup" may not be fast in the gripe of litigation—that Chancery, with its thousand hands, may not clutch the city spoons?

Once on the civic throne, who shall make thee descend from it? Mayest thou not grow there—become, to the amazement and despair of all, the Great Immoveable? With thy instinctive adhesiveness to place and profit, mayest thou not—*infelix Michael!*—sit and for ever sit the Lord Mayor Tyrant of all future years! SIR THOMAS GRESHAM, who is at my elbow, wrings his hands, and groans a heavy groan!

Dear Sir Thomas! He hath heard of the New Exchange, even though we read nothing but the *Morning Herald*. I say, he hath heard of it; and entreats, if GIBBS be Mayor indeed, that for his desolate year, the grasshopper—type of cheerfulness—be removed from the Exchange, and to mark the sad, unprofitable twelvemonth,—a locust be straightway substituted!

If it, indeed, be true that in punishment of the grievous sins of the city, thou—MICHAEL GIBBS—art really London's Mayor, what a pageant will there be on the coming ninth of November!

For that day, at least, we shall visit thee! I shall again walk in the procession,—every city ghost of us carrying a banner, or somewhat typical of the virtues of MICHAEL GIBBS, Lord Mayor! MR. COCKER—a very respectable shade indeed, among us—promises himself a great treat on that festival.

GRESHAM, and a thousand citizens who have made the name of English merchant glorious, will throng Fleet Street, Ludgate, and Cheapside—nay, will take water with thee, mingling in the rolling mists of gray November—and one by one make faces at thy Mayoralty.

I, RICHARD WHITTINGTON, promise to be there. I and my cat! And ere thou dost descend at Guildhall, that priceless, vermin-killing animal, shall put its head within thy carriage window, and—mew at thee!

GIBBS, Mayor!

Then may every citizen beat his breast, and conning the legend of the city arms, exclaim with deepest perturbation, DOMINE DIRIGE NOS—"*God help us!*"

Richard Whittington.

THE ELECTION OF LORD MAYOR.

A Civic Tragedy.

SCENE I.—*The outside of the Guildhall. A mob of citizens rush on in great confusion.*

1st Citizen. What 's to be done ? How will the matter end ?
2nd Citizen. Would it were ended !
3rd Citizen. Marry, so say I.
1st Citizen. Which will they choose to fill the civic chair ?
2nd Citizen. Alack ! their task will be a heavy one.
3rd Citizen. I trow that Gaffer GIBBS will never stand.
1st Citizen. Nay, rather say that GIBBS will not be stood :
Though he should stand, there is no standing him.
2nd Citizen. Nor understanding him, my masters.
1st Citizen. Ay!
3rd Citizen. What say you, sirs, to WOOD ?
1st Citizen. Why, marry this—
The citizens would, if they could, elect him ;
But WOOD they never could.
2nd Citizen. You 're merry, neighbours.
1st Citizen. 'Tis not a day for merriment, my master :
No, tis a grievous day—a heavy day—
A black—a sad—right melancholy day—
I'd have such days out of the Calendar. (*Weeps.*)
2nd Citizen. Nay, don't take on—You cannot help it, friend.
1st Citizen. 'Tis that I cannot help it makes me sad.

[*An immense mob rushes across the stage towards the Guildhall, and the three Citizens exeunt, carried away by the stream.*

SCENE II.—*The Guildhall.*

Common Councilmen discovered in their gowns, the Sheriffs elect—HUNTER *and* SIDNEY *standing in the centre ; Ex-Sheriffs* MOON *and* MUSGROVE *with pocket-handkerchiefs to their eyes weeping. Shouts are heard without, and the* RECORDER *enters, followed by the* COMMON-SERGEANT, *the* LORD MAYOR (MAGNAY), ALDERMAN T. WOOD, ALDERMAN GIBBS, *&c. &c.*

The Recorder. To-day a high and noble privilege
The assembled citizens must exercise.
Two persons who are duly qualified
To serve the Mayoral office you must name ;
One of those two the Court of Aldermen
Will choose for Mayor. (*Aside.*) 'Tis much like Hobson's choice—
I'faith there 's not a pin to choose between them.
The Common-Sergeant. The list of Aldermen I now will read.
Who stands the first ? Alderman THOMAS WOOD.
Hold up your hands, you that would have him Mayor.
[*Several hands are held up.*
Next on the list is MASTER MICHAEL GIBBS.
I ask a show of hands for MICHAEL GIBBS.
A Voice. My hand for GIBBS instinctively I raise,
Extending it with thumb upon my nose.
Common Sergeant. The names of JOHNSON, CARROLL, HOOPER, DUKE, FARNCOMB and MUSGROVE, for the sake of form,
I to the assembled Livery propose.
[*The Common Sergeant whispers the Sheriffs, and then walks down to the front.*
Common Sergeant. Our new-elected sheriff, Goodman HUNTER,
And Master THOMAS SIDNEY I 've consulted.
'Tis their opinion that the city's choice
On THOMAS WOOD and MICHAEL GIBBS has fallen.
[*The Aldermen and Lord Mayor exeunt.*
The Recorder (*aside to the Common Sergeant*). This is a pretty business, Mister Sergeant ;
I 'd lay a wager that it can't be WOOD.
Common Sergeant. And if their merits did decide the case,
I 'd lay a wager that 'tis neither of them.

Re-enter the LORD MAYOR *and* ALDERMEN. *The* LORD MAYOR *whispers the* RECORDER ; *and they both stand apart.*

Alderman Gibbs (*aside, in one corner*). I cannot bear this horrible suspense.
Am I the Mayor elect, or am I not ?
St. Stephen's, Walbrook, presses on my soul ;
Accounts unaudited reel o'er my brain ;
The Civic Crown hangs o'er my fevered brow.
Will it be mine ? ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! (*Laughs hysterically.*)
Alderman Wood (*aside*). Another moment will decide my fate.
As HAMLET very properly observes,
" To be or not to be—that is the question."
The Recorder (*coming forward*). The election of the Court of Aldermen has fallen—
The Crowd. Speak ! on whom ?
The Recorder. On MICHAEL GIBBS.
[*Immense confusion, in the course of which* ALDERMAN GIBBS *comes forward. He makes several very vehement motions with his hands, lips, and eyes, for several minutes, and then withdraws.*
Alderman Wood (*coming forward*). The Livery my duty 'tis to thank.
That show of hands,—it was a goodly show.
Those British fists have struck home to my heart.
Though twice defeated, I shall try again ;
And till next year, I bid ye all farewell.
[*Two Deputies rush forward and make signs as if speaking, but are not heard.*
[GOWER *advances to the front in the disguise of the* COMMON CRIER.
Common Crier. Thanks to the sheriffs have been just proposed.
[SHERIFFS MUSGROVE *and* MOON *dart towards the centre, and gesticulate violently. At length,* SHERIFF MUSGROVE *pushes* SHERIFF MOON *into the back-ground.*
Musgrove. I thank ye from the bottom of my heart.
[*He falls into the rear, and* SHERIFF MOON *advances amid much tumult.*
Sheriff Moon. We 've done our duty—MUSGROVE and myself.
A Voice. Gammon and spinach—Cock-a-doodle-do !
[SHERIFF MOON *makes a rapid retreat.*
Mr. Wire. A vote of thanks to him that still is Mayor.
A Voice. Our thanks to MAGNAY, pooh ! Oh, Walker ! Walker !
The Town Crier. And for the mode in which he did support
The city's dignity throughout the year.
A Voice. Who never not no dinners gave ?—why MAGNAY.
The Lord Mayor (MAGNAY). Thanks for the honour—(*he is interrupted for several minutes by loud hissing.*)—[*Aside.*] I shall cut my stick.
[MAGNAY *exit rapidly.* GIBBS *runs off at a private door in the back of the flat.* MOON *hides himself under the platform. The crowd continues hooting, and the curtain falls.*

Punch's Moral Reflections on the Election of Lord Mayor.

ROM hence, the 28th of September, 1844, ought to be marked down as a day of fasting and humiliation in the Civic Calendar. GIBBS has been elected Mayor—a result that, like the funds of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, there appears to be no accounting for. An immense dab of black ink has been spilt smack in the centre of the civic scutcheon. There is a blot on the City arms, which the most succulent of pads can never absorb. Time, alone, which administers the salts of lemon of oblivion to the stained canvas of history, may perhaps mollify, but never can wholly expunge the spot, which is as dark as if myriads of office inkstands had poured their atrabilious contents on the Cockney annals.

But this current of lamentation must be checked ; the mourner must be sunk in the man ; and the plaintive philosopher must leave to the penny-a-liner the office of detailing the facts of this deep humiliation for the City of London.

THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON.

THE papers announce that the King of Prussia has just created a new branch of administration, under the title of the "MINISTRY OF GRIEVANCES," the object of which is to pay special attention to such complaints as the citizens may make against public functionaries. If a similar institution existed in England, ALDERMAN GIBBS (the Lord Mayor elect) would certainly be requested to accept the Civic Chiltern Hundreds.

Betting

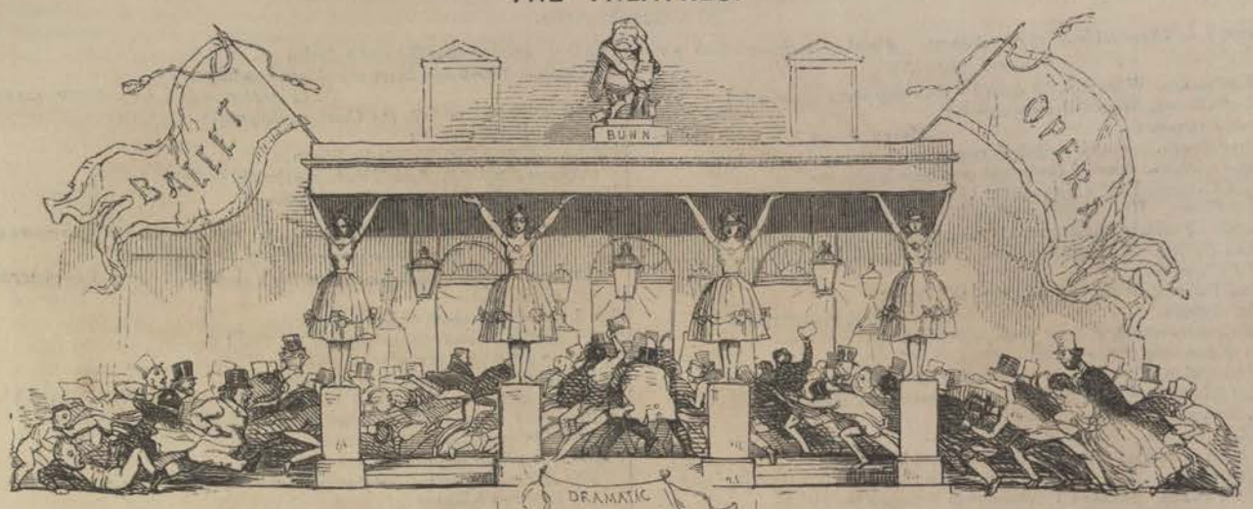
FOR THE NEXT ST. STEPHEN'S MEETING, 1845.

5 to 1 agst.	Peel's Lot (taken)	80 to 1 agst.	Brotherton's Midnight
10 ,, 1 ,,	D'Israeli's Sidonia	100 ,, 1 ,,	Peel's Income Tax (3 year old)
25 ,, 1 ,,	Roebuck's Bath Brick	200 ,, 1 ,,	Graham's Quackery
30 ,, 1 ,,	Ferrand's Long Bow	1000 ,, 1 ,,	O'Connell's Repeal (taken)

A MIRACLE.

CABMAN, No. 975, begs to forward to *Punch* the sum of one shilling and eightpence, conscience money, being an overcharge of his legal fare to an old gentleman whom he took home last Saturday night in a very helpless state from a Temperance Meeting.

THE THEATRES.



THE Season has begun! Again do play-bill posters give life to dead walls—again does the neighbourhood of Drury Lane begin to feel "music's pulse in all its arteries"—again does the courteous MR. ARCHER sit invitingly at the Haymarket Box-Office from ten till four—and MADAME CELESTE, having taken "more removed ground," for the first time opens the cleansed and ventilated Adelphi. The theme, however, is too serious to be lightly touched upon. Let us address ourselves to it—for *Punch*, hear it ye green-rooms! purposes to be critical this season—with respectful gravity.

An entirely new portico, under the conscientious direction of MR. BUNN, has been given to Drury Lane. We present the reader with a faithful representation of the architectural novelty. SHAKSPERE has been removed. We have ALFRED BUNN, vice WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, promoted to Sadler's Wells. This is only as it should be. We have, however, one fault to find with the BUNN statue—it is all white plaster. Now, when we remember those ebon velvet breeches, we would have had, at least, half of BUNN, like the Prince in the fairy tale, of black marble. However, let us not be fastidious. The dancing figures are very tastefully disposed, and touchingly insinuate what support the manager expects from ballet.

In music, MR. BUNN will be powerful as Amphion and like him, will, we trust, make houses by the magic of cat-gut. Some of the singers engaged are of brilliant reputation. We have DUPREZ, ANNA THILLON, ROMER, and the cordial and melodious RAINFORTH.

There are, however, two timid neophytes, of whom music-masters speak highly, and for whom—upon our bended knee—we pray for a fostering indulgence. We allude to a MR. JOHN HARLEY, advertised as *buffo!* He is, we believe, not wholly new to the stage, and has a voice of extraordinary compass, reaching we know not to how many notes, a week. During the recess, he has been wholly fed upon the eggs of nightingales and lark-pudding. Therefore, what he will do as a *buffo*, nobody can tell!

The second vocalist—he has not yet been announced as such—is MR. JOHN COOPER, who, one morning, in the intervals of shaving, discovered that he had a very promising baritone! This latent faculty has been most delicately cultivated, and promises to come up very strong in the spring. That the new-found treasure may not be injured, a Doctor of Music is in constant attendance upon MR. COOPER; not permitting him to run the slightest risk of draught. Nay, he is even not allowed to sit upon any chair, unless duly aired.

MR. BUNN has, for what he purposes to do, an excellent company, and we heartily wish him all success. Whilst the drama was bound hand and foot in the two patent theatres, we fought lustily against the injustice; but now, that Shakspere may, without let or hindrance, wander to Islington—nay, poor fellow! whilst he is even permitted to be worried at the Victoria—we have only to commend MR. BUNN or any other manager who offers the town such entertainment as the programme for the season promises. Therefore, may good-luck rosin his bow, and—strike up fiddlers!

The Haymarket throws open its doors to comedy and farce, and has a company to do them justice. VANBRUGH, with his silver-lace newly cleaned, has already made his bow. At this time, especially, we welcome these revivals. Audiences, nay Haymarket audiences, have had in their time so many pieces without either characters or words, that it is well they should now and then go to school to the old masters. However, for a time let Thalia tear her hair, and chant a dirge—for NISBETT, she of the melodious laugh—is married!

At the Adelphi we presume we are to have domestic dramas, with spasms of pathos for families. MADAME CELESTE's energy will, we think, be better here than at the Haymarket; although we know it is said, that—

> "the gods applaud
> The depth, and not the tumult of the soul!"

Then, again, we have the voluminous humour of PAUL BEDFORD, and the rich—sometimes a little overflowing—drollery of MR. WRIGHT.

For the Princess's, MR. MADDOX has secured a grove of foreign singing-birds. JAMES WALLACK, too, is engaged, and will therefore vindicate the claims of drama.

At the Lyceum, they are still putting by ingots—at the Strand, they flourish, too—the Surrey has its crowds—and at the Victoria, MISS VINCENT "the acknowledged heroine of domestic drama," writes "very taunting letters" in the play-bills, in championship of the injured OSBALDISTON!

Novelties are, of course, in active preparation. English dramatists have returned from Paris, and now beset the doors of managers with their pieces from the French. Happy the distinguished writer who gets in precedence of his fellow-translator, for vaudevilles, like mackerel, will not keep! Hence, are they often sold at a corresponding price.

JUST KILTED.—A Scene at Blair Athol.

A CARD.

Mr. Cringe, being desirous of falling in with the prevailing taste for **Direct Communication,** has made arrangements for cutting through the inconvenient Isthmus of Professional Etiquette, which divides the client from his counsel; and undertakes to do business without the intervention of the Attorney, or Middle-man.

Cringe begs leave to call the attention of the Felonry, his Friends, and Patrons, to the great advantage to be derived from personal interviews with the Barrister, which Cringe is quite willing to grant, even to those in the humblest or lowest stage of delinquency.

Cringe may be consulted personally in any of the prison passages; and he will be happy to receive Acquitted Thieves—who are desirous of paying the residue of the fee—in the Vestibule, near the Robing room.

Cringe begs leave to call the attention of the Guilty to the important fact, that only a small deposit is taken on delivery of the brief, the remainder being contingent on a verdict of Honourable Acquittal.

The friends of Culprits liberally treated with, and an allowance made to the parents in cases of Juvenile Delinquency. Professed Thieves defended by the month or sessions, and briefs always ready to meet every contingency.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

(From our own Reporter.)

This Association having met at York, Science is, of course, being advanced in that favoured city, and such is the determination of some of the more active members to keep science on the move, that they have resolved on pushing it to the very last extremities.

Science has taken a very considerable round in the hands of this very able body, and we should not be astonished to hear of its eventually going to Jericho. What will become of the British, &c. for the advancement, &c., it is not our business to inquire. What the British, &c. &c. &c. &c. is actually about at the present moment, is the point to which we shall confine ourselves. The Committee having met, Colonel Sabine—no relation, we believe, to the historical Sabines—came forward to read the report in his character of General Secretary. It is worth while to observe that the Association for the Advancement of Science has advanced the Secretary, by making a Colonel into a General—for General Secretary is the title which the Colonel goes by in his connection with the *Brit. Ass.* as the sapient body occasionally calls itself.

Colonel-General-Secretary Sabine, having cleared his throat, and sent for his spectacles from the President of the Optical Section, who had borrowed them in order to try some experiments in reading books, Colonel-General-Secretary Sabine, having, in a style worthy of the Architectural Section, placed his glasses on the bridge of his nose, began to read the report, of which the following is a summary :—

"Your Committee have great pleasure in stating that they have tried an experiment with a captive balloon—— "

Here the Secretary was interrupted by a new member inquiring what was meant by a captive balloon. Was it a balloon that had caught on the railings of a house, as Mr. Hampton's generally did? or was it a balloon seized and become captive on account of the damage done by its descent, which happened occasionally to Mrs. Graham and other intrepid aeronauts.

Colonel Sabine having paused for some time, and having looked out the words "captive" and "balloon" in *Johnson's Dictionary*, replied, that he could not answer the question. He would, however, refer it to the Lexicographical Section, if the honourable members desired it.

The report was then proceeded with.

"Your Committee having had some maps, have drawn some lines, showing some good spots for some canals, some Artesian wells, and some other advantages."

The new member inquired whether the lines did not disfigure the maps.

Colonel Sabine. Rather.

New Member. Then *cui bono?*

The *President* here interfered. "If," said he with much warmth, "the Association is to have the *cui bono* test applied to its proceedings—if we are to be asked what is the good of this or that, we may as well dissolve the body."—(*Much cheering.*)

Colonel Sabine then proceeded :—"Your Committee have sent out Professor Forbes with a dredging machine."

New Member. A what?

Colonel Sabine (*continuing*). "A dredging machine for the purpose of dredging the Ægean Sea."

New Member. Oh! that's too rich—ha, ha, ha!

The President. The honourable member is right. It was the richness of the Ægean Sea that induced this Association to dredge it. Go on, Mr. Secretary; what does the report say as to the result of the dredging?

Colonel Sabine (*reading*). "Your Committee feel much ecstasy in stating that Professor Forbes has dredged up several buckets of mixed stuff, which have been laid before the Analytic Section, and found to contain 150 species of animals, all new to Science.

A CELEBRATED PROFESSOR.

New Member. 150 animals! Let's have their names.

The President (*interfering*). We should be glad to afford every information, but these interruptions are improper.

New Member. Well. Let's have a few of the names of the 150 animals all new to science.

The President. Well—I don't know! Suppose we say, the Cockleius Scolloposculus, or Cockle good for scolloping—That's one! I can't think of any more just now. Pray go on with the report, Colonel Sabine.

Colonel Sabine (*winking at the President*). "Your Committee wished the Government to publish the result of this dredging; and Sir Robert Peel agreed to print 500 copies, if there were any means of getting rid of them. One hundred were at once carried away by a

New Member. What became of the remainder?

The President. That's an unfair question. I don't know.

A Clerk. The cheesemonger——

Colonel Sabine and the *President* (*very vehemently to the Clerk*). Silence, sir, silence! You are stepping far beyond your duty, sir. Hold your tongue, sir!

Colonel Sabine (*continuing to read*). "Your Committee have received 1,000*l.* from the Treasury for the publication of Lalande's Catalogue of the Stars."

New Member. What a rum catalogue. *Lot one, Mr. Macready,* I suppose. Eh?

Colonel Sabine (*stuffing his pocket-handkerchief into his mouth, and coughing.*) Shall I go on with the report, or not?

The President. Pray go on.

Colonel Sabine (*continuing*). "Your Committee finding they could do no good with the collections illustrative of railway sections, have given them all away."

New Member. All!

Colonel Sabine. Every one. They were of no use to us.

New Member. What did they cost?

The President. That question must be referred to the mathematical section.

New Member. Yes! But which is the paying section! (*Loud cries of* "Indecent!" *amidst which the New Member sat down.*)

Colonel Sabine. "Your Committee beg to say in conclusion, they have got several invitations for next year, and amongst others Cambridge was anxious for the honour of taking them in—and doing for them!"

The report having been read, a warm discussion took place on a Daddy Longlegs, the point of dispute being whether the Daddy should be referred to the zoological section, or whether an ethnological sub-section should be formed for the purpose of placing the Longlegs in the hands of a separate committee. It was ultimately agreed to look upon the Daddy Longlegs as a subject for the zoological section at present. The meeting then broke up.

Friday.—The business to-day was quite of an abstract nature. In Section A., Professor Long read a paper on infinite series, &c., or series without end; in illustration of which he read some observations, which seemed as if they never would end, and even when concluded, no end was come to.

Section B. Mr. West read a paper on mineral waters, founded on experiments with a bottle of soda water.

Mr. Hunt read a paper on the influence of light on plants, which he proved to be deleterious. He had held a buttercup over a lighted candle, and, though the buttercup was not melted, the flower was considerably damaged.

Dr. Babineur read a paper on the mode of detecting the adulterations in tobacco. He had smoked several penny Cubas, and detected adulteration in every one of them.

Professor Forbes and Mr. Heliston jointly read a paper on the tertiary formations of the Isle of Wight. As they both read at once, it was to us the most interesting paper we had heard at the meeting.

Section E.—Medical Science.—Dr. Heming described a peculiar disease of the tongue, attended with great constitutional disturbance. It was found a good deal among Radical members of Parliament and Chartist demagogues. The tongue was generally very bad in these cases, but the constitutional disturbance generally insignificant.

THE CIVIC CHAIR.

THE Civic Chair really threatens to be the source of almost as much fuss as used to be made in the time of our RICHARD THE THIRDS and our JOHNS about the throne of England. What with the rightful heirs and the wrongful heirs—what with WOOD, the claimant by succession—what with GIBBS, the pretender—and MAGNAY, the usurper—there is no knowing what will eventually become of the Cockney Sovereignty. The only thing that we can suggest is, to put the civic chair—as is sometimes done with the Great Seal—into commission. *Punch* would be happy to act as one of the commissioners, and he is quite sure that the mayoral dignity would lose nothing in his keeping. When the heir to the throne is in his minority, it is usual to appoint a regent; and, surely, the same course ought to be followed with respect to the sovereignty of the city, when the aldermen next in succession have not arrived at years of discretion.

[We had written thus far, when we received the astounding intelligence that GIBBS was elected Mayor! As the Mansion House requires a twelvemonth's cleansing, the civic authorities now will know what to do with the *City Compter*.]

AMENDE HONORABLE.

THE Chaplain of H.M.S. *Warspite*, having been reprimanded by the Admiralty for his indiscretion in criticising the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE'S tactics at Tangier, avails himself of the indulgence of *Punch* to publish the following apology to His Royal Highness:—

"The Chaplain of H.M.S. *Warspite* presents his compliments to His Royal Highness the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE, and begs hereby to apologise to His Royal Highness for having, in a letter to the *Times*, described His Royal Highness's seamanship, as displayed at Tangier, as lubberly.

"The fact is, that the Chaplain was only joking, which, he feels, was not perhaps quite correct, the gravity of his profession considered. When he insinuated that the PRINCE was a lubber, what he meant was just the reverse; as a man does when he calls his friend a rogue or a dog. By "lubber" he meant heart of oak, tight sailor, smart officer, naval hero. However, he feels that his joke must have been a poor one, since he is obliged to explain it; for the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE, no doubt, understands a joke as well as he does his own profession. Indeed, the PRINCE'S idea of a steam-invasion of England was a capital joke.

"The chaplain of the *Warspite* takes this opportunity of assuring the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE that he entertains the highest respect for the French character, which he greatly admires on account of the absence of pride, vanity, petulance, and childishness, which it displays. And so far from intending any insult to the *tricolore*, he has no hesitation in saying that he considers it equal in every respect to

> "The flag that braved a thousand years,
> The battle and the breeze."

In conclusion, he will only observe, with regard to the Prince personally, that he looks upon him as a regular out-and-out thorough-going Jack tar; and has no doubt that he fries watches, lights his pipe with bank-notes, chews pig-tail, hitches up his trousers, cries "Avast!" (in French), does the cut and double shuffle, and sustains the part, in every other respect, quite as well as MR. T. P. COOKE."

THE REPEAL CHESTNUT.

WHAT a modest man is MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL! In the matter of Repeal he has no wish to lead—not he. Oh no; he will be too proud to follow in the ranks—his heart will beat with raptures not to be expressed, to make merely one of the millions, led to glory by MR. GREY PORTER! Hear him—hear him!

"I say that the man is not honest who does not wish to see Grey Porter at the head of this national struggle (*Cheers*). *As for myself, I do not want to be a leader*. I am willing to work in the team, and I will cheerfully resign to Grey Porter the reins and guidance of the whole (*Loud Cheers*)."

One moment, good MR. GREY PORTER, one moment only, whilst we tell you an old, old story. Once upon a time there were some chestnuts—call them Repeal chestnuts if you will—roasting on the hearth. An old monkey, grown wrinkled in his tricks, watched the smoking nuts, and longed, and longed to get one of them. But then the monkey was a cunning old creature, and cared not to risk the burning of his fingers. A cat, just out of kittenhood, lay upon the hearth, purring and unsuspicious. Whereupon the monkey seized hold of the cat's paw, and boldly thrusting it into the fire, sought thereby to take out a chestnut.

MR. GREY PORTER, that monkey's name was DAN!

"SPORTING" AT BLAIR ATHOL.

THE *Herald's* "own correspondent" sends the following story which, for sundry reasons, we cannot readily believe:—

"On Wednesday afternoon His Royal Highness had a wild stag brought into the Home Park, immediately behind the castle, and *shot it for the amusement of the Queen*, who was looking out of one of the back windows. The stag had on two previous nights disturbed the inmates of the castle by its cries."

We cannot believe that our gentle, tender-hearted QUEEN, could receive amusement from such a mere piece of butcher's-work. No: in our mind Her Majesty is associated with that lovely picture of womanly tenderness, bequeathed to us by magnificent old CHAUCER:

> "She was so charitable and pitous
> She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
> Caught in a trap, if it were ded or bledde.
> Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
> With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
> But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
> Or if men smote it with a yerde smert:
> *And all was conscience and tendre herte!*"

The correspondent goes on to write, "That it was intended that the affair should be something of a *coup de théâtre*," but LORD GLENLYON and some of the party were out of the way. Otherwise, when the stag fell beneath ALBERT'S bullet, they would doubtless have struck up—"*This day a stag must die!*" We say it—we suspect the truth of the story that the animal was thus ignominiously shot for the amusement of Her Majesty. Certain we are that PRINCE ALBERT does not grudge MR. GIBLETT, of Bond Street, his honours; sure we are that His Royal Highness has no wish to add to his other titles that of—"Butcher to the Queen!"

EVENING THEATRICAL COSTUME.

MR. JOHN COOPER has advertised "that no one can, on any account, be admitted in future either to the dress circle or the stalls of Drury Lane, unless in evening costume." MR. COOPER has likewise, in the kindest manner, presented to us his notion of

EVENING DRURY-LANE COSTUME,

revised and approved by MR. PLANCHÉ. It consists of an "elegant whity-brown hat, dark brown or black velveteen coat, red waistcoat, variegated with blue flowers, breeches *à la gentleman pensioner*, met half way up the leg by boots thickly studded with nails, white stockings, and a bright yellow neckcloth; a small sunflower greatly relieves the sombre hue of the coat. The stick should be blackthorn, profusely covered with knobs."

CIVIC HOSPITALITY.

THE LORD MAYOR has positively invited the KING OF THE FRENCH—a foreigner, be it remembered—to dine with him. This is too bad. Ought not hospitality, like charity, to begin at home!

A JOKELET FOR LITTLE JOKERS.

"I TELL you, my child, there is no W in the French language."—"Yes, there is."

"There is not, I tell you."—"Yes, there is; in *Oui!*"

ROYAL SPORT.

☞ It will be in the recollection of our readers that a handsome rod (which turns out to be really a fishing-rod after all), was a little while ago presented to the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness has lately had some capital sport with this rod, having succeeded in capturing several of his Mamma's gold fish, one of which was as big as a dace and weighed six ounces. It was very nearly pulling the Prince in.

PETER THE GREAT.

SIR PETER LAURIE is a great man—a very great man! He had already shown a hundred civic proofs of his greatness, when, only a few days since, he exhibited proof a hundred and one. *Fiat experimentum in vili corpore!* Therefore, what a fine thing it is that there should be desperate, life-weary wretches to prove the moral value of an Alderman. A cat, a rat, a mouse may, by its agonies, beautifully illustrate the philosophy of an air-pump. A miserable, wo-begone Magdalen may in like manner bring out the wisdom, and, what is more, the fine humanity of a Laurie. Let the reader be delighted with the proof.

A forlorn young woman, named Elizabeth Morris, a poor seduced creature, is charged before the Knight with having taken poison; whereupon his philosophy is immediately exhibited—the human air-pump is instantly set at work.

"Sir Peter Laurie said he should send her to the Old Bailey for attempted suicide. It was a fit case for trial, *and he had no doubt she would be transported.* He had put an end to Persons attempting to drown themselves; he would now try the same cure for attempted Poisoning. He had no doubt that those who took poison did not do so for the purpose of self-destruction, but for the purpose of exciting sympathy; and such morbid charity was more calculated to do injury than anything else."

Wise man—good man—great man! He has "put an end" to one mode of suicide—he will, by the potency of his many-featured genius, guard every avenue to death. He will stand sentinel on the banks of Styx, and, by virtue of his power as an Alderman, forbid Charon to take any shivering ghost into his boat that has not lawfully quitted the flesh. He will, in a word, make death respectable, by placing it out of the reach of the poor and desperate, until it shall be properly awarded by disease or famine. Sapient magistrate—great northern wizard of the human heart!

Laurie will put an end to suicide! We have heard something of the ecstasy of soul that possessed Newton, when the law of gravitation burst in a flood of glory on his brain; something, too, have we heard of the moral transport of a Jenner, when his mind grasped the antidote to fell disease. From this we can have some faint, very faint, idea of the sublimated state of a Laurie, when, on the tiptoe of his intellect, he grasped the golden secret that, even among Aldermen, will immortalize him. We see him, *arrectis auribus*, and hear his exulting soul braying like a trumpet, or some other thing!

But wherefore, Laurie, with the impatience of genius, begin at the wrong end? It is good to put down suicide—yea, very good. Die when you will, you have earned an epitaph bright and enduring as the stars.

> And he put down Suicide!

What a climax to a tombstone laudation! Thus, the public life of Laurie will practically realise the Portuguese perfection of a sonnet—opening with a key of silver, and closing with one of gold! Great Laurie!

But wherefore, again we ask—Oh, Laurie!—wherefore begin at the wrong end? Why not, great moral physician, first try to put down the heart-ache? Why not, from the high seat which, for some yet inscrutable good, fortune has awarded you,—why not, as you are so potent over the human machine, with all its passions, its moral aches and miseries, its weariness, its utter recklessness of all, yea, even of Laurie—why not cleanse the soul of "that perilous stuff" that sinks it to the grave?

Have you ever tried, Laurie? Where is it written that from your judgment-place you have ever bestowed one word of sympathising humanity? Where shall we find one expression that, for a moment, linked your ineffable nature to the shivering misery at the bar—that made you, in your Aldermanic dignity, take for one instant common ground with forlorn wretchedness—with sorrow, stung by scorpion wrong into despair? Where shall we read of this? That it *is* written, yea, in a thousand leaves, we doubt not. We only ask—*where?* Are the records yet extant; or, like the wisdom of the Sybil, is the wise humanity of a Laurie scattered to the winds?

> And he had no doubt she would be Transported.

Who shall say that the hard duty of an Alderman has not still its rewarding consolation? Yes; it is something after a weary day's labour at Guildhall to know, or at least to hope for the transportation of one broken heart. Sir James Graham has *his* luxury in the expatriation of a Mary Furley. Wherefore, then, should not Laurie grease his moral chin with a like savoury morsel? When the master has dined off the haunch, it is hard if the lackey be denied *his* little bit of marrowy fat.

And then, how passing pleasant to the spirit! when the day is done, and the Alderman is making up his soul for the night—when with serious looks and composed thoughts he has prayed for daily bread,—passing sweet must it be, as a Laurie sinks into his eider, to know that the fruit of his past day's wisdom may be the transportation of some forlorn woman, driven to error by the want of that bread whose very superflux makes the race of Lauries aldermen. Surely these are thoughts that in the solemn night must sing the brain and heart to rest, even as the songs of angels!

Had a common biped, one of the unrecognised million, uttered the words—wise as they are—of Laurie, we should have passed them as unheeded breath. But it is the dress of authority that makes Laurie remarkable; that attracts the eyes and ears of the world. We can, in some way, parallel his position by a very recent example.

On the evening of the day that Laurie let fall his last pearl, Mr. Barry, the clown at Astley's, embarked in a wash-tub on the Thames, and was carried on his voyage from Vauxhall to Westminster by means of a pair of yoked geese. "Mr. Barry," say the accounts, "appeared in his *Clown's* dress." Mr. Barry knows human nature. Had he been simply habited, the attraction would have been infinitely less. He would certainly have been associated with the geese—perhaps, in the minds of the spectators confounded with them—but he stood out to the eyes of men in his Zany's suit. Now, what the whitened and vermilioned face—the many-coloured dress—is to the Clown, so is authority, as employed by him, to Sir Peter Laurie. The Clown's suit and the civic gown are to the eye of moral philosophy one and the same thing. There is no distinction, none, between the mountebank's flaring livery and the Aldermanic violet and miniver. We might also parallel the geese. The Clown owed his onward progress and the safety of his seat to the birds. Well, there may be Aldermen who also owe their progress and their seats to creatures of kindred sagacity. Yet, is there one difference between the Clown and the City Magistrate. Mr. Merryman, in the exuberance of his antics, may draw tears of laughter; now the tears excited by the Clown of the bench too often flow from a far different source.

We have dwelt thus at length upon the peculiar merits of Sir

PETER LAURIE, because we feel that we have sometimes neglected him when in sooth he deserved especial notice. Thus our present little essay is as much the offering of remorse as of admiration. We can imagine a man in such a plethora of prosperity that all appeals to his sensibility are vain. A man beyond the reach of moral medicine. But such a man is not SIR PETER LAURIE. We can, indeed, imagine a man so prosperous, with so much of the world's fat about his heart, that the poor, stifled organ scarcely beats or feels: that like a toad in marble, it lives, indeed, but stirs not. This man has walked through life upon lamb's-wool. *He* has ever been fortunate. Worldly Luck kissed him in his cradle, dandled him, put him upon his feet, and said, "My child, be rich!" And the world to him has been, as the children say, all "TOM TITTLER's ground," where he has picked up nothing but gold and silver. And wherefore this luck? Oh, it has been to him the equitable payment of his prudence, his wisdom, his surpassing respectability. It is his rightful wages, and he has nothing but his hard own. He has never felt the pangs of want—he has never known his brain, after long sickness of hope deferred, fire into despair. Desperation, begot of the world's misery, is to him high treason against his sovereign Lord PEUTUS—a flying in the face of the Bank—a sort of blasphemy against those worldly divinities—£ *s. d.*!

And so this man turns up his varnished cheek at human despair, and with triumphant looks of cunning and incredulity peers at misery, as some self-imagined wit looks at the tricks of a conjuror, pitying the fools who are gulled by him, and, full of his own wisdom, declaring that he is not at all deceived; not he. He has watched the whole legerdemain, and can tell how every trick is done. Fools may admire, but *he* is not to be juggled.

To return, however, to SIR PETER LAURIE. His conquest of suicide by water and poison is, perhaps, among the greatest triumphs of the human mind. It will make him a noted man while on the earth, and will embalm his memory when departed from it. May that day, however, be long distant! But when it comes, as come it must, let a grateful generation pay all honour to departed wisdom. Then, LAURIE—

> "O'er thy head may green sage and sweet marjoram wave,
> And fat—fat be the gander that feeds on thy grave!"

Q.

Remarkable Resemblance between the Two Greatest Characters of the Present Day.

THE SERVICEABLE PENSIONERS.

WE perceive that there is a determination on the part of Government to galvanise the Chelsea Pensioners, with a view to active service. Service, it is true, may be exacted from these veterans, but activity is wholly out of the question. Their occupations for the last few years have been any thing but military; in fact, they have been so exceedingly civil, that holding horses at Kensington Gardens, and touching their hats to every one who goes in, has been their chief employment.

A return of their various pursuits would be a very amusing, not to say, a particularly interesting paper. For instance, many of the brave fellows would have been found, reposing from the fatigues of war in the tranquil art of window cleaning, while others have taken off the laurel of victory to replace it with the powder of footmanship.

Some who helped to beat the French on the field of Waterloo, have taken to the congenial occupation of beating carpets in the fields at Battersea. Altogether the occupations of the pensioners since the war have savoured strongly of peace, and the polite arts of waiting at table, or delivering messages, have superseded the warlike employments they had been previously accustomed to.

GRATTAN THE SLEEPLESS.

A FEW nights since, MR. H. GRATTAN took up his quarters at GRESHAM'S Hotel. A little before midnight the hon. gentleman snored so violently that, for the peace of the house, it was necessary to wake him, although it took three chambermaids, two waiters and the boots to perform the operation. This is too bad, when the orator had solemnly promised that "until repeal was granted, he would never know a comfortable sleep!"

THE REPORTERS AT BLAIR ATHOL.

THE movements of the gentlemen of the press who have been sent down from London by the different journals to dodge her Majesty, have necessarily been very eccentric, and we therefore beg leave to publish some account of them in the shape of a

Newspaper Court Circular.

The *Times* reporter left his room before five, in order to have the very earliest peep through the park palings, at the morning promenade of her Majesty.

The *Morning Chronicle* correspondent gave an audience to the intoxicated Highlander who had created a disturbance at Blair Athol. The correspondent instantly sent off an express, containing exclusive particulars.

The *Morning Post* reporter sat for some time concealed in a bed of stinging nettles, expecting the QUEEN would have passed that way. Her Majesty did not leave the Castle.

The correspondent of the *Morning Herald* was honoured with an exclusive squint through a fissure in the panelling of the room at the Inn where Her Majesty was tasting some brose. Papers were instantly forwarded to town with the interesting intelligence.

A DELICATE PRESENT.

PRINCE JOINVILLE, on the conclusion of the Morocco treaty, presented to the Moorish general a very elegant pair of pistols, as a souvenir! This is very like soundly thrashing a man, and then giving him the stick.

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OPENING OF THE NEW EXCHANGE.

PUNCH is happy to record that MR. LAMBERT JONES (the great lion of the city) has been for this week past characteristically active; that is, he has been labouring heart and soul for the dignity of the city—such dignity being intimately associated with the importance of MR. LAMBERT JONES. After all, the world would be a very dull world without the family of the JONESES; and we notice their doings with admiration mingled with gratitude.

It is well known that the QUEEN has accepted MR. JONES's invitation to the city to witness the opening of the Royal Exchange. Great preparations are being made to amuse Her Majesty; to which end, engagements have been made with many celebrated individuals, all of them specially selected by MR. LAMBERT JONES. We cannot flatter ourselves that our programme of the intended doings is complete; but we pledge ourselves to its correctness as far as it goes.

In the first place, MR. LAMBERT JONES has engaged himself to give a faithful description of the statues perched about the Exchange—their origin and purpose; this lecture is looked for with the greatest anxiety.

SIR PETER LAURIE will, in three jokes—being the positive, the comparative, and the superlative of bad—next illustrate what the City Chamberlain meant, when he alluded to "Sir Peter's peculiar style of *badinage*."—SIR PETER will further illustrate this by a new song, written by MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, to be called "The Ass that danced among the Chickens."

The present LORD MAYOR will next read through the whole of *Mrs. Rundell's Cookery*, carefully marking the dishes which have *not* graced his table during the present year; with the number of guests *not* invited to partake of them.

MR. ALDERMAN GIBBS will recite a poem on the benevolent purpose of the Margate Sea-Bathing Infirmary. He will do this in character, being dressed as Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea; a part in which he has already obtained great notoriety in Walbrook. After the recitation, it is expected that he will go round with a hat for contributions, which he will give a proper account of—when he likes.

MR. GEORGE JONES will read his forthcoming volume of "America"—the volume which, according to the testimony of MR. G. R. P. JAMES, it has so "provoked the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to wait for"—and will prove that the Phœnicians first came to London for "tin" to SIR THOMAS GRESHAM. MR. JONES will next attempt to prove the difference between "bulls and bears;" taking a Royal Exchange bull and the bull of SIR ROBERT PEEL—an Exchange bear and one of MR. TYLER's bears of the Surrey Gardens.

A celebrated member of the Antiquarian Society will deliver a short lecture on cats; illustrating his subject by several kittens, all descended in a right line from the cat of RICHARD WHITTINGTON, and so possessing peculiar claims on the attention of the city.

A member of the Archæological Society will exhibit the first vibration—duly attested—of Bow Bell.

MR. MOON (ex-Sheriff) will sing "*The light of other days is faded*," and "*The Moon has gone down*." He will, after this—and all for the encouragement of British art—sit half-an-hour for his own portrait; whilst DR. CROLY will make a poetic speech on the virtues and commercial liberality of the ex-Sheriff.

And, as a crowning glory, SIR PETER LAURIE will receive a gilt gingerbread medal, presented to him by the whole of the Humane Society, for his unparalleled efforts in putting down suicide by water. The Apothecaries' Company will next present him with a bottle of real British brandy, for his good intentions in the matter of suicide by poison.

These are a few of the events intended to grace the opening of the Royal Exchange—but only a few. However, should we hear of others, we will duly advertise them.

Public Exhibition.

THE (very) extraordinary collection of *figures* in the Collection of ALDERMAN GIBBS are now on view. Tickets may be obtained by those persons who can procure them, on application at Walbrook.

HER MAJESTY'S RETURN.

WE are sorry that this happy occasion has been sullied by one remarkable instance of the weakness of human nature. It has been beautifully said by somebody—ourselves, we rather think—that "beadles are but men;" and the same afflicting truth must, henceforth, be told of the Dundee constables. These wretched specimens of mortal frailty, instead of keeping off the crowd from the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT at Dundee, actually swelled the mob at Her Majesty's heels by their own indomitable curiosity. We know it is difficult, at all times, to smother the man in the constable; but it is necessary that the old ADAM should be temporarily suppressed in the breasts of those who are appointed to keep off the crush of the crowd from royalty. The QUEEN was, however, literally run down at Dundee by the very myrmidons whose duty it was to have kept the space around her perfectly clear; and PRINCE ALBERT was compelled to turn round to request the constabulary to keep a respectful distance, as they were treading down at heel the very shoes of royalty.

It will have been observed that PRINCE ALBERT came back in the white hat with the black crape-band, notwithstanding the fact of the *chapeau* having been smashed a week or two ago by PUNCH's bâton. Why he will persist in wearing such an unsightly head-gear it is far beyond our philosophy to discover.

Among other incidents of the return must be noticed, the handing out of the Princess Royal from the barge, by RENNICK, one of the royal footmen. RENNICK is henceforward an historical personage, and his name will find a place in the appendix of all future editions of the Histories of England. Among the questions adapted for schools, we shall no doubt have, after

> *When did* VICTORIA *ascend the throne?*
> *When was the Princess Royal taken out of the barge by* RENNICK?

There is no doubt that RENNICK is now A 1., among the Buckingham Palace flunkies.

We ought not to omit to notice the gallant and seamanlike exploit of LORD ADOLPHUS FITZCLARENCE, who superintended the landing of a great portion of the packages belonging to Her Majesty. His Lordship exhibited considerable tact, and directed the movements of the crane with much skill and energy. He personally presided for a few minutes at the wheel, and it is whispered that the rank of first Lord of the Luggage will be bestowed upon him in the brevet that is expected to take place in honour of the King of the French's visit.

British Association for the Advancement of Science.

WE regret to find that the British Association wound up the meeting of the present year with a row among the members themselves, and an expression of ill-humour at their having been the subject of ridicule. The last discussion which took place ought to have been referred to the Meteorological Section, for it was exceedingly stormy, and the speakers kept bouncing backwards and forwards, in and out at the door, to have the last word in reply to something or other that was dropping from somebody who had not yet taken up his hat for the purpose of leaving the meeting. Several members of the various sections were at high words in the lobby; and the ejaculations "mismanagement!" "humbug!" were once or twice distinctly audible.

A Paper on the "Dog" had been previously read by DR. HODGKIN, in which the worthy Doctor imitated the barkings of all the different kinds of dogs, and made some very learned observations on the African jackal. He also went into the early history of the ordinary growl, and illustrated the snarl by a series of musical efforts which were not very successful. In his assumption of the various looks of the different dogs, the hon. member was much happier. He went through the whole of the nine countenances given as illustrations to his paper in the *Illustrated London News*; but he was particularly felicitous as the old English hound, for which the natural mildness of his countenance admirably adapted him.

By putting on a wig he "made up" exceedingly well for the Iceland Dog, and by the aid of a pair of shaggy eyebrows, he contrived to give the company a fair notion of the Wolf Dog, but he completely failed in his portraiture of the Scotch Terrier. On the whole this was one of the most successful papers that were read at the meeting.

We now take leave of the British Association, whose efforts at advancing science have ended in their bringing science to exactly where it was thirteen years ago—they met at York in 1831, and were at York in 1844. So that they have just come round to the point they started from.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH—OF TITLE BY PURCHASE; AND FIRST, BY ESCHEAT.

PURCHASE in its vulgar sense is giving money for a thing and getting it; but as the law contemplates the possibility of giving money for what one never gets, as well as getting what one never pays for, the word purchase in its legal signification is very large, for the law calls every man a purchaser who has got hold of property almost anyhow. The word purchase is derived from *perquisitio*, and there are five methods of purchasing, the first being Escheat, to which, probably on account of its final syllable (cheat), the law gives the preference. Escheat is a sort of interruption to the course of descent by which the original lord gets his estate back into his own hands, by an escheat or cheat—the former being merely the long and the latter the short of it. The law of Escheat is founded on the supposition that the blood of the last tenant is extinct and gone, so that as COKE says, "ye tenant failing in bloodde ye lordde walketh in and bones ye propertie." There are three modes by which Escheats may arise, 1st. Where the tenant dies without relations, not even a brother or an uncle, then "ye lordde," says COKE, "doth supplie relations by coming in and cozening ye tenant out of his possessions." A monster cannot take by the law of the land, though giants—who are monsters—have taken prodigiously at Greenwich Fair, and it does not seem that their caravans became escheated.

Illegitimate children are incapable of being heirs, the law calling them *nullius filii* (the children of nobody) which is in fact having a game of None-of-my-child at the expense of the very ill-used individuals alluded to.

Aliens cannot be heirs; so that if LORD LYNDHURST's doctrine were the right one, no Irishman could inherit English property. The *dictum* has, however, been much doubted, and the noble Lord himself has contradicted it. An alien cannot even purchase land, until he is made a denizen, or translated from a foreigner into a British subject, when he may take whatever he can get hold of. Our dramatists afford specimens of the art of denization by translating French into English, though the subjects of their denization do not always take to the extent that might be desired.

Another cause of Escheat was attainder, by which the property of all the felons in Newgate or elsewhere would escheat to the lord; so that the lord of the soil actually had an interest in all his grantees getting hanged as speedily as possible.

By a recent act all men who are hanged after the 1st of January, 1834, shall enjoy the privilege of leaving their property to their heirs, unless murder or petty treason have been the crimes they suffer for. This enjoyment is however a luxury that few—for want of property to leave—have been able to take advantage of.

Before concluding this chapter it is necessary to observe that there is no Escheat in the case of a corporation, and therefore the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London may all go and be hanged, without the doctrine of Escheat coming into operation. In such a case as this the donor would have the lands again by reversion, if the donor could be found, which perhaps might be the case if he were advertised for, something in the following fashion :—

"The corporation of London having been dissolved (by hanging, or as the case may be) any gentleman who gave any lands is requested to apply at the Mansion House, London, when he will hear of something to his advantage."

In this case the little GRESHAMS would claim the site of the Royal Exchange, and the heirs of WAITHMAN would demand the strip of granite set up like an isolated ninepin at the top of Farringdon Street in memory of their illustrious ancestor.

So much for Escheats: but it never has been decided whether if a dust contractor should be convicted of high treason in the middle of his contract, the rubbish would escheat to the owner of the soil, or whether the law would come down with the dust to the heir of the contractor.

A Kindred Feeling.

AT a meeting of the Pennsylvanian Repudiators, the following resolution was put amongst loud cheers :—

RESOLVED,—That the freedom of the State be presented to MICHAEL GIBBS, Esq., the Lord Mayor of London, in a handsome money-box, as a token of heartfelt admiration of his conduct as churchwarden, for twenty-one years, of the parish of St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

Carried unanimously.

Advertisement.

PRISON TO LET.

To be LET, that extensive and most commodious establishment, favourably known for many years to the nobility, gentry, and public in general, as The Fleet Prison. It may be taken with or without the turnkeys. As, however, the building, from its peculiar situation, might be made a most profitable speculation as a theatre, the turnkeys might be found valuable in domestic dramas. They will also go very cheap. The increasing love of dramatic literature throughout the City of London suggests the propriety of converting the Fleet into a Temple of the Drama; and when it is recollected that the ensuing Mayoralty will (perhaps) be graced by a MICHAEL GIBBS, there can be no doubt but in some way or other he will greatly contribute to the amusement of his fellow-citizens. With this view, it is proposed that the Fleet should henceforth be known as the Mayor's Theatre (the Sheriffs have Newgate to perform in), and that MICHAEL GIBBS should be manager, scene-shifter, &c. &c., of the same; being in fact anything and everything, save money-taker and treasurer.

Should the premises not be considered available for a theatre, it is confidently believed that they might be found admirably adapted for conversion into alms-houses for decayed sheriffs' officers, and more especially for those ill-used attornies, made more chary of discounting at 100 per cent. by the atrocious bill of LORD BROUGHAM. In the Fleet they might find an appropriate dwelling-place for their declining years.

Apply to the City Chamberlain.

AGRICULTURAL PREMIUMS.

EALLY, since 1830, the Warwickshire Agricultural Society has spent no less than 1550*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* in prizes awarded to farmers' labourers.

Punch is enabled to state how a part of this vast sum was expended. At a recent distribution the following prizes were awarded :—

To GILES JOSKINS, head carter to MR. HOBBS, of Mire End, sixpence and a pot of beer, for eloquence in talking to his horses.

To THOMAS NOAKES, labourer in the service of MR. STARES, of Thistlecroft, a fourpenny piece and a screw of tobacco, for proficiency in whistling at the plough.

To SARAH GALE, milkmaid to MR. APPLEJOHN, of Chalk Dairy, a new cap, a pair of cotton stockings, a case of darning needles, and a thread paper, for distinguishing herself in singing at the pail.

To BILL JONES, odd boy to MR. SYKES, of Clod Farm, two penn'orth of lollipops for keeping birds.

The Fountains in Trafalgar Square.

ON our last examination of these capacious scolloping shells, we observed that a sort of deposit of orange peel, bits of paper and dirt, has formed at the bottom of them. Nothing is said about laying on the water, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests having commenced a well, but in compliance with the principle of leaving well alone, nothing has been done with it. If NELSON had had no more water to distinguish himself upon than that which his statue is likely to get to show him off to advantage, the song of the death of NELSON would never have been written.

We have heard bathing the eye in cold water recommended as a remedy for soreness. We strongly recommend the cold water cure for the great public eyesore in Trafalgar-square at the present moment. If Government can't afford to lay the water on, let every patriotic householder bring a bucketful from his own private cistern, in the same spirit that the Spartan women cut off their hair to make bow-strings—though, by the by, if the Spartans had only thought of cutting off their horses' tails, the experiment would have been a much more successful one.

At all events, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests may have plenty of cold water from the Punch Office; and we shall begin to lay it on regularly every week, if we do not see some efforts made to supply the fountains in Trafalgar Square with the cheap and nutritious element alluded to.

RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

WE are glad to perceive that the Kensington Railway has added another line—by branching off into the vegetable line—having planted a few winter cabbages on a portion of the ground belonging to the railroad. The greens will, we understand, be presented to the shareholders as emblematical of their own condition.

ADMIRALTY ORDERS—THE TANGIER LETTERS.

SOME of our readers will, we hope, be gratified to know, that in consequence of the offence taken by France at the publication of the Tangier correspondence, the English Admiralty has issued a list of standing orders to the fleet for the better conduct of our hardy tars in all future cases. Perhaps it is the first time that CHESTERFIELD was ever so ceremoniously introduced on the quarter-deck. We subjoin a copy of the Orders :—

"The Lords of the Admiralty, desirous that the most polite and ceremonious observances be cultivated, under all circumstances, by the officers of Her Majesty's navy towards the officers of the navy of France, publish the following Orders—

"That in all cases in which an English ship shall witness the gunnery of the French, such gunnery shall be considered with the tenderest indulgence.

"That English officers shall not, under pain of dismissal from the service, write or cause to be written any letter, passage, or monosyllable, expressive of any feeling save that of unbounded admiration at the expertness, precision, and coolness of the French navy,—although every operation of the said force be ineffective, lubberly, and unseamanlike.

"That English officers, being servants of the QUEEN, are to constantly bear the fact in mind that they are not—in cases of attack by the French on a friendly power—to trust to the uncertain evidence of their own senses. That, on the contrary, they are, under all circumstances, to conform to the general order, and to declare the gunnery and seamanship of the French to be perfect, past imitation.

"That in all cases, officers are to consider and speak of the PRINCE JOINVILLE as the French NELSON.

"And finally, that every ship shall, henceforth, carry a civilian—to be called naval historiographer to the French—who will chronicle, in proper complimentary phrase, all the operations of our friendly ally—to be published in an extraordinary Gazette, for the better satisfaction of the people of England."

Here follow the usual signatures.

REGISTRATION COURT EXTRAORDINARY.

CITY OF LONDON.—MR. PUNCH'S CASE.

MISTER PUNCH having made his claim, entered an objection to himself, and the learned Revising Barrister having been much mithered by this proceeding, took time to consider. At length he delivered the following judgment.

MR. ARNOLD said : "This gentleman claims to have his name inserted in the list of liverymen ; and I think the peculiarity of his costume brings him within the description of a liveryman, for he clearly wears a livery. I think I need only refer to Velveteen *versus* Plush, 19 East, to make my own mind, and everybody else's mind, perfectly easy upon that point. It has been urged that the claimant is a freeman, and undoubtedly there is no man whose freedom is more decided. There is the case of Mister *Punch* himself against MICHAEL GIBBS, in which even the defendant GIBBS was constrained to admit that *Punch* was more free than welcome ; therefore, as a freeman, I think his claim must be admitted. It has been objected that *Punch* is a pensioner, because he takes the public money ; but here, I think, common sense comes in and quashes the objection, because his taking money is an obligation he confers upon the public, not the public upon him, and the public are, in fact, the pensioners. The only real difficulty I find in this case is, that *Punch* has objected to himself, though I really don't see how any one else could possibly have objected to him, because he is wholly unobjectionable. This is proved by reference to the Books—I mean his own volumes."

The learned Revising Barrister went on to observe, that finding both sides very nearly balanced, he had written out the arguments on separate pieces of paper, and put them in a pair of scales ; and he had, on the whole, come to the decision that *Punch's* claim would have been allowed —there being a preponderance of two pennyweights—but the claimant's own scruples preponderated over the pennyweights, and thus the claim fell to the ground.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED TO A GENT. AT GRAVESEND,

ON

THE CHIVALRY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY AS COMPARED WITH THE NINETEENTH.

BARON OF N—— ! when I viewed to-day
That form of dignity, and step of grace,
Mix in the saraband so free and gay,
And marked thy bland benevolence of face,
I fell to dreaming of an elder day,
And of the haughty Fathers of thy Race
I thought, who such benign pursuits abhorr'd,
And to the Polka much preferred the sword.

Noses and ears from lazy serfs to lop,
The Lords of N—— thought it not a sin ;
Nought their volcanic violence could stop,
Burning and smashing all with horrid din ;
As though the realm had been a china-shop,
And they the bulls that did disport therein :
Whilst thou amid the tea-things, in and out,
Dancest sublime, and breakest ne'er a spout !

HEINRICH VON N—— was a shocking swell ;
He built the "Mouse-tower" in the Rhine afar,
And burnt his vassals in a barn, they tell,
Shouting, "The merry mice ! They dance ! ha, ha !—"
So that that wicked nobleman may well
Be deemed inventor of the *entre-chat ;*
He was the second of thine ancient name,
But thou, oh Baron, art the first in fame.

Another Baron too (who will not rhyme)
Was fond of dancing, when his wars were o'er ;
But turned the gentle art into a crime ;
For, wanting sport and finding peace a bore,
He, to beguile the lagging of the time,
Would light a fire beneath his dungeon floor ;
So that the prisoners, for fear of scars,
Danced an intuitive Polka on the bars.

Thy fifteenth grandsire by the mother's side,
Was the most rampant Margrave of them all ;
He, after raising plunder far and wide,
Held roaring revel in his castle-hall ;
With lawless riot he the night defied :
Thou, with thy peaceful graces in the ball,
Win'st due subservience to thy gentle laws,
And dost from noisy gents. extort applause !

We deem not thee degenerate—ah, no !
Much we delight to mark thy raven hair
Along the gay quadrille so featly flow,
Thy mild address, and gentlemanly air—
Far nobler triumphs than those deeds of woe—
Still be the waltz and Spanish dance thy care !
For peer or peasant, Baron, Count, or Bart.,
To be a GENT. is still the noblest art !

Long may the honours thou so well dost wear,
Adorn that gentle, though baronial, brow ;
And though the coronet thou still must bear,
May it sit lightly on thy head, as now !
Never for politic or courtly care,
Or lust of power, thy needful rest forego ;
Ne'er be the golden canon lost on you,
That WITH ITS RIGHTS, RANK HAS ITS DUTIES TOO !

FRENCH FORESIGHT.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH being about to leave the country for a few days, it has been thought necessary to delegate the royal authority to the DUC DE NEMOURS, who is only to act in case of a revolution occurring directly LOUIS-PHILIPPE'S back is turned. The DUC DE NEMOURS is consequently KING for a fortnight, which, for a country like France, is not a very contemptible tenure of sovereignty. The PRINCE DE JOINVILLE is to remain at his elbow all the time; and, but for the sober character of the DUC DE NEMOURS, we should be almost afraid that the young men would get, what is vulgarly termed, "larking" with their father's crown, and place it in jeopardy.

We understand that one of LOUIS-PHILIPPE'S reasons for leaving France is to try how the French would get on without him. If there were many countries like France, it would answer tolerably well for somebody to start a revolutionary insurance office, with a capital of a few small kingdoms, so that every Monarch who subscribed might, in the event of being burnt or barricaded out of one kingdom, be indemnified with a throne in another.

GOG AND MAGOG IN MOURNING.

KNOWING that Gog and Magog are only ligneous dignities—giants of mere wood, we do not wonder at there being, now and then, a strange sympathy between them and the Lord Mayor for the time. Nay, this sympathy has on many an occasion extended to the Court of Aldermen, several of whom may be considered especial parts of Gog and Magog; log of their log and wood of their wood. It is extraordinary what chips of the old blocks have been known to preside at city police courts! Thus the election of all civic dignities has its effect upon the giants. As in the olden day when the statues of the gods were sometimes known to perspire at the presumption and wickedness of men, so on the eve of last St. Michael's day, did Gog and Magog sweat at the folly of the Court of Aldermen! Gibbs Mayor! This was a calamity too great even for heart of oak. A deep groan burst from either bosom. For half an hour, did giant moan to giant; and then—we have it on the faith of our own reporter—they gave their sorrows words:—

Gog. Michael Gibbs Mayor! He of the hard fist the Lord of City hospitality!

Magog. The Man of No Account the twelvemonths king of London's merchant-princes!

Gog. The Churchwarden in Chancery London's first magistrate!

Magog. I have it, Gog. Alas! I see the cause of this! Woe—woe for London!

Gog. How? What? Confide these sorrows to your friend.

Magog. It is quite plain the city's coming to a close. All London's bankrupt, both in character and goods. We shall be sold off, and, slit into lucifers, be scattered throughout the land.

Gog. Impossible!

Magog. Or worse than all—with Gibbs for Mayor—how shall we 'scape Chancery? No; we shall be flung into that most direful limbo, and no account be rendered of us.

Gog. Will Temple Bar be safe?

Magog. I doubt it. I pray the city gods it may stand the mayoralty of Gibbs!

Gog. And Newgate?

Magog. That, perchance, may be respected.

Gog. *And* Bow Bell?

Magog. *That* may be preserved. Gibbs may treasure that, wherewith to ring the knell of London.

Gog. And the Mansion-house, and in truth, all the property of the city?

Magog. Chancery, Gog, Chancery! 'twill all go into Chancery. Even the dragons of the city arms will be passed over to Lord Lyndhurst. Nothing will be left the Corporation save the dagger, which, if it have any sense of its degradation, it will immediately plunge into its heart. It never will—it never should—survive the mayoralty of Gibbs!

Gog. And the sheriffs' chains,—and the aldermen's gowns—

Magog. And Sir Peter Laurie's "*badinage*,"—

Gog. And London stone,—

Magog. All—all into Chancery! Our own clock here won't strike without leave of Lord Lyndhurst. London and its glories all are gone! A heavy day will be the ninth of next November! An you love me, three groans for that day!!!

The groans were earnestly delivered; and then the giants lapsed into their customary silence. The next day they appeared in deep mourning.

THE HONOUR OF THE BAR.

In order that every barrister at the Old Bailey may have an equal chance, we should recommend that the same system should be adopted as that which has been found so convenient in the case of cabs. It might be arranged that an usher of the Court should act as a kind of waterman, to regulate the movements of the legal gentlemen, and prevent that precipitancy in rushing forward for fees, which might occasion an inconvenient pressure on the clients. To what extent they might be allowed to hail the public for business might be a matter of arrangement, but we think their solicitations ought not to go beyond the simple exclamation of

BARRISTER, YER HONOUR!

MARTYRS MADE EASY.

We have the liveliest belief that, with our onward moral and physical progress, some invention will be jumped at by which eels may be even skinned to their own self-satisfaction. We know, it is the theory of some philosophers, that already the frequent endurance of excoriation makes the matter a mere bagatelle to the sufferer. With time however, we have no doubt, the operation will be a positive pleasure. We ground our hope in this, in the condition of O'Connell, the Martyr! There can be no doubt that the Liberator has suffered a martyrdom to which the gridiron of St. Lawrence must have been a bed of roses. Indeed, look through the martyrology; count suffering by suffering: and when every agony is counted, what are they all to the multiplied horrors endured by the Martyr of the Writ of Error? And yet, with what heroic constancy—aided by the fattest and the best in the way of meat and drink—has Daniel suffered his torments! What a blithe look he puts upon past agony! How he rollicks and jokes on by-gone horrors! How the Repeal Eel enjoys his three months' skinning; losing a cuticle per diem! Once a martyr took some time making; but the improvements of the age will soon make martyrs, as they make blocks at Woolwich,—a hundred in a minute. With this prospect, we think it necessary that as we have an *Army* and *Navy List*, we should also have a *Martyr List*; otherwise, we may really be in ignorance of the moral elevation of our next-door neighbour. John Styles may be a martyr, and nobody ever know it. In addition to the *Martyr List* for Ireland, we would also have the Martyr Button, a bit of substantial brass, worked with "rent" gold.

BETTING EXTRAORDINARY.

Large numbers of half-farthings have lately been issued. It is rumoured that one of these coins actually changed hands on the election of Alderman Gibbs to the Mayoralty; one bold individual having bet the amount on his chance.

GOG AND MAGOG IN MOURNING!

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XXIX.

FROM THE HON. MRS. FLINT TO LADY HONORIA ASPHALT, ON THE CHOICE OF A GOVERNESS.

DEAR MADAM,

I RESUME my pen to finish my subject; and as I have had considerably more experience than yourself in the article of governesses, I will briefly tell you how *I* have always dealt with these people. You will then be able to contrast my practice with your own. Like myself when a very young mother, you have been too considerate—too yielding. Firmness, dear madam, firmness is the first essential — young governesses are as difficult to break as young horses; but it is to be done.

I told you that I always had my suspicions of SINCLAIR'S German —I am sure it was not the true Saxon. Now I have never engaged a governess unless she had acquired French, German and Italian in their separate countries. Nothing like studying a language on its proper soil, otherwise the accent of the children becomes irretrievably ruined. It was only last week that my dear friend, LADY DINAH GROSBEAK, called me in to examine a candidate for the place of daily governess. The creature had certainly learned French in Paris, but she knew no more of Florence or Dresden than the city giants. She played the piano remarkably well, and brought excellent testimonials to her knowledge of thorough bass. She sang, too, very nicely—and if the water-colour paintings she produced were really her own, they were—for I always like to do justice to everybody—very pretty. However, with all her accomplishments, humility was not among them, for what do you think she asked of LADY DINAH to attend only her three children as daily governess? Positively, thirty pounds a year, and, by way of climax—her dinner!

However, to proceed with my own experience. Knowing the artifice of governesses—feeling assured that it is necessary to be quite alive to their whims and caprices, I always made it a principle to deduct their salary for any week or even day of illness. Bless you, madam, without this precaution, there is no knowing what one might lose in sham fevers and surreptitious headaches. Let your governess be aware of your inflexibility on this point, and be assured she is never ill; or if she is, it is all the same, you never hear of it. Again, I never allowed a bell in the bed-room of a governess—otherwise, the poor servants would, I knew, be continually rung up and down. No; if the governess wanted anything, she could certainly somehow get it, without raising the house for it. On one occasion, too, when we left town—leaving some of the children at home,—I gave to the governess a proper dietary; a certain scale of food which it was my order was not to be departed from. As *I* had to pay for the meat, bread, butter, milk, &c. to be consumed, I was of course the only fitting judge of the quantity—that is, for a governess.

There are, however, occasions when appearances may justify a little extra outlay on a governess. For instance, when my dear father died—ha, madam! if ever there was a true Christian, he was one—I made my person a present of a dress and bonnet. In fact, I had three dresses for my maid, the nurse, and governess, all alike. A little liberality of this sort towards our fellow-creatures is, after all, not lost in this world, and can do us no harm in the next.

Whenever it was necessary that my governess should join any of my little social parties, I of course never introduced her. No—it was perfectly well understood who she was, and she was never drawn out of her place—never for a moment confounded with any of the ladies present. It is convenient, too, now and then, to have these persons with you: they relieve a dull moment or so in an evening, when desired to take the stool and play. And even here, one must be very guarded, lest the governess forgets herself. I remember on one occasion, a governess I had—a pale, puling thing, with large blue eyes and flaxen hair, and by the way, a cough that entirely made her singing a bad bargain—I remember that whilst she played, she once suffered my nephew ADOLPHUS to turn the music! But when we retired, didn't I school her? She had red eyes for a fortnight.

I had written thus far, when I received the letter that accompanies this. It is from a young woman who has never yet been from home. She has been splendidly brought up, but her father would speculate in hops or some such things, and they are all beggars. Having a sort of feeling for the family, and hearing that the girl must go into the world, I wrote to her—with a view to your service—asking *her* notions of the duties and responsibilities of a governess—the treatment she expected, &c. &c. You will read her reply. It is exquisite. Quite a leaf from an old French romance. Poor thing! with such ideas, what will become of her! I will, however, look somewhere else for you; in the mean time,

Believe me, yours always,—

DOROTHEA FLINT.

LETTER XXX.

FROM A YOUNG LADY DESIROUS OF AN ENGAGEMENT AS FAMILY GOVERNESS.

MADAM,

IT is, indeed, true that the sudden and total wreck of my father's fortune, renders it necessary for me to earn my own bread; and, unhappily, not mine alone. Your letter, kind madam, came like a sunbeam upon our darkened dwelling. Now, indeed, do I feel grateful—past expression—for the few attainments I possess, for they will enable me to bear with cheerfulness the change prepared for me. They will raise me above the indifference and contempt of the world; and whilst they supply me with the means of honourable existence—and what, indeed, so honourable, so truly lofty, as a life dedicated to the mind of childhood?—they may haply not be deemed wholly useless to others. I am now tranquil—decided. When the truth first came upon me that I must henceforth exist by my own exertions, I own it, old vanities—the follies born of fortune —clung for a moment closer to me. But I have laid apart false pride like a masque-night garment.—I am instantly prepared to begin my working life.

You ask my notion of the duties, the cares, the responsibilities of a governess. Alas, madam! it is a contemplation of their seriousness, nay, of their solemnity, that makes me pause—falter, in my hopes. I cannot but fear my own unworthiness for the task—it is so vital. For is not the mind of childhood the tenderest, holiest thing, this side heaven? Is it not to be approached with gentleness, with love, —yes, with a heart-worship of the great GOD from whom, in almost angel-innocence, it has proceeded? A creature undefiled by the taint of the world—unvexed by its injustice—unwearied by its hollow pleasures? A being fresh from the source of light, with something of its innocent lustre in it? If childhood be this—how holy the duty to see that, in its onward growth, it shall be no other! To stand, as a watcher at the temple, lest any unclean thing shall enter it. This, surely, is one of the loftiest duties that can elevate infirm humanity; and this duty is especially required of him or her who tends upon the growing mind of youth: it is a task that, however misunderstood by the many, ennobles the doer. I know that all the world thinks not thus. I know, alas! that there are mothers who place their mere jewellery under bankers' locks, who, nevertheless, trust the jewelled minds of their children to the keeping of a stranger, with scarcely a thought of the fidelity of the keeper.

You have, now, madam, my idea of the duties of a governess—of her hard, her earnest, yet rewardful labours. As to her treatment, she is—if conscientious in her vocation—a gentlewoman. She has within her trust the greatest treasures that human life—with all its pride—can know; the hearts and, indeed, the future souls of children. As her mission is a noble one, respect and courtesy are hers by right. To look upon her as a better-dressed drudge is, in very truth, not poorest insolence alone, but darkest error. Her patient, quiet labours are to insure the best triumphs of life; for they make, or should make, good daughters, good wives, good mothers. In these the truthfulness and happiness of the world have, surely, some stake, and are, indeed, her lasting debtors.

I have heard many stories of the contumely, the hard-dealing of the world towards the governess. It was not so in *my* home—and, if only for the sake of woman, I must hope such tales are over-charged. For if, indeed, the poor governess is this frequent sufferer, to whom does she owe the misery, *but to sister-woman?* Of whom has she to complain of coldness of looks, harshness of words, of all the petty, reckless injuries that sting her daily life,—of all the scorn of pride, and arrogance of apathetic wealth? Why, to woman; to her richer sister; to one of her own sex—made hard, exacting, by undeserved good fortune! This is a scandal, madam, that women should rise against and defy; or if not, they must, in truth, remain unconscionable debtors to the poets.

With many thanks, madam, for the interest you have taken in our broken fortunes,

I remain, yours gratefully,

MARY WILTON.

NICHOLAS AND THE JEWS.

WE fear that NICHOLAS in some measure anticipated his full renown by his too hasty visit to England last summer. True it is, he was received with open arms by English noblemen. Dukes, Whig and Tory, scrambled to do him honour. Saloons were built for him, which to this hour remain, as gorgeous evidences of the enthusiasm of his hosts—things to be pointed out to future generations as made little less than sacred by the temporary presence of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS. Though steeped from head to heel in the blood and tears of Poland, he was approached as almost something divine by the aristocracy of England. The "better classes" smiled, and ducked, and "kissed their five fingers" to him, and were rewarded with gold boxes and diamond rings in acknowledgment of such fealty. High-born ladies of England—wives and mothers—conveniently oblivious of the women of Poland, of their every domestic tie torn by the autocrat asunder—were in a flutter of delight at the briefest glance of the Emperor—he was so fine a man—so tall a man—so perfect a gentleman!

And then, the Emperor to act out his part in the grim farce, paid the homage of his gold to English Charity—and Charity, like STERNE's recording angel, must have blushed as she took the alms.

Well, the Emperor had even last summer great claims upon the admiration of certain Englishmen; nevertheless, he came among us too soon; he should have waited some time longer, when the wrongs and sorrows of another *one-hundred-and-fifty thousand* of his fellow-creatures would, if possible, have made him more lustrous in the eyes of his worshippers.

One hundred and fifty thousand souls! Such is the number of helpless Jews driven by the order of the autocrat to the deserts of the interior of Russia. Some Jews, it was found, upon the frontier smuggled; whereupon the magnanimous Emperor ordered the removal of the whole Hebrew body. At this moment they are being torn from their homes; their property destroyed; their every privilege as human creatures laughed to scorn. "They are compelled," says the *National*, "to seek an existence in the silent deserts of the interior of Russia, where they will dispute the possession of those immense wastes with the birds and beasts of prey which are their sole population. There they will find their tomb!"

After this, can it be doubted that NICHOLAS did not come too early among us. Close and fervent, it is true, was the embrace which PRINCE ALBERT bestowed upon him; but how much sweeter the welcome of NICHOLAS had he been associated with the woes of a hundred and fifty thousand Hebrews! He ought to have waited for this last triumph, and then the enthusiasm of certain of the English must have been prodigious!

Besides, what extrinsic value would then have been added to the gold boxes and brilliant rings! As it is, they are of course very grateful to their possessors—(albeit *Punch* would as soon have a toad in his pocket and an asp about his finger),—but associated with the groans and tears of 150,000 Jews, they would have been invaluable. MOLOCH himself could give nothing more peculiarly costly.

THE SHERIFFS AT WESTMINSTER HALL.

ROM STOWE's Chronicles we learn that the annual ceremony of chopping sticks, counting horse shoes, and enumerating hob nails, is a very important one. The new Sheriffs, HUNTER and SIDNEY, who had recently disjointed the official noses of MUSGROVE and MOON, were presented to the Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer by the Recorder in a speech, abounding with what is figuratively termed "soft soap."

The Recorder ingeniously managed to make out that the late Sheriffs were the best possible Sheriffs in the world, but that the new Sheriffs were better still: so that all parties must have been perfecty satisfied. The Cursitor Baron replied by assenting to the assertion as to the super-excellence of the old Sheriffs, and the extra super excellence of the new Sheriffs.

The Usher of the Court then produced a small bundle of spills, such as are generally used for lighting wax-tapers to seal letters, and the Senior Alderman having been presented with a chopper, began to chop to the imminent peril of the Usher's fingers. Alderman THOMAS WOOD, being the Senior Alderman on this occasion, was at first a little awkward, and the Usher of the Court, who is a wag, could not miss the opportunity of saying, in allusion to the Alderman's rejection by the city and his clumsiness at chopping the wood, "I should have thought, Sir, you must have known how to cut your stick by this time." Alderman THOMAS WOOD threatened in a whisper that he would complain to the Cursitor Baron, but the Usher merely mumbled, "Oh, no! my fine fellow, you know better than to do that;" and the Alderman was compelled to finish the operation.

A number of Horse-shoes and Hob-nails were then produced, when the Sheriff of Middlesex was called upon to count them, a process designed as a sort of examination of the Sheriff in the noble science of arithmetic. The Cursitor Baron then set the Sheriff the following sum:—

As twenty Hob-nails are to six Horse-shoes, how are you?

It is expected that the problem in question will be solved by about the time that the Lord Mayor elect has made out his accounts to the satisfaction of those who are interested in understanding them.

HER MAJESTY'S STRAW BONNET AND SHAWL.

The Sun, a few days since, stated that it had received several complaining letters touching the plain dressing of the QUEEN. The writers were astounded that her Majesty should wear a simple straw bonnet and a plain shawl. Their notions of royalty were, doubtless, that royalty should always appear with the crown on its head, the sceptre in one hand, and the ball in the other. That this notion is the right one is evident from the subjoined letter which the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY—assuming his privilege as peer—has addressed to the QUEEN. It has all the marks of the Marquis's easy style.

"MADAM,

"Deeply attached as I am—like my late lamented relative—to the institutions of my country, I approach you with an earnest anxiety respecting your simple straw bonnet and plain shawl. Being second to none in my attachment to the crown, and devotion to your royal person, may I therefore humbly suggest that the true dignity of the crown is in danger when so frequently supplanted by plain chip or Dunstable; and that the royal purple cannot but be in peril when so often covered by a Paisley or shepherd's plaid.

"The people, may it please your Majesty, confound simplicity with want of power. Use them to nothing but the bonnet and the shawl, and the diadem and the imperial robes will be to them a fiction of the law. In a brief time they will cease to believe even in the existence of such things; and then—but I tremble to think of the revolutionary consequences. The people are a vulgar, sight-seeing mob; their eyes are, in fact, the greatest part of them. The late lamented GEORGE THE FOURTH knew this, and fed their eyes, and nothing but their eyes, accordingly.

"Hoping, Madam, that you will not misconstrue my loyalty in this lowly remonstrance, and further, that in all future journeys the plain bonnet and the very plain shawl may give place to something more likely to awe the swinish multitude,

"I remain, your Majesty's dutiful and most devoted Subject,

"LONDONDERRY.

"P.S. PRINCE ALBERT's white hat and black band—forgive the expression, I can't help it—are positively vulgar. Why doesn't he always wear his coronet? Nobody *can* look better in it."

An Alderman Before and After the Present Mayoralty.

THE following frightful affidavit has been filed at the *Punch* Office :—The deponent has offered to deposit with the Registrar-General two of his coats—one referring to the period *before*—the other made for him *after*—the present Mayoralty.

☞ The deponent's measures may be inspected at his tailor's, in confirmation of his affidavit, and the attesting witness will corroborate the facts in person to any purchaser of an entire set of *Punch*, on application to the publisher.

Affidavit.—Sworn this day, before MR. PUNCH, *at his Office*, 194, *Strand.*

BLANK BLANK, being an Alderman of the City of London, maketh oath and saith, that, previous to the year 1843, he found himself from time to time, and at all times, unable to button his coat, by reason of his great bulk, to wit, his excessive corpulency. And the said deponent further maketh oath, and saith that no cloth or other woollen manufacture, however stout, would have resisted the said stoutness of him the said deponent, whereof the torn button-holes of the coat—now filed with the registrar general—do well and truly testify. And the said deponent maketh oath and saith, that one MAGNAY, a stationer, became Lord Mayor of the City of London : and the said deponent did dine at the Lord Mayor's dinner, and did retain his said stoutness till the end of the year 1843. But the said deponent solemnly maketh oath and saith, that from and after the commencement of the year 1844, he began gradually wasting, which your deponent verily believes is only to be accounted for by the fact, that he had formerly consumed for many years, divers soups, joints, savoury patties, pasties, and other viands, at sundry dinners, banquets, and entertainments given at the Mansion House, which said soups, &c., as well as the said sundry dinners, &c., have been wholly and completely discontinued since the said MAGNAY has ruled—not the roast, for there is none—at the Mansion House.

And your deponent will ever pray that unless he is to ever fast, the said MAGNAY may never again be permitted to occupy the civic chair to the extreme attenuation of the Aldermen.

Signed,

BLANK BLANK.

Attesting Witness,
PUNCH.

TO THE HUMANE.

Westminster Pit, Oct. 2, 1844.

DEAR PUNCH,

I always said MR. MARTIN'S Acts would have a short life. What sense or reason was there in them ! If people must go humanity mad let them stick to their blacks and their children, and not meddle with the dumb uns as can't complain. (Praise be for that same !) However, please inform our friends that "the Pit" is open again, and police has order to wink at us. In fact, ever since I read, with tears of joy in my eyes, of the tame otter (a natural wild un fights better, only, I suppose, it could not be had), that was "run into nearly at the feet of her Majesty, and quickly despatched," * I have been convinced the humanity game was all up. Consequently, I immediately set to work to anticipate the Lord Chamberlain's orders, and am getting ready for a royal reception at the old place. Evening to commence with a badger bait; box to be kept by LORD JOHN NIX, with able assistants ; to conclude, time and life permitting, with a few cats.

A duck hunt on or about Virginia Water is in preparation ; particulars in future announcements.

Constantly on hand—a good assortment of bears, badgers, cats, rats, and other varmint, on the most reasonable terms, and at short notice.

Yours ever,
TIM SHINEY.

P.S. We open in state, same day as the Royal Exchange, so pray come ; and consider you are the only person it has been mentioned to at present, so make what use of the information you like.

COMIC SONGS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

AND do you really want, mamma,
To know my lover's name ?
It is too bad of you, mamma,
Indeed 'tis quite a shame.

His name begins with W,
The second letter 's A ;
The next to that is L, mamma ;
And then, mamma, comes K.

And after K comes E, mamma ;
There is yet one letter ; well,
Letter the last is R, mamma,
That 's all I have to tell.

TO THE STUPID AND NEEDY.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM begs to inform younger sons, Scotchmen in London, junior barristers, and juvenile members of Parliament, that he is at liberty to take in a certain number of pupils for political tuition during the recess. Diplomacy taught in all its duplicities, beginning with MACHIAVELLI, and ending with TALLEYRAND. Questions in the House of Commons carefully evaded, and seals broken with despatch. The run of the Post-Office included. For terms, apply to any of the Servants' Offices in the United Kingdom.

N. B. A Poor Law Commissionership still on hand.

A NEW COLONY.

THE magistrates of Herne Bay intend opening an "Emigration Office" in London. They offer as a bonus an empty house rent-free, to any emigrant who will come and live there.

* See Page 165.

Meeting for the Advancement of British Cookery.

THIS Association is intended as a kind of branch to the British Ass. for advancing Science, and will direct its entire energies to the advancement of the noble art of British Cookery.

MR. SOYER, the celebrated *chef de cuisine* of the Reform Club, has in the handsomest manner consented to act as president.

The following have been proposed as some of the sections :—

SECTION A.—Soupology, including the philosophy of ox-tails, and the theory of turtle. MR. SOYER will read a paper on calves'-heads, and will give the subject his own especial countenance.

SECTION B.—Fishology. MR. PETTIGREW has promised to attend and preside at the unrolling of a shrimp. He will also read a paper on prawns, but the opening subject of this section will be a native oyster.

SECTION C.—Beefology. This section will introduce several interesting experiments with beef in all its branches. It is confidently expected that everything brought forward at this section will be eagerly devoured.

SECTION D.—Tartology. This section will examine into the question whether puff-paste has any analogy with scissars and paste—the puff and the scissars presenting, in connection with paste, some very strong points of resemblance.

There will be a subsection for meat-pieology, and a committee to inquire into the manufacture of kidney-puddings, as well as their identification with the foot of Blackfriars Bridge. Some of the air of the Blackfriars Road will be bottled off and analysed with the view of finding out whether there is anything in it that gives to the public appetite a kidney-pudding direction.

APPALLING RESULT OF INCAUTIOUSLY TAKING TOO MUCH SODA TO CORRECT ACIDITY.

THE MAGNAY MAYORALTY.

WE understand that the Mansion House chimney-sweep has applied to the Corporation for an indemnity for the loss he has sustained in not having had to operate on any of the kitchen flues in the Mansion House, as usual. There are also whispers that the dust contractors will present a petition, complaining of the paucity of bones in the Mansion-House dust during the past year, the bones being what the contractors rely upon for their profit.

Grand Review at Wormwood Scrubs.

A DETACHMENT of Lancers arrived at Wormwood Scrubs, for the purpose of going through their manœuvres, particularly the very graceful achievement of riding one horse and leading another by the bridle at the self-same moment. The review was met by the train from the Kensington Railway, when the guard and stoker alighted to watch the operations of the military. Having seen the soldiers trot once round the Scrubs, the guard and stoker resumed their places on the engine, expressing themselves—to each other—highly delighted with the scene they had been witnessing.

THE QUEEN AND THE OTTER.

THE glories of the bear-garden may *yet* return. The jocund, hearty times, when royal ELIZABETH gave the majesty of her countenance to the baiting of Bruin, may not be irrevocably passed away. No; when Young England reads the account of the otter-hunt at Blair Athol, at which QUEEN VICTORIA presided, the said Young England may complacently pat its white waistcoat, believing that the wisdom of our ancestors in the matter of bear-baiting will again be manifest. Indeed, we do not see why cock-fighting should not again flourish in all its wonted heartiness. We have even hopes of long-neglected badger-drawing.

It seems that LORD ABERDEEN took his otter-hounds to Blair Athol, where there were no native otters. In a word, the hounds were appointed to a place in which there was nothing to do; an appointment often made by Foreign Ministers, Whig and Tory. However, in due season, an otter was caught at Kelso, and transmitted in a box, to be properly worried at Blair Athol.

We are told that the Strasburg goose, that is tortured to death for the sake of its enlarged liver, "knows that it is dying for the honour of France, and expires without a tear." We have this comfortable assurance in the *Almanach des Gourmands*. In like manner, the otter —poor little wretch!—may have known the greatness of its destiny as it travelled in its box from Kelso, and thus have complacently resigned itself to its fate. It may have known it was a living dish to be set before a Queen, and been pleased with its fortune.

It poured with rain, but nothing could damp the heroic ardour of the sportsmen. Even the QUEEN mounted her pony under an umbrella; and PRINCE ALBERT particularly distinguished himself at the onset—

"For the Prince of all the land
Led them on."

We now come to the details :—

"The otter was started at a point under the hill of Tulloch, in the Garry-water, a few hundred yards above the village of Blair Athol. *The Prince followed on foot close on the hounds*, which hunted the otter a short distance up the river, affording pretty good sport, until at length, in about 20 minutes after the first start, he took to the land, and was seized by one of the hounds. The huntsmen took him off, and flung him back again into a deep pool. He darted to the other bank of the stream, where he earthed. Unearthed again by the huntsmen, and started afresh, *he gave the hounds some trouble for about ten minutes longer, when they killed him, and he was speared in the usual way by the huntsmen*. The otter, when fairly spent, crawled up the bank near where the QUEEN was, *and the hounds of course were upon it. Her Majesty turned away her head while they were worrying the animal.*"

This was to be expected; but time and custom will eradicate this amiable weakness, and we have no doubt that next season otters may be worried to any extent without producing the slightest qualm in even the bosom of a Maid of Honour. In these matters use is everything. The little Spanish girl, who may tremble and turn pale at her first bull-fight, in a brief time witnesses all the glory of the contest with smiling face and an applauding fan.

Great, however, as is the above achievement—glorious as it is to contemplate the ardour of a PRINCE ALBERT, the enthusiasm of a Foreign Minister, with the tumultuous energy of Lords and Highland Chiefs, appointed and arrayed for the destruction of one otter, "sent in a box from Kelso,"—it is in itself as nothing compared to its utility as an example. Thus considered, there is really something of national importance in the otter hunt of Garry-water.

There is a troublesome body of persons, calling themselves the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. These people have in the most meddlesome way interfered with the sports of the lower orders. They have forbidden a harmless main of cocks; they have set their faces against the pleasurable and innocent excitement of dog-fighting; duck-hunting they have denounced as cruelty abominable; indeed, there is no thorough English sport, enshrined by the wisdom of our ancestors, that they have not condemned as brutal and inhuman.

After the news from Blair Athol, we trust that these people will feel themselves properly rebuked. Sure we are it will be more than impertinence in them to interfere with the sports of our countrymen. Hence, the bear may again be baited to the delight and edification of Englishmen; the cock-pit at Westminster may echo the triumphant clarion of conquering birds, and Copenhagen Fields be once more vocal with the joyous cries of dog-fighting Britons.

Vivat Regina!

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PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XXXI.

FROM A BISHOP TO A YOUNG FRIEND ABOUT TO TAKE ORDERS.

DEAR BASIL,

I HAVE learned, with exceeding gladness, of your excellent father, that it is your determination to enter the Church. From what I know of your nature, I feel assured that this resolve is not the offshot of a vagrant, unthinking disposition, but the goodly fruit of a mind disciplined, and chastened of those vanities which, at your age, too commonly beset mankind. Believing that your election is that of an ardent and purified spirit, I hail it rejoicingly.

My dear young friend, be grateful—yea, in your inmost soul, be grateful—that you have been directed to a choice which, whilst it will abound with life-long satisfaction to yourself, will make you a daily, providential comfort to your fellow-creatures. There is a happiness in this belief, too deep, too awful for any words of mine—a happiness only to be felt in the heart it consecrates.

From the moment of your ordination, you are set apart from the gross, vain, foolish desires of men; you are made a teacher and a watcher of your kind—the counsel, the reproof of the pastor, directed and softened by the love and sympathy of a brother. There is no despair so wild that the music of your comforting may not tame to gentleness and hope; there is no heart so stony that, smitten by your word, may not be made to gush with a living stream. High privilege—glorious prerogative, that makes man the mediator with Heaven—that gives him strength to raise from the dust the faint, crushed, guilt-defiled heart, assuring it a home and resting-place among the stars!

From how many blighting evils, cancerous cares, will your high office preserve you! You will see men pursuing vain wealth and vainer honours, even as little boys hunt butterflies; with frantic glee they seize the thing pursued, and it is worthless in their grasp. Whilst you, rich in the spirit that is within you, upraised by the dignity of the awful future, will smile, though not in pride, but with abounding pity, with compassionating love. To you poverty itself will be a robe of highest state: and though most frugal be your board, yet, as with the patriarch, angels may feast with you, though men know them not.

In every stage of mortal life, you are the elected comforter, adviser of mankind. Your glorious and beautiful mission begins with the babe that shrinks and wails beneath the baptismal water, nor ends but with the blessing prayer that leaves the image of man to become again dust. From the fount to the grave how many the calls—how many the necessities of your infirm and erring brother—for that hope, that consolation, of which you are the chosen phial! How beautiful your daily intercourse with those who feed and thrive upon your sayings! How sweet that gentle familiarity that mixes itself in the working-day life of the poor; that with soft greetings and kindly smiles claims kindred with the meanest of the earth as fellow-sojourners in future heaven!——And now, hark! it is black midnight, and the tempest howls and claws like a famished wolf at your door. The thunder rolls, crashing above your roof! The lightning opens up the sky in one wide vault of fire—and now it is dark, and the wind moans like a despairing soul. There is a loud and urgent knocking at your door—again—again! Alas, dear sir, there is a poor creature, a cotter, one of your flock, in his last agony. His soul must from his flesh this awful night, and he begs your comforting, your benediction on its solemn journey.

You spring from your bed. Your cloak is old—thin almost as a web; nathless, you hug it closely around you, and with stout heart and composed soul follow your guide through path and no path—bog and mire. The thunder splits above you—the lightning chases your steps: but like a good spirit sent on God's own errand, you pass scathless on. You enter the hut of the dying; you comfort and strengthen the quivering soul. It departs to the Great Source it came from. And then in peace and prayer you retrace your steps, and sleep the sleep of the good.

But your own heart, my dear young friend, will best find out your duties. You will feel that every moment of your life must be a living example to all men. You must feel that your daily actions are as a mirror by which your flock are to dress their souls: that your every gesture should be gentle—your every word soft and sweet even as a note of well-touched music. Your life must be the active comment on the text you are sworn to, or your life is naught.

What! is there a man vowed to that text, who, worse than a hireling player, acts his part yet never feels it? Does he dress himself for some brief hour or so, to ape a mission? Is his daily life coarse chaffering? Is he a swiller at taverns? Does he, with embossed face, tell Cyprian tales, laughing the loudest at his noisome jest? Can there be such a man, and can he on the seventh day, with unabashed forehead, tempt God's thunder? No—it is impossible. He who says there is, gently rebuke. Say, "Some enemy hath done this."

My dear BASIL, I have endeavoured to place before you your duties as the parish pastor of a flock. Providence may, however, raise you to the bench. Yes, BASIL; you may become a bishop. Nevertheless, seek not the dignity; nay, pray that it may never fall upon you. In your mid-day walks—in your closet—in your bed, let your constant ejaculation be—*Nolo episcopari*. Sweet, most sweet, is the humblest curacy—dangerous and difficult the richest see. How far happier—how more truly primitive the pastor of a Welsh mountain, than the bishop of even golden Durham! And the bishop—be assured of it—thinks so.

Nevertheless, I will suppose it your hard destiny to become a bishop. Power and wealth are poured upon you. Gold trickles in upon your treasury from a hundred curious crevices—from chinks, that in sooth might sometimes astonish the fathers. You cannot bless even so much churchyard clay, but that the clay, like a Potosi mine, shall render you so much gold. You would be bewildered by your wealth—you would weep in anguish of spirit at your riches, but that you always have with you the ignorant to teach—the poor to succour. Hence, you may with sweetest conscience clutch all the money you can; for why? As a bishop, are you not the almoner of Providence? Do not the hungry cluster at your gate? Send you not away the naked clothed and rejoicing? Oh what a weight—a weight dragging the soul to earth would this mammon be, but that it stays not in the bishop's purse—but that, as the soft-hearted housewife feeds the winter birds, he scatters abroad his substance to the wretched and the suffering. Hence, being bishop, you may take all you can. Of course, you hold it but in trust. Every quarter, your conscience audits the accounts with Heaven,—and you are serene, are happy in the humble sense of your own righteousness.

Being bishop, you are also law-maker. Beautiful, soul-exalting mission! You sit in the House of Lords as a Superior Intelligence: superior by the charity for all men that resides within you! Hence, you defile not yourself with politics. The lawn of the bishop is never, like the coat of JOSEPH, parti-coloured. The bishop knows no one side of the human heart. No; he is for humanity in all its breadth, and in all its depth. Hence, when lords talk of war, and tiger looks steal into the eyes of men, the awful bishop rises from his seat, and with a voice of thunder denounces the abomination. And then with tearful eyes, and with a voice broken with the heart's spasms, he shows the blasphemy of murderous war—paints in their own diabolic hues thousands and thousands of drilled and hireling CAINS butchering their brothers! And thus the bishop sometimes—only sometimes—melts the House of Lords!

And now, my dear young friend, I have—though most imperfectly—laid before you the many blessings which await you in the Church, which, rightly ministered, is the vestibule to an immortal life. That you may serve in it with glory to yourself, and with profit to all men, is the prayer of

Yours affectionately,
SAMUEL OF ———.

LETTER XXXII.

THE ANSWER.

MY DEAR SIR,

IT is impossible that I can sufficiently thank you for your letter. I have been all along in a sad mistake. My family having, by marriage, a snug thing or two in the Church, I thought it a good investment of the little talent I may possess. I don't boast of much—but at a fox-hunt I was never yet out at the death, and at a steeple-chase never *craned* at anything. I therefore thought I might manage to rub on very well in canonicals; but, really, you have thrown so many difficulties in my way, that I certainly must give the clergy the go-bye.

With thanks, however, for your very long letter,

I remain, yours truly,
BASIL JOLLY.

P.S. They tell me I've the gift of the gab—I think I shall go to the Bar.

THE VISIT OF THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

THIS truly gratifying event had long been a subject of discussion with the Corporation of Portsmouth, who on hearing the booming of the guns scampered off to the pier in their robes and white kid gloves, and awaited with intense anxiety the coming of the French Monarch.

They had already agreed to an address, in which they anticipate "new æras;" pledge themselves to "lively gratification," and talk of the advantage "every part of the habitable globe"—Kamschatka included, of course—will derive from the KING's visit.

It seems that their jurisdiction is bounded on the north by a large pair of wooden gates, something in the style of the civic sovereignty which is hemmed in by Temple-bar on the west, and, consequently, the Mayor and Aldermen were compelled to go on board the royal steamer to present their address, because their authority does not extend beyond the Royal Clarence yard, expiring, we believe, immediately over the iron grating at the left-hand corner. The Mayor and Corporation, with the Recorder at their head, descended the companion-ladder with some difficulty, and were introduced to the KING.

The Recorder made a very low bow, and on rising up again, being a very tall man, he fetched himself—as the boys say—a most tremendous crack on the head against the beams of the vessel. Having rubbed his head, he began reading the address, but getting inspired on arriving at the words "highly important national event," he drew himself up with sudden dignity, and "fetched himself" a second most severe wipe—to use a juvenile expression—which almost brought tears into his own eyes, and a smile into the face of the DUC DE MONTPENSIER. The address, in fact, ran something in this fashion:—"We, the Mayor (thwack on the head), Aldermen, and Burgesses of the Borough of Portsmouth (dreadful crack on the pericranium), the loyal and affectionate subjects of our most gracious Sovereign, QUEEN VICTORIA, desirous of expressing (awful blow on the temple), the sentiments, &c. &c."—The address was continued in this style to the close; the Recorder, every now and then, rising with his subject, and stooping immediately afterwards with a blow from the top of the cabin. When this was concluded, the KING gave a very gracious and good-humoured answer, having first joked the Recorder on the whacks he had received, and apologising for the ship not having been built high enough to receive so very exalted a personage. The familiarity of the KING set the Corporation off taking liberties, and they began asking him if it was true whether he ever was a writing-master in England, and advertised specimens of his pupils' improvement after six lessons?

LOUIS-PHILIPPE was very good-natured about it, and the Recorder bothered the KING to write out a copy of the answer to the address, and devote his time to other small amabilities, one of which His Majesty adroitly got rid of by saying that his answer to the address was only written in his heart, so that the Recorder could not very well request a lithograph from such an original. The KING, however, made up for this disappointment by offering to shake hands with the whole lot; and they all began tearing away at their tight-fitting white kid gloves; but his MAJESTY expressed his desire that they would

keep their gloves on—a hint which was not taken by all of them. He then good-naturedly asked them their names and addresses, when there was a sudden rush of cards, amongst which we recognised

JOHNSON,
Baker,
HIGH STREET.
French Rolls at Eight in the Morning.

His Majesty alluded, playfully, to the idea of the French Rolls, and MR. JOHNSON suggested it was better than the Roll of the Drum—a joke which was judiciously burked by his brother Aldermen.

At length the Corporation got bowed out, for the KING had already said, in French, "*Ces excellents messieurs ne s'en iront jamais*" ("These worthy fellows will never go"); upon which ADMIRAL MACKAU hoisted unmistakeable signals of distress, and they were got rid of by a subordinate officer.

It was soon after intimated that PRINCE ALBERT had arrived; and the Prince jumped upon deck in that horrible white hat with the black hatband, which he *will* wear, followed by the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. The meeting of the PRINCE and KING was very cordial. The

KING's first words were, "Well, here I am;" to which PRINCE ALBERT replied, with great sincerity, "Glad to see ye." WELLINGTON took a sort of sidelong squint at ADMIRAL MACKAU, as much as to say, "Humph, who are you, I wonder?" and MACKAU turned half-round upon his heel, as though he would have exclaimed, "Well, I'm sure! What are you staring at?"

We now turn our attention to Windsor Castle, where Her Majesty and suite were in a state of constant bustle, looking out of the windows, running up and down the stairs, straining their eyes over the Long Walk, and practising pretty little speeches to do honour to LOUIS-PHILIPPE on his arrival. Her Majesty was in the highest spirits, and jokingly told SIR ROBERT PEEL she hoped that he and MONS. GUIZOT would not get talking politics together, and

perhaps proceeding to high words, for she was determined that if she heard of anything of the sort, SIR ROBERT must not stop one moment at the Castle. SIR ROBERT PEEL promised to be on his best behaviour; and with the words, "Not a syllable about Tahiti," her Majesty bounded up the great staircase to have another look out of the top window for her illustrious visitor.

At length the cavalcade hove in sight, and the QUEEN, who was the first to catch a glimpse of it, pulled every bell-rope that she went by, on her way to the grand vestibule. This presence of mind on the part of the QUEEN had set the entire household agog, and they all came running towards the foot of the grand staircase, so that a grand *tableau* was got up in a moment, and LOUIS-PHILIPPE had an opportunity of seeing the "whole strength of the company" drawn up to greet him on his arrival.

When the KING really drove up, her Majesty could not restrain herself from rushing out to the door of the royal carriage, and the affectionate words, "Pray go in, you'll catch cold," were the first that were uttered by LOUIS-PHILIPPE on seeing his hostess without a bonnet—not even a crown—standing in a thorough draught to welcome him. PRINCE ALBERT could not refrain from adding, "I think you're imprudent, my dear;" but there was no time for parley or remonstrance, and in a few seconds they were all in the vestibule kissing each other in all directions. The DUCHESS OF KENT affectionately clutched in her arms the DUC DE MONTPENSIER; and after LOUIS-PHILIPPE and the QUEEN had had a good hug, the KING OF THE FRENCH gallantly kissed the DUCHESS OF KENT.

At length they all started up stairs, and the KING OF THE FRENCH was shown to his room, with a request that he would ring for anything he wanted. Dinner wound up the proceedings of the day; and on Wednesday the KING ran about the slopes with all the activity of a stripling, and the rest of the day was passed in looking about the Castle.

Thursday was fixed for trying the *char-à-banc*, which proved a dead failure. It jolted awfully, and the number of seats in it prevented that snug gossip with her illustrious visitor, upon which her Majesty had calculated. It is a sort of "Hampton Court Pleasure Van," with the seats placed crossways instead of longways, and LOUIS-PHILIPPE saying, "Ah! I see you don't like it," playfully threatened to take it away again. If it is used again, it will only be in consequence of this banter; and in order to persuade the KING OF THE FRENCH that her Majesty is not displeased with his present.

Friday had been the day fixed for investing LOUIS-PHILIPPE with the Garter; and the KING, having put on a pair of knee-breeches, took particular care of his left leg, to keep the stocking clean for the interesting ceremony. His Majesty looked exceedingly well in shorts, and appeared extremely proud of his calves, which he occasionally looked down upon with evident satisfaction.

The Chapter having been summoned for half-past two, the Knights arrived, and GARTER called them over in the following order.

Garter. RUTLAND.—*Answer.* Here am I.

Garter. WELLINGTON.—*Answer.* Eyes right. Attention. (*A laugh.*)

The others were called over in their order, and answered to their names. After a short delay, LOUIS-PHILIPPE was introduced; and having been informed that he was elected a Knight of the Garter, he raised his left leg in the air, resting his toe on the edge of the table. His stocking was then drawn well up, and her Majesty, turning her head a little on one side, PRINCE ALBERT and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE secured the stocking by the garter, which they were about to buckle rather too tightly, when a slight exclamation burst from the lips of the illustrious monarch. "Too tight?" inquiringly observed the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. "*Un peu*," replied LOUIS-PHILIPPE; and the garter was arranged one hole looser than it had been at first buckled. The riband was then produced, and the QUEEN was proceeding to place it over the right shoulder with a complimentary speech, when the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE loudly ejaculated "Over the left!" to the utter consternation of all present. Black Rod relieved them from embarrassment by observing that it was usual to place the riband over the left shoulder, and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE exclaiming very loudly, "That's what I meant," the error of her Majesty, in putting it over the right, was adjusted.

After the ceremony, LOUIS-PHILIPPE ran to his apartments to get ready for a drive, and soon made his appearance in an enormous Mackintosh, which he had thrown on over his garter paraphernalia, in which he would be compelled to appear again at the evening banquet.

Windsor was in a state of commotion during the whole day, the Castle being literally besieged, and every one who came out in regimentals or livery being eagerly followed by the multitude. To cause a diversion, a few beefeaters were turned out into the quadrangle, to allay the appetite of the sight-seers. The beefeaters were eagerly set upon, and seemed in danger of being swamped by the curiosity of the people, when a lot of Gentlemen-at-Arms were thrust out at a side door, and the populace were thus drawn off from the unfortunate beefeaters, who escaped into their lodging fastnesses. The Gentlemen-at-Arms, being proud of their regimentals, rather liked being pursued; but ultimately the public got tired out, particularly when it was discovered that the Gentlemen-at-Arms were only dressed up to look like deputy-lieutenants, but being, in fact, a lot of nobodies.

In a short time a glass of wine on a waiter was seen to issue from one of the side doors, carried by a servant in the royal livery, and an immense rush was made towards the place to which it was being taken; but the servant having entered another door, the wine did not allay the thirst of the populace for information.

At last the carriages were seen to draw up at the principal entrance, but nobody could get near enough to see who got into them, and nobody could guess which direction the carriages would take; so that, when they started, the populace ran to all points of the compass, with a singular difference of opinion as to which way would be the right one for lighting on the royal *cortège*. Eventually the carriages passed out where no one was expecting to see them, and a lot of loyalty, which had rushed suddenly away from the railings where nothing was to be seen, turned desperately round a corner, screaming (whilst several hundred yards from the royal party) a welcome, which the exertion of running, and the immense distance, rendered utterly inaudible to its objects.

While we were returning, puffing, blowing, coughing, and wheezing, from our fruitless helter-skelter into the Long Walk, we met two gentlemen with umbrellas under their arms. One wore a blue surtout, the other a black long coat, and both were engaged in quiet conversation; the gentleman in the black coat making a walking-stick of his umbrella, the individual in blue holding his *parapluie* under his left arm, and resting his right hand on about the centre of it. Our practised eye caught the familiar countenance of SIR ROBERT PEEL, and we recognised in his companion no other than GUIZOT. They turned off from the Long Walk towards the left, and their course was checked for a moment by a stile, when SIR ROBERT leading the way, and GUIZOT following close after, they both stepped over it, and it occurred to us that the ramble in the course of which they had easily and pleasantly passed over the same stile, would do more towards enabling them to get over the Tahiti and other questions, than all the diplomacy that could ever pass between them.

PUNCH'S THEATRE.

EALLY desirous that the KING OF THE FRENCH should witness a Shaksperian play during his visit to England, her Majesty commanded *King John* at Sadler's Wells, the only house at present open for the tragic drama. LOUIS-PHILIPPE, like our own beloved Majesty, has a passionate fondness for the theatre; and like her Majesty, loses no opportunity of lavishing favours upon its professors, actors as well as authors.

On Saturday last, the QUEEN, the KING OF THE FRENCH, PRINCE ALBERT, and a select party visited Sadler's Wells,—though not in state. The distinguished visitors were received at the door by Messrs. PHELPS and WARNER (dressed in court suits,) who, carrying superb silver candlesticks, lighted them to the royal box; which was fitted up in the most tasteful manner; the arms of England and France being very happily blended in various-coloured silk velvet.

God save the Queen was sung, and was immediately followed by the *Parisienne*. The play—*King John*—was immediately begun; and throughout its performance both their Majesties evinced their admiration by cordially applauding the stern and powerful *King John* of MR. PHELPS, and the majestic sorrows of MRS. WARNER'S *Constance*.

On the conclusion of the play, the royal party were again attended by Messrs. PHELPS and WARNER. Before quitting the box, the

KING OF THE FRENCH, with a very gracious smile, addressed MR. PHELPS. "It gives me," said his Majesty, "infinite pleasure to find that even in the suburbs of London, the mighty genius of the immortal SHAKSPERE can be so finely illustrated, as I have this night witnessed it. I am much gratified. Her gracious Majesty will permit you, MR. PHELPS, to wear this, as a slight token of my admiration of your talent." Whereupon, LOUIS-PHILIPPE immediately handed to MR. PHELPS the cross of the Legion of Honour.

An immense concourse of spectators had gathered about the theatre, and the royal carriages drove off amidst acclamations.

THE POLKA PEST.

THE SUPPOSED ORIGIN OF THE POLKA.

NEARLY twelvemonths ago, *Mr. Punch*, you must know that I was at Vienna. There I witnessed the first rise, progress, triumph, and apotheosis of the accursed Polka, and learnt it myself in self-defence. After I was completely sick of it, I went to Paris for the winter, and there, to my disgust, found that I had to go through the whole process of rise, progress, triumph, and apotheosis, for the *second* time. With prophetic eye I foresaw that in the next London season the whole series would be inflicted upon me once more; and I need not tell you how right I was:—and now, sir, that I have gone down into the country, in hopes of enjoying a little quiet shooting, by Jingo! here it is again, just on the threshold of a vigorous youth, and promising me all the delights of rise, progress, triumph, and apotheosis, for a *fourth* time. I can really scarcely preserve the courteous demeanour for which I am so celebrated, when I hear the eternal round of questions—Have you seen the Polka! (Have I seen it!!!!) Can you dance the Polka?—Do you like the Polka?—Do you know the new Polka?—Polka—Polka—Polka—Polka—it is enough to drive one mad! Then, Sir, the way in which these rustics execute it! That I, who have beheld it, (and performed it, too, not without distinction) in the first *salons* of Paris and London, should be condemned to assist at such an exhibition! Two or three couples, who have been talking big about it for the preceding three weeks, trot with faces of solemn self-satisfaction round the small circle into which they are hemmed by the gaping crowd, holding each other at arm's length, and rolling their heads most religiously from right to left, according to instructions; this they vary with an occasional attempt at a "toe and heel" step, which consists in stamping their own heels upon other people's toes, and then they march away in triumph to receive the congratulations of their friends, leaving the poor deluded spectators under the impression that they have seen the Polka. Do, pray, *Mr. Punch*, throw one of your invisible shells into the middle of this atrocious nuisance. I ask it on the score of common humanity, and not on my own account, for I start for Lapland to-morrow, though, I dare say, I shall find my enemy has preceded me.

Your constant reader (really)

Adamstown. JOHN GREEN, JUN.

A HINT TO THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

AN Antwerp journal has stated that the "British Queen" will be put up for sale! Will it not be high treason to knock her down?

THE PRESENTATION OF THE CITY ADDRESS.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE proved himself a very attentive reader of *Punch* by what he said to the civic folks on Saturday last; and two or three of the *coups de pat* with which he favoured MAGNAY and MOON, would almost tempt us to offer his Majesty terms to join us in the character of a contributor. The KING OF THE FRENCH indulged in two jokes of the most extravagantly humorous kind. He actually complimented MAGNAY on his father's hospitality, and told MOON he knew him well, having heard of "his encouragement of the arts." MAGNAY's hospitality, and MOON's encouragement of the arts, have long been two of the standing jokes of this periodical, which, it is evident, LOUIS-PHILIPPE gets smuggled over into France for his own private reading, though publicly professing to prohibit it.

We understand that MAGNAY winced perceptibly; but MOON, who is not easily made to blush, faced out his Majesty's pleasantry with characteristic hardihood.

MAGNAY's invitation to the KING to come and dine at the Mansion House would have been inexplicable, but for the fact that the LORD MAYOR was perfectly aware of his Majesty's intention not to visit London. A chuckle was observed to pass over the countenance of LOUIS-PHILIPPE, as much as to say, "it would be a good joke to take him at his word;" but his Majesty good humouredly spared MAGNAY from the state of nervousness into which he would have been thrown by the slightest apprehension that he might be called upon to entertain the French sovereign.

The people at the palace appear to have been quite in the humour for quizzing the citizens; and poor MR. LAMBERT JONES got a dig at the door of the outer chamber from the DUKE of WELLINGTON. The DUKE, having no doubt the recollection of poor JONES's rebuff vividly in his mind, exclaimed, "By-the-by, JONES, do you know when her Majesty intends to have the ceremony of opening the Royal Exchange performed?" Poor JONES could only say he knew nothing at all about it; and, considering that the QUEEN declined seeing him when he called at Windsor on the subject, we hardly know how JONES could have given a more satisfactory answer.

Altogether the citizens were what is commonly termed "rigged" most unmercifully, probably as a warning to any other corporations that may feel disposed to interfere with the privacy of LOUIS-PHILIPPE's visit, by publicly addressing him.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

Liffey Coort, Oct. 12th, 1844.

E' then, MISTHER PUNCH, wid all dhue submission, isn't it mighty singular what dhrole things 'll come into people's heads sometimes? I was cogitatin', meself, last evenin', lookin' out o' the windy, an' keepin' up the sash wid my forred, (one o' the lodgers stole the poker, whin he med off, 'count o' bein' asked to pay his rint,) an' well an' good, if I was, I paid grate attintion entirely to the movemints o' MRS. MCCORMAC over the way, that was thryin' to regulate a set of unruly children, while MISTHER MCCORMAC was takin' the back out of a Dublin Bay herrin', afther his day's work. There 's a beautiful picthure of Irish polities, thinks meself; there 's MICKY MCCORMAC, the stout little fellow, wid a poor excuse for a sate to his corduroys, he 's tearin' away, an' kickin' up a grate disturbance to go where he playses, an' stand up for himself;—he 's an out an' out Rippaler. Then his brother PATEY, lookin' so soft an' sulky, an' promisin' to keep stiddy an' quiet, if he gets the bone of a pig's leg to polish,—he 's a fedheralist. The small boy sittin' on the bellows, an' risin' a fillilew, because his gran'mother didn't promise to come to him once a month, that 's DOCTHER MANSELL, says I, wantin' to have the QUEEN an' Parliment every quarther.

But, MR. PUNCH, honey, the boy that "banged Banagher" was in a corner by himself, where he had been put for his contrairiness, an' for abusin' every one right an' left—"hurlin' high an' haughty defiance" at his daysint parents, an' every mother's sowl that wasn't of his own way of thinkin' as to things in general. Oh, be the book o' war, that 's DAN to a hair, says I, an' just as I kem to the same conclusion, up wid MICKY, an' PATEY, an' the tulip on the bellows, an' they blarneyed an' bothered the ould couple to that degree, (outvotin' 'em, as you may say,) till they had to let the buck go free—wid his three Law Lords in tatthers screechin' at his heels. That 's Ireland an' the Irish now, as well as if all the froth about Fermanagh Porter (by Grey) was spoutin' out.

Dublin is dull enough at the present writin', as all the people o' note, except meself an' the bankers, are out o' town. TOM STEELE is settin' fire to the Shannon. "My dear Ray" is yelpin' amongst DAN's baygles. O'M———Y and O'C———L are dhreamin' o' the Whigs, railroads, an' the most axpedishious mode o' fillin' the breeches pockets; an' the Lord Mayor is afther goin' sky scrapin' in the balloon wid MISTHER HAMPTON. TIM had never before so many respectable people lookin' up to him.

But I 'm threspassin', as MICKY FORAN's pig said, when it ate DARBY DOLAN's Sunday smalls.—So luck be wid you till the next time,

TIM QUINLAN.

THE HEAD PACIFICATOR OF EUROPE!

"There! Go and Kiss your Little Sister, and don't talk about Fighting any more!"

AFFECTING RECONCILIATION WITH OUR BROTHER OF FRANCE.

THE STUDENTS' GRATITUDE TO GRAHAM.

By a number of rejected Medical Students a very respectable meeting was yesterday held in the Lecture Room of a certain large hospital, for the purpose of voting an address of thanks to Sir James Graham, for the Medical Reform Bill which he means to introduce next session.

The chair (namely, the Anatomical Teacher's,) was taken by Mr. Potts, of Guy's, who, considering that he had been plucked at the Hall three times, was unanimously determined the fittest person to occupy it.

A young gentleman in a Tweed wrapper, with a stick projecting from the side pocket, whose name, we understand, was Faker, rose to move the address. He commenced by claiming, in the usual terms, indulgence for his inexperience as an orator; and then, plunging *in medias res*, declared his conviction that Sir James Graham was a brick. He (Mr. Faker, not Sir James Graham) had had the honour of being plucked. (*Cheers.*) He considered that it was an honour. (*Renewed cheering.*) He might have passed, if he had agreed with the examiner about bleeding in Apoplexy. The examiners were unfair. (*Hear, hear!*) He had been floored by a catch question. (*Shame!*) They had bullied him. (*Groans and hisses.*) They had asked him the composition of Calomel. He happened to have forgotten it; anybody might. (*Hear, hear!*) Then they got him on *Materia Medica;* and he (Mr. Faker) was sure that every gentleman present well knew that this was a subject that nobody could get up thoroughly. The fact was, that they took a delight in rejecting a fellow. (*Groans.*) To ruin a young man's prospects was a pleasure to them. It was their object. They were a set of brutes, (*hear, hear!*) old women, (*hear, hear, hear!*) humbugs. (*Tremendous cheering.*) They would now be done up. (*Hurrah!*) Sir James Graham's Bill would settle them. No more Hall! No more grinding! No more waiting in that "funking room!" (*Cries of capital! and glorious!*) He should now say no more, as he was tired, and should like some half-and-half; but would at once propose the resolution; which was to the following effect:—

"That this Meeting begs, on the part of Medical Students as a body, to express its gratitude to the Right Honourable Sir James Graham for his intended measure of Medical Reform, and especially for that part of it which will enable them to practise without passing any examinations."

The gentleman in the Tweed wrapper sat down amid immense cheering.

The Address was seconded, in a neat and characteristic speech, by a Mr. Nibbs, who strongly insisted on the point that Chemistry was gammon.

A student of the name of Dobson suggested as an amendment to the Address the following addition:—

"And this Meeting considers the Right Honourable Baronet a trump."

Mr. Tucker, a University College man, seconded the amendment. He wanted to know what was the use of Anatomy to a general practitioner?

A Mr. Jones perfectly coincided with the last gentleman, and wished anybody would tell him what good it did to get up Pharmacy?

Another student expressed his disapprobation of Latin. He had been plucked for his Celsus, and thought it a great shame.

A desultory conversation followed on the inutility of knowledge in general; at the end of which the amended resolution was put and carried by an immense majority: after which the company adjourned, in parties, to various subterranean taverns, with the exception of Mr. Jones, who expressed his determination of

TAKING A TURN IN THE PARK.

COMIC SONGS FOR LADIES.

My Love is all that is polite,
  He looks so pale and thin;
He wears his boots so very tight,
  And pulls so closely in.
Oh! what a deal in hats and gloves,
  In vests and coats he spends;
I call the heart that truly loves,
  The tailor's best of friends.

He is so very jealous too,
  As to be quite absurd;
I mustn't even look at you,
  I mustn't, on my word.
Oh! if you did beside me sit,
  He 'd be in such a way;
Or waltz with me—don't mention it—
  I know not what he 'd say.

'Tis silly of him, certainly,
  To be so great a stupe;
I 'm sure another girl than me
  Would make him quite a dupe;
But then he is so finely grown,
  So handsome, and so tall,
That really I 'm obliged to own,
  I like him after all.

PUNCH

To Messieurs les Rédacteurs of the "Constitutionnel," the "Quotidienne," and the "Siècle."

My Excellent but Incomprehensible Brothers

What does possess you? Here have we English been fussing our hearts out to do honour to France in the person of her Sovereign. Sir Peter Laurie has distinctly stated that he has the very highest respect for Louis Philippe. Mr. Moon, and the excellent members of the Common Council, were treading on each other's toes in their anxiety to present him with a loving address from the City of London, while everybody at Windsor (though I don't lay so much stress on this) from the Queen downwards vied in attention to our illustrious guests. Even I, Punch, who had the best excuse for sulking, when the King presented himself, have actually embraced the man who exiled me from France. And yet you are not satisfied. You *will* find an insult in every attention, a dagger in every word of congratulation, a thrusting of the tongue into the cheek in every look of welcome. Really you expend a monstrous deal of ingenuity in flinging dirt into your own faces. Do you always behave so? Is it a natural tendency of yours to suppose everybody wants to insult you, to rake up the ashes of every old heart-burning, and rummage your histories for every recollection of defeat, that you may have the pleasure of saying—"and these are the courtesies of Albion!" Upon my sacred honour, as a great moral engine, I 'm ashamed of you. Take Punch's word for it, John Bull is the best-natured, simplest creature in the world. As for deeply-plotted insults, and far-fetched gibes, he hasn't a notion of them—he hates them—he sums up his detestation of them when he calls them "Un-English."

In sending the Duke of Wellington to receive Louis-Philippe at Portsmouth, he hadn't a thought of the battle of Waterloo; and in setting out dinner in the Waterloo Gallery, depend upon it the Comptroller of the Household was thinking of the book of precedence rather than the treaty of Versailles; and as for the cheers that greeted Marshal Soult on his late visit, they were the simple recognition of a brave enemy—but by no means of a beaten Frenchman. If he had thrashed the Duke, his reception would have been just the same. I know you don't believe a word I say, but I must tell the truth, nevertheless. Do think and talk more like men and sensible men, or your own countrymen will laugh at you. I am accustomed to be laughed at, and like it; but for a serious newspaper, the laugh of its "constant readers" is fatal.

Your annoyed brother,

PUNCH.

BEAUTIES OF THE FRENCH PRESS.

PERFIDIOUS ALBION.

[*From the National.*]

RANCE is outraged—insulted! Perfidious Albion has achieved her crowning insult! Yes—will it be believed—can *Jeune France* for one moment imagine such an atrocity—the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, who, with his English gold, bought the battle of Waterloo, he who brought back the Bourbons over the slaughtered bodies of Frenchmen,—he, above all other men, was despatched by QUEEN VICTORIA to welcome to Portsmouth the KING OF THE FRENCH! And LOUIS-PHILIPPE shook him by the hands — yes, one hand was not enough—but, hear it France, and let the ashes of NAPOLEON stir with indignation,—he shook him by *both hands!*

[*From the Siècle.*]

What! was it necessary for the full accomplishment of our degradation that the KING OF THE FRENCH should be feasted in the Hall of Waterloo in Windsor Castle? A hall, decorated with the portraits of men who have outraged France—who have spilt the blood of her children! Had not M. GUIZOT sufficiently degraded the unfortunate country which mourns his administration, but that with a smile upon his cheek—yes, a smile traitorous to ourselves and our institutions—he must walk in Windsor Park with the man PEEL? Had the "man of Ghent" forgotten the insolence of the English Minister when he denounced the doings of our invincible BRUAT, the immortal hero who has bayonetted the Tahitians, and all but kidnapped QUEEN POMARE! GUIZOT walks, and talks, and smiles with PEEL in the Home Park! Why does not all France, leaping from its lethargy, chant the Marseillaise and grasp the sword?

[*From the Globe.*]

The least that France could expect of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, during the visit of LOUIS-PHILIPPE to Windsor, was decent behaviour. Much, from the character of the man, could not be expected. No: the man who had been base enough to corrupt the traitors who sold their hapless country,—the man who with accursed gold bought the battle of Waterloo, was not likely to make any large sacrifice to decency. Nevertheless, the least to be expected of him was, that during LOUIS PHILIPPE's visit, he would remain within his own doors. Certainly, it was not to be expected that he would have had the audacity to approach the KING OF THE FRENCH! Had he possessed the true delicacy of a hero, he would on the sudden have fallen very ill, and kept his bed until the KING had departed. Such sensibility, however, does not dignify a WELLINGTON. No: on the contrary, even before the FRENCH KING had touched the hateful soil of Albion, WELLINGTON was on board the *Gomer*; and what is more—as the English prints audaciously declare it—"looking in excellent health and spirits!" But France—whilst the man of Ghent reigns—is doomed to be insulted.

Provincial Intelligence.

OUR Herne Bay Correspondent has written to inform us that one of the two policemen has resigned, in consequence of a row with the pier-master. This must have been expected, for it was utterly impossible that a civil and military despotism could long co-exist without a collision.

The Bay is now at the mercy of anybody who chooses to take any trouble about the matter. We should be wrong to endeavour to lull the inhabitants into a consciousness of security, when we know that there is no force in the place sufficient to check the insolence of any invading squadron. It is fortunate that the pier-master is not a BRUAT, nor the policeman a PRITCHARD. If one had been the one, and the other the other, we might have had the Tahiti business over again before we knew exactly where we were, or where events were leading us. The pier-master has, however, reprimanded himself, and the policeman having resigned, the Gordian knot is cut—at least for the present.

STARTLING AND MOST IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE.

"SIR PETER LAURIE entertains the highest respect for the KING OF THE FRENCH."—Not only does SIR PETER LAURIE thus honour His Majesty LOUIS PHILIPPE, but gives us his most exquisite reason for it —What do you think it is, O Public? Guess!

Is it because LOUIS PHILIPPE has shown himself determined to maintain peace between England and France? *Bagatelle!*

Is it because he supported exile with courage and self-reliance, and elevation to a throne with dignity? *Mere acting!*

Is it because he has just released some fifty or sixty prisoners of state from the dungeons of St. Michael? *Policy!*

Is it—? but we might fill our number with probable reasons: It is for none of these things that SIR PETER LAURIE respects LOUIS PHILIPPE. It is—

"BECAUSE IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO ENTERTAIN ANY OTHER FEELING TOWARDS A MONARCH, WHO, WHEN ASKED BY THE MAYOR OF PORTSMOUTH FOR A COPY OF THE REPLY OF HIS MAJESTY TO THE ADDRESS PRESENTED TO HIM BY THE CORPORATION OF THAT TOWN, SAID, 'I HAVE NO COPY; IT IS WRITTEN IN MY HEART!'"

And this, O Public, is the reason why SIR PETER LAURIE respects the King of the French.

SIR ANDREW AGNEW AGAIN.

TO THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

AM right well pleased, my Lord, to learn that during Her Majesty's late visit to Blair Athol, she comported herself with every deference towards the feelings of the most religious, the most moral, and the most delicate-minded people on the face of the earth,—need I say, my Lord, that I allude to our inestimable countrymen?

I was most satisfied with the deportment of the QUEEN at Church, and, though I trust I have the humility of a superfine Christian, I cannot but attribute the pious behaviour of Her Majesty to the influence of the letter which you had the honour to receive from me on Her Majesty's arrival in happy and religious Scotland.

I assure you, although it was not generally known, I watched Her Majesty pretty closely. I felt that all Scotland required such vigilance of me. Hence, I attended the Church, and, by the aid of a strong pocket telescope, was enabled to watch every movement of the Royal countenance during the service. Not for one minute did I have my eye off the QUEEN. As I have said I thought the country required this of me.

I also made it my business to inquire of the servants at the Castle as to the deportment of Her Majesty in her private hours; and, altogether, must express myself very well satisfied with her conduct. PRINCE ALBERT is, I think, a well-disposed young man,—but on his next visit to our beloved country, he will, I trust, show a better respect towards the feelings of the most religious, the most moral, and the most delicate-minded people on the face of the earth, by not whistling to his dog on a Sunday.

The Princess Royal is a very pretty little child, but I would rather not see her smile so much on the Sabbath. She is, however, but a child, and may be instructed out of this dangerous levity. May I also suggest that the next time the QUEEN visits a Scotch Church, she should not wear roses in her bonnet. Roses on a Sunday are scarcely proper—a bit of riband I think quite sufficient.

Altogether, however, I am very well satisfied with Her Majesty, and think that Scotland will be in no danger from the Sabbath example set by the QUEEN. Hence, I shall be very glad to hear of Her Majesty's coming among us another season, and am—

Your well-wisher and adviser,
ANDREW AGNEW.

Consumption of Meat in London.

LAST week the consumption of Butcher's Meat at the Mansion House was 6 chump chops, 2 lbs. of gravy beef, 3 lbs. of suet, 1 scrag of mutton, and ½ lb. of calf's liver. Compared with the corresponding week of the preceding year this exhibits a falling off of 48 quarters of lamb, 30 shoulders, 18 legs, and 20 haunches of South Down mutton, 13 sirloins, 17 fillets of veal, and 100 lbs. of rump steak. This alarming difference has quite created a panic among the Aldermen in the City.

PEACE—PEACE—PEACE!

Io vo gridando,—pace, pace, pace!—PETRARCA.

We recognised him in a moment—he was Young France! Yes, albeit he sat in a dirty *estaminet* with one half-glass of beer before him, in close neighbourhood to a couple of *gamins* playing at one-sou dominoes,—we knew him by his beard, by his gloomy thoughtfulness, by his ferocious intelligence—he *was* Young France!

He took up *La Presse*. He read—his hand shook with passion as he grasped and grasped the paper—his cheek became red, then yellow, then burning red again. One hot tear rose to his eye, and then fell hissing down his cheek. He twitched his *casquette* from his head—flung it upon the floor, and then jumping up, magnanimously stamped upon it. Throwing forth his right arm—he ground his teeth—cried, "Perfide Albion," and then spat!

The two young gentlemen paused at their dominoes, and looked admiringly at Young France. He immediately saw he had an audience: his indignation would obtain hearers—his overladen heart might discharge itself in bitter, burning words:—

"Look ye here, Messieurs," cried Young France, pointing to the *Presse*, "peace—peace—nothing but peace! This King of the Barricades—this Man with the Umbrella—this LOUIS-PHILIPPE, voyages to 'perfidious Albion' only to preach peace. It is thus that the glorious ardour of France is insulted; that her warriors are snubbed; that her old heroic associations are laughed to scorn. Peace—peace—nothing but peace. At Portsmouth and at Windsor, still the same song—peace!

"Then wherefore have we stormed Tangier—wherefore conquered at Isly—wherefore has the magnanimous BRUAT done all that lay within his mighty soul to light the flames of glorious war, when we have a shopkeeping king shipping himself for no other purpose than to cry 'peace, peace,'—to shake hands with Portsmouth recorders and Windsor mayors!

"Bones of Napoleon! do ye not rattle with indignation? Hear this!"—and Young France read LOUIS-PHILIPPE's answer to the Windsor address:—

"OUR VIEW SHOULD BE PEACE, WHILE WE LEAVE EVERY OTHER COUNTRY IN POSSESSION OF THOSE BLESSINGS WHICH IT HATH PLEASED DIVINE PROVIDENCE TO BESTOW ON THEM."

"A Divine Providence! Ha, ha!" cried Young France, bitterly—"Did NAPOLEON ever talk such stuff? Was there such balderdash under 'the Empire?'" And then, with curling lip, he read on—

"HAPPY I AM THAT YOU APPRECIATE MY CONSTANT ENDEAVOURS, ASSISTED BY A WISE GOVERNMENT AT HOME, TO PROMOTE THE MOST FRIENDLY AND PEACEFUL RELATIONS BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES. FRANCE HAS NOTHING TO ASK OF ENGLAND, AND ENGLAND HAS NOTHING TO ASK OF FRANCE, BUT CORDIAL UNION."

"France nothing to ask of England! Ha, ha!"—and Young France laughed like a demon—"she has everything to ask, and to have of her—her navy, her colonies, her commerce—her all—until the tricolor shall wave on the tower of Windsor!

"Nothing to ask! She has to ask—*that Waterloo shall be forgotten!!!*" roared Young France, who then emptied his half-glass of beer, and strided into the street like a colossus. And here the two young gentlemen resumed their play—forgetting the miseries, the wrongs of France in one-sou dominoes!

A HORSE-GUARD, TO BE COMPLETED IN 12 PARTS.

REPORT OF A SHOP-WALKER.

THE Walker of a linendraper's shop is the person who has to walk up and down in it, doing the agreeable to ladies, handing chairs to them, and seeing that they are properly shaved; so that the name of Walker has by no means been injudiciously conferred upon him. The Walker has, among other things, to furnish a report to his master of the negligence of the other assistants in effecting sales; and the following is a sample of a report so furnished:—

"*Sunday Morning*, 1 A.M.

"MR. TIDD has this week been very inattentive. He has let six ladies go away without buying anything; and, on more than one occasion, has neglected to inquire whether 'there was any other article.'

"MR. WELLS has missed several opportunities. On Tuesday, when a customer complained of the price of a *de laine*, he omitted to pledge his word of honour that it was the only thing of the kind in town.

"MR. BAKER let a lady have several yards of a ribbon ticketed in the window, whereas he might have served her with an inferior article if he had chosen.

"Mr. COOPER, when a poor person inquired whether a certain stuff would wash, confessed he was afraid it would not.

"MR. JACKSON, on a lady's questioning him whether the colours of a *barège* were fast, replied that he could not say. He likewise hesitated to warrant a Spitalfields silk to be French, when he might have done so with perfect safety.

"I caught MR. STEVENS, having nothing to do, reading a number of *Punch*."

"GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!!—We understand that a petition to LOUIS PHILIPPE is in course of signature in the city, praying his Majesty to make Alderman GIBBS (the Lord Mayor elect) *a-Count*.

Dreadful Shipwreck.

WE understand that another steamer has just gone down in the North Sea. She had only one boat, which was swamped by the desperate passengers crowding into her. We lament to state that among them were one Royal Duke, three Peers, and half-a-dozen Members of Parliament, with their wives and families.

A LATER ACCOUNT.

We are happy to state that there is no truth in the above paragraph; but *when there shall be*—when Dukes, and Peers, and Members of Parliament, go to the bottom with common people, *then*—and it would seem not until then—will there be an Act compelling shipowners to carry boats of sufficient size to contain the crew and passengers.

MOTTOES.

MR. O'CONNELL.—"This man talked learnedly, as if he could tell how to make a rebellion and never break the peace."—*Lord Bacon's History of Henry VII.*

"Beginning already to squint one eye upon the crowd and another upon the sanctuary."—*Ibid.*

LORD BROUGHAM.—"Thoul't beggar my derision utterly. If thou stayest longer I shall want a laugh."—*Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit at Several Weapons*, act iii., sc. 1.

VERY LIKELY.

COLONEL SIBTHORPE wishes to know if the lady advertised to enter the cage, accompanied by MR. CARTER, is the *Lady of Lyons* who played so long at the Haymarket!

THE VAUXHALL MASQUERADE.

Know ye the scene where the clerks and the tailors
Are deck'd out in costume both dirty and fine;
Where till-robbing shop-boys, as soldiers and sailors,
Now stoop down to beer—now ascend up to wine?
'Tis the place for a feast: not the region of fun.
Can we smile on the jokes that are made there?—not one.
Oh, pointless and dull, as Ojibbeway yell,
Are the tricks which they play, and the *bon mots* they tell.

There a bevy of noodles, by puffing extreme,
Are tempted to muster in numerous throng;
They 're off to Vauxhall, where they drink, dance, and scream,
And fancy they come it exceedingly strong.
Vauxhall's Great *Bal Masqué* I ne'er can forget;
And oft when alone, at the close of the year,
I think, are the vagabonds dancing there yet?
Are they still at their brandy and water, and beer?

OMISSIONS OF THE COURT CIRCULAR.

The gentleman whose duty it is to concoct the *Court Circular* is, in sooth, a strange forgetful person—a man of marvellous short memory. The blunders committed by him—the omissions of which he has been guilty—during the visit of the King of the French, have, however, exceeded all previous errors. He has duly given the names of Dukes, and Marquises, and Ambassadors, and so forth, honoured by a command to the royal table, but he has in no one instance chronicled any name of the host of poets, philosophers, painters, authors, musicians, sculptors, and other professional men who were expressly invited that Louis-Philippe might see the representatives of much of the intellect of the country. What is the man of the *Court Circular* about? It would almost seem that he has so long attended to the mere doings of a palace, that he has a strange grudge against intellect. We trust he will be more attentive for the future.

THE BOOK OF THE SEASON.

Shortly will be published, handsomely bound in calf, *The Mysteries of London*. The first number will be filled with an account of the election of Alderman Gibbs as Lord Mayor. The second will give facsimiles of the receipts of the Alderman during his Churchwardenship of St. Stephens, Walbrook.

The Regeneration of Trafalgar Square.

Dear Punch,

We are so deeply impressed with the fatherly interest you have always evinced for the Nelson Column, that we write to request your gracious permission for the erection of the accompanying design for an equestrian statue of yourself. We mean it as a token of gratitude for the invaluable services you have rendered to the statues and columns in general of London. Perhaps, to add to the obligation, you will be kind enough to send us an inscription for the pedestal, which, if you have no objection, we should like to be the one now vacant in Trafalgar Square. We ought to say that Mr. Wyatt has touched up your nose, and trimmed your calves a bit. Are they the thing? Your slippers and the stirrups were left out purposely, to match with the statue of George the Fourth.

Your very grateful, obedient Servants,
The Commissioners of Woods and Forests.

Dear Woods and Forests,

Do just as you like. My modesty does not allow me to say "yes," but still my hearty good wishes for the morals of the metropolis as strongly prevent me saying "no." The only thing I dislike is being *vis-à-vis* to George the Fourth, but perhaps, as a healthy antidote is wanted to that royal bane, it will be as well to put me up just for the principle of the thing. Mind, however, I stipulate for two coats of paint for my horse every year. As for an inscription, what do you think of the following—

"A GRATEFUL COUNTRY TO PUNCH."

I am, dear Woods and Forests,

PUNCH.

P. S. Don't you think I shall crush the National Gallery? A Doric mustard-pot, however, to keep the pepper-boxes company might give it elevation. Couldn't you get Smirke to run up a couple?

ACCIDENT ON THE KENSINGTON RAILWAY.

The up and down train, which keeps running up and down the line to make believe there 's a passenger, had just left the Kensington station with its usual freight of enginemen, stokers, and policemen, when the train was overtaken by a man running at a pretty smart pace after it. The policeman supposing it might be a passenger, and yet hardly thinking such a thing possible, called to the stoker to stop, but the stoker supposing the policeman only wanted to get down, and cut a salad for supper as he had frequently done before, no attention was paid to the summons. Ultimately the engineer, being desirous of going home, stopped the engine, and it was then ascertained that the train had passed over two horses, without either stoker, policeman, or engineer having known anything about it. The unfortunate horses had, it seems, broken away from a groom, and the sagacious animals having observed the very little traffic on the line, thought there could be no possible danger in indulging in a scamper down it. The unfortunate beasts were, however, out in their calculation, for though they were right in supposing they would meet no passengers, they were not prepared for the extraordinary practice of sending empty carriages up and down the line—a custom which proved fatal to the noble quadrupeds.

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.

The Parasol of the Emperor of Morocco, from the plains of Isly to the Tuileries of Paris, for change of air. The parasol, during its stay in the French capital, will put up at the celebrated *Hôtel des Invalides*.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

THE following will be as nearly as possible the arrangements on the occasion of Her Majesty's going to open the Royal Exchange, on the 28th instant :—

Her Majesty and PRINCE ALBERT are to be at Temple Bar (the western boundary of the civic dominions) at exactly twelve o'clock ; and the LORD MAYOR, with the civic functionaries, will be standing on the other side of the closed gate an hour previously, taking it by turns to look through the key-hole, so as to be aware of the precise moment of the arrival of the royal visitors. The hairdresser's shop, which forms part of the gateway, will be blockaded by a strong police force, so as to prevent the Corporation from being surprised, and the proprietor will be compensated by the price of six "easy shaves," as an equivalent for what he will lose by the interruption to his usual routine of rasping the chins of the public.

A Herald will then kick at the gate, and ring the top bell in the name of the QUEEN, while Stick-in-Waiting will give a rap at the door, and Herald-in-Ordinary will give a severe blow to his trumpet. The LORD MAYOR will then exclaim through the key-hole, "Who are you ?" and TANNER the hair-dresser will go through a piece of pantomime at his window expressive of the sentiment that he would let them through the shop if he could, but that he really can't, and he will make signs implying an uncertainty as to where his allegiance is due, pointing first towards the LORD MAYOR, then towards the QUEEN, and ultimately taking refuge under his own counter, leaving the two sovereigns to arrange the matter between them. Stick-in-Waiting will then put his mouth to the key-hole, exclaiming, "Open in the QUEEN'S name!" when MAGNAY will draw the bolt, the gates will be unclosed, and he will rush out with two pantomime keys, supposed to be the keys of the city, which he will hand to Her Majesty, who will immediately hand them back again.

The whole party will then proceed to the New Exchange, where the Gresham Committee will be in attendance under the portico ; the Chairman having previously been voted on to the top step, to enable him to preside over the meeting, the ordinary members occupying the street posts, kerb-stone, and other accommodations, until the arrival of Her Majesty. The Gresham Committee will all start upon their legs when the QUEEN appears in sight, and will receive her on her arrival, the Chairman stammering out something about "British Commerce ;" the QUEEN alluding, in reply, to the connection between the House of Brunswick and the London Merchants. Her Majesty will then be conducted into the area, across the open court, up the principal staircase to the building appropriated to LLOYD'S, when she will probably express a wish to see LLOYD, whose celebrated list she has heard so much about.

The QUEEN will then pass into the apartments devoted to the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, which it is expected Her Majesty will open by laying the first insurance—that is to say, taking out the first policy in the new office in favour of the royal apiary. Her Majesty will, it is understood, not wear the splendid badges of the orders of the County Fire Office and the Phœnix, in both of which some of the furniture at Windsor is insured, but she will present the company with the insignia that will in future be placed on all the buildings insured in it. A banquet will be announced at two, to which Her Majesty will be conducted, and the corporation will then proceed to the discussion of the real matters of interest connected with the day's proceedings.

Such are the arrangements as far as we can at present ascertain them, from the mysterious programme which has been put forth ; but as the citizens are very liable to be confused when they come to carry out their own intentions, it is possible there will be a few deviations from the path already chalked out. *Punch* having received an invitation to the banquet and the rest of the day's proceedings, will not fail to give a true account of them.

THE QUEEN'S ILLUSTRIOUS VISITORS.

PUNCH is enabled, from peculiar sources, to give a list of Her Majesty's visitors for the next nine years:—

1845.—MEHEMET ALI will visit Windsor Palace, accompanied by fifty of his sons. Egyptian Hall will be fitted up for their accommodation.

1846.—The EMPEROR OF MOROCCO, who will be attended by ABD-EL-KADER as his aide-de-camp. RAMO SAMEE will be appointed his guard of honour and parasol-bearer.

1847.—The PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. He will not lodge at the Palace, however, on account of his republican principles, but simply have a knife and fork laid for him at the royal table every day. The North and South American Coffee-house will have a handsome second-pair back fitted up for him.

1848.—The SULTAN OF TURKEY, who, out of compliment to the QUEEN, will not smoke under her hospitable roof, but will take his dozen cheroots every evening at GLIDDON'S Cigar Divan.

1849.—The KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS. LORD BROUGHAM has been appointed interpreter to His Majesty; and COLONEL ROWAN, of the Blues, ordered to wait upon him.

1850.—The EMPEROR OF CHINA, who will preside at the Royal Agricultural Association, and compete with PRINCE ALBERT in prize pigs. The EMPEROR'S royal relations, the Sun, Moon, and the Stars, will travel night and day with him.

1851.—MR. CATLIN, KING OF ALL THE INDIANS. His Indian Majesty will encamp at Wormwood Scrubbs with his suite of 500 Indian Chiefs, and dance every day the Indian War-Polka. Admission, only one shilling.

1852.—The EMPEROR OF LAPLAND. The Dog-Cruelty Bill will be suspended on this occasion, to allow the EMPEROR to enter London in a triumphal truck drawn by four-and-twenty dogs.

1853.—MR. LAMBERT JONES, KING OF THE CITY. His Royal Majesty will be received by the Lord Chamberlain, and shown to the door by Inspector MALLALIEU. His Majesty's visit will be very short.

SOAP!

A SHORT ESSAY BY ONE OF THE "GOOD OLD SCHOOL."

WITHIN the last few days meetings have been held for the purpose of establishing baths—cheap baths—wherein the laborious poor may cleanse and refresh themselves. The Bishop of London, the Lord Mayor, and other respectable people, have advocated the measure. Poor ignorant enthusiasts—unconscious revolutionists! What? Is there, then, to be no distinction among men? Are all the sons of Adam to wear clean faces? Are we no longer to refresh our sense of superiority with a sight of begrimed countenances—no longer to feel proud of our own dainty anatomies in the knowledge that the low working people about us are coated with dirt? Is this, the last distinction of decent society, to be destroyed—washed out?

It was bad enough when velvet and gold lace were given up, and the true gentleman had to be picked out by his conduct, and not by his coat. This, to a man who really loved the institutions of his country, was certainly bad enough. But, nevertheless, there yet remained one, as it seemed, ineffaceable mark of inferiority—one lasting badge of serfdom—namely, *dirt*. And we are to sap the constitution of society by destroying this most valuable social ingredient! We are to throw cold and tepid water on it!

When we called certain folks the "great unwashed," did we not, in our contemptuous raillery, shew our superior condition? The "unwashed" was the dirty, defiled ADAM; a thing of the earth, earthy—a low creature. On the contrary, *we* stood as upon a pedestal, upon our soap, and looked loftily about us with a sense of the blessings of water. *We* were the washed; and, being so, were therefore the elect of the earth. The "unwashed" were of a lower species—the mere negroes of poverty!

And now all men are to have cheap baths! Well, there is an end to really good society, when butchers, dyers, even coal-heavers, are all—all—"warranted to wash!"

A CATALOGUE OF VACANCIES.

A Blue Riband of the Order of the Garter,
Two Seats in Parliament,
Covent Garden Theatre,
The Pedestal in Trafalgar Square,
The Fountains in ditto,
The Lord Mayor's Larder,
The Pockets of the Sexton, Beadle, Clerk, and Organist of St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

MISERY AMONG THE FLOWERS.

ESTHER PIERCE, another pallid victim of the needle, was charged at Worship-street with illegal pawning. Yes—famine took her to the pawnbroker with the goods of a MR. JOHN HALDEN, of 6, Bread-street, Cheapside. ESTHER PIERCE was employed to embroider a silk shawl with flowers—with no less than eighty silken blossoms—for the sum of sixpence! Well, this was a hard day's work; bringing something less than a halfpenny an hour. The young woman had neither food nor drink; and so, with misery and famine at her heart—in the very despair of biting hunger—she took MR. JOHN HALDEN'S property to the pawnbroker. She is urged, tempted—sorely tempted beyond the power of suffering nature to withstand—to commit crime, to make herself a felon, by the miserable wages awarded her by the tradesman of Bread-street, Cheapside. *Bread-street!*—There is a cruel irony even in the address.

There is a society—all-honoured be its object—for the relief and conversion of miserable young women, cast like weeds upon the world; for the wretched Magdalen, despised, outraged, degraded. This society calls with a voice of comfort to the defiled creature, and teaches her, in goodly season, modesty, self-respect. She is snatched from daily, hourly perdition, and restored to the decencies of life. She is no longer an animal, cursed with a soul. All praise be to the institution that works this goodness.

Yet, surely we think, the Principle of Wickedness must grin and hug itself at the gatherings of this society—must chuckle, as the devil only chuckles—when the secretary, with grave face and self-complacent tone, reads the number of victims saved—of brands snatched from the fire—and turned to worthy uses. We say, this same Wickedness must laugh at the small, retail humanity of such an institution, when, as in mockery of it, there are thousands and thousands of young women tortured by the injustice of the world, by its mercenary, heartless tasking, into a life of infamy. A feeble philanthropy saves indeed a few wretches; but then there is a Giant Injustice—iron-hearted son of avarice and trade—that drives his crowds into the street; that makes them in a wild despair of heart—for bread, horrid bread indeed so purchased—bind themselves to agony and shame! How many fall—how many, with heroic serenity of soul, their wounds bleeding inwardly, pine from day to day—and at length wither from the earth, no more accounted of than autumn flies! And now and then some haggard, white-lipped creature—some famishing ESTHER PIERCE for the sake of a meal dares Newgate and the doom of a felon. And so it will be, until throughout all society it shall be preached—not meekly mouthed, but preached with a terrible, soul-smiting energy, that there are holier things than pounds and shillings; that human souls are in very truth of more account than Bank paper.

ESTHER PIERCE—our readers will rejoice at it—escaped prison, the benevolent pawnbroker (we should have liked to chronicle his name) giving up the shawl without payment—the shawl which contained the eighty flowers, worked for sixpence! In the East, they have a well-known way of arranging flowers that, like words, they may discourse a passion. Alas! what a story may the eye of pity read in these eighty flowers, worked for a tester. On the one hand, what cruel, selfish, iron-hearted tasking! On the other, what misery—what weariness of life—what utter blankness of all that should comfort and sustain toiling humanity!

We should like to know the particular eighty flowers worked for sixpence by ESTHER PIERCE for JOHN HALDEN. Is it possible that for such a tradesman any of them could be heart's-ease?

MR. HALDEN, in a letter to the *Times*, says, that "he gives considerably more than sixpence" for such work; but then, with the diffidence of genuine liberality, he does not specify how much more.

MR. HALDEN also observes that the wretched story of ESTHER PIERCE is "calculated to do him serious injury." We do not think it unlikely.

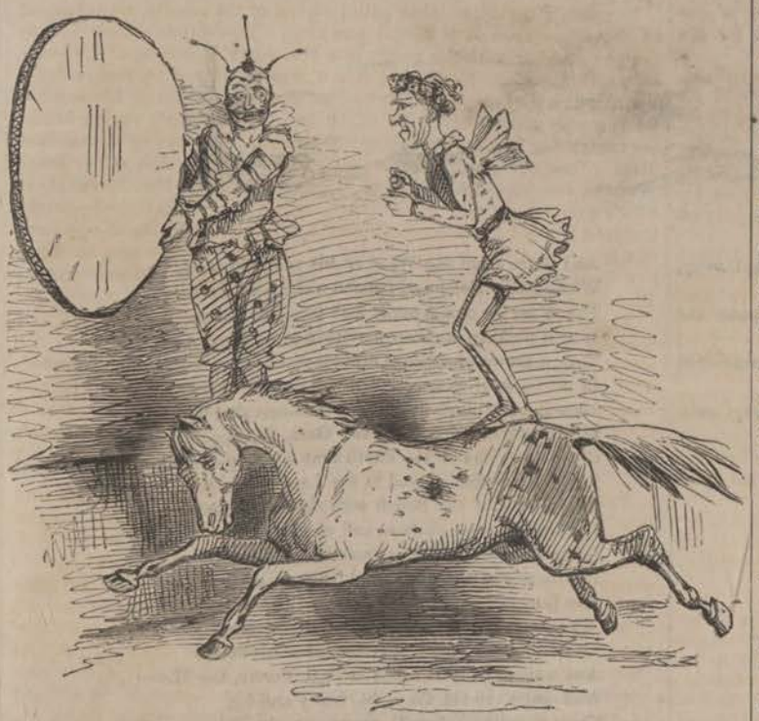
In conclusion, however, we would say to all wholesale dealers in embroidered shawls, give something more to female toil than sixpence for eighty flowers. Something more, considerate masters! So that whilst your wretched slaves are working flowers, your own consciences may not—for the after time—be working nettles.

Q.

EXTREME SIMPLICITY.

MR. O'CONNELL, in a late letter to the Repeal Association, distinguishes between "Federalists" and "Simple Repealers." We understand, by the latter class, all those who are simple enough to subscribe to the "Rint."

BROUGHAM IN THE PROVINCES.



We have had several inquiries addressed to us as to what has become of Lord Brougham. We have no means of knowing with certainty how his Lordship is at present occupied, but it is not impossible that his success as clown to the ring during the last parliamentary campaign has induced him to seek during the recess a similar situation in the provinces. We know that there are several equestrian companies traversing the country at this period of the year, and we have heard of a very clever clown in Mr. Cooke's employ, who jumps through a hoop on the back of a horse at full gallop. Can it be Lord Brougham?

A GREAT WALNUT CASE.

"And oh, it was nuts for the devil to crack!"—Moore.

Among other odd theories, we have one, that some men were never children—that, if we except their size at the time of their birth, they were in all other respects adults; mentally full-grown; *he*-Minervas, albeit for a period doomed to long clothes and swaddling bands. "Colonel H. D. Campbell, of North-End, near Kingston, Portsea," must we think be one of these privileged beings. He, it is plain, from the short newspaper history we are about to quote, was never a boy. He has known nothing of the temptations of childhood-life in the shape of walnuts "hanging over a garden wall."

Before the solemnity of a Portsmouth tribunal was "a little boy, named John Hoare," arraigned for knocking three walnuts "of the value of one farthing" off the branch of a tree, the property of the aforesaid Colonel Campbell. The culprit had been abetted in his iniquity by three other boys. Two of them escaped, but the third, for the ends of justice, was induced to turn himself inside out as Queen's evidence. John Hoare, however, evidently bronzed in crime, pleaded guilty to the charge. Whereupon, the little walnut ruffian was sentenced to be "imprisoned and kept to labour fourteen days." This appalling story is very pithily related in the *Hampshire Independent*, from which we gather the further comforting intelligence that the police are keeping a sharp look out for the two escaped criminals, "in order to bring them to justice!" Happy is Hampshire in such a police! "Oh, Justice," cried the French patriot, "what tomfoolery, what wickedness is often done in thy name!"

We think our readers—at least some of them—will now accord in our theory, that there are men who have never been boys; and that stern lovers of justice, like unto Colonel Campbell, are among the privileged. Otherwise, the Colonel, remembering his school-boy days, when apples smiled at him from over a wall—when walnuts, audible to his heart, cried "knock me down"—would have rebuked, or angrily shook his fist at the offending John Hoare, or have threatened him with horsewhipping,—but, certainly, with a thought of the frailty of the flesh of boyhood in the matter of fruit hanging over a wall, he would not have pursued little John to the treadmill for a loss of the value of one farthing. Yes; we think it plain that the valorous soldier was never in reality a child. Perhaps, indeed, he may be the identical warrior of whom the well-known story is told that "the Colonel was crying for his porridge."

The stern Lord Eldon, in his old age—even when he had become hardened in ermine—looked indulgently at school-boy apple-stealing; for he somewhere says of himself and brother, "we were very good boys; we never did worse than rob an orchard." But then Lord Eldon had been once a boy! He had—shall we call it so—the advantage of Colonel Campbell.

John Hoare will, however, gain experience. After fourteen days retirement in gaol, he may come out with a contempt of the pettiness of his offence — instead of knocking down walnuts he may learn to steal handkerchiefs and pick locks.

We think the county of Hampshire should in some way mark its gratitude to Colonel Campbell. The whole Iliad, it is said, was once so minutely written that it could be enclosed in a walnut-shell. Let the same ingenuity be exercised on the *Newgate Calendar*, and then be presented, with grateful solemnity, to "Colonel H. D. Campbell, of North-End, near Kingston, Portsea!"

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

At a Court of Assistants of the above Honourable Company, it was resolved unanimously:—

1st. That the members be strictly ordered not to put on their clean shirts on Sunday, but save them till Monday, as it would be a disgrace to the Service to appear with dirty collars.

2nd. That Privates be not allowed to have straps at the bottom of their trousers; and those Members whose trousers are too short, are ordered to have their boots blacked well up the legs.

3rd. That the Members be ordered to attend particularly to their Caps; the Court of Assistants having noticed, with regret, the very rusty appearance of the beaver, which can be renovated at a small expense.

4th. That the Armourer be ordered to take off the locks of the muskets, to prevent any accident.

5th. That the Captains be instructed to arrange all the short men in front, so that the taller men may look over their heads without standing on tip-toe.

6th, and last. It is earnestly requested, that the whole regiment will be careful not to tread on each other's heels; and none but Officers will be allowed to wear eye-glasses or spectacles.

By Order of the Court,
W. White, *Secretary.*

THE KING of the FRENCH and the CITIZENS.

Louis-Philippe has quite enchanted the Corporation by his urbanity, though his confounding Sir Claudius Hunter with Sir Peter Laurie proves that the impression created by the latter was somewhat of an evanescent character. The answer to the address of the City is, it seems, not to be simply copied in the ordinary ink of every-day life, but it is to be engraved, so that every one of the Corporation may have a copy of it. We understand that the copy is to be carefully made from the original in the heart of Sir Peter Laurie, who has solemnly declared that the address is engraved there, and will continue to be engraved there as long as the proprietor of the engraving is in existence.

Advertisement for Tongues.

A certain "Y. Z." of Wandsworth, advertizes in the *Times* for "an active young woman who can *speak French* and work well at her needle, as *Housemaid*, in a small family." A small touch of Chinese and Arabic would, of course, not be objectionable. We may next expect an advertisement for "a getter up of fine linen, who can use the Italian iron, and read Dante."

Nothing Surprising.—We regret to hear that Louis-Philippe suffered dreadfully, during the night he spent at Dover, from the night-mare. His medical attendants attributed it to apprehension of the visit from the corporation at day-break.

THE GRASSHOPPERS' FEAST.

(A Prophetic Vision of Monday, the 28th.)

RAY come, call your cabs, and away,
one and all,
The Queen Butterfly opens the
Grasshoppers' Hall;
The trumpeter civic has summoned
the crew,
And Her Majesty can't be kept wait-
ing for you."

So squeaked Mr. Punch, and no sooner had said,
Than his merry Contributors after him sped;
And on the smooth pavement, the kerb-stone beside,
Beneath a tall lamp-post, the storm that defied,
Saw the Children of Rank and the Tenants of Place
Repair with their presence the gala to grace
Of the Grasshopper princes of portly renown,
Good liegemen and true to the Butterfly's crown.
And there were the Grasshoppers standing in files,
Their jolly round faces all beaming with smiles:
City Marshal, Remembrancer, Chamberlain big,
And the Chaplain with gown, and Recorder in wig;
And there, with his mace, stood the Mace-bearer stout,
And the bold Lumber Troopers, rigg'd famously out.
The windows were crowded, the balconies crammed,
Poor ladies were jostled, fat gentlemen jamm'd;
And the banners, drums, trumpeting, cannon, and cheers,
Would have dazzled your eyes and confounded your ears.
First came the Queen Butterfly, fairer ne'er flew,
On a moss-rose to breakfast off nectar and dew;
Her Majesty looked so remarkably well,
That she seem'd to be fresh from her chrysalis shell.
The Grasshoppers' Chief, with his courtliest speech,
Helped her up the Hall steps with a rev'rence at each;
And with equal profusion of smiles and of bows,
The next in command did the like by her spouse.
Her spouse, the Moth Consort, renown'd for his Hat,
(Though we 're happy to say that he didn't wear *that*);
Then the Ministers came, and the Lordlings that sport,
Gay creatures of air, in the Butterfly's Court.
And there came the gallant old Chanticleer, who
Won the main that came off upon famed Waterloo;
And there was the Goose, waddling in on his legs,
First Lord of the Treasury's rich golden eggs:
And there crept the Snake, all so cunning and sly,
The Pauper-Law Champion—the Post-Office Spy:
And there came the Wasp on his versatile wing,
Who assails friend and foeman alike with his sting,
The Wasp of the North, with perpetual hum,
Whom nothing can ever persuade to be dumb:
Then a crowd of strange creatures, of every size,
Of all kinds of shapes, and of all sorts of dyes;
State Locusts were there upon pensions that gorge,
Fine birds with fine feathers; Bath, Thistle, and George;
Creeping things of the Earth that wind up the back-stairs,
And Spiders that spread in the Law Courts their snares,
Grave Owls of the Bench with significant looks,
Parliamentary Jack-daws and clerical Rooks.
Duke Peacock was there and Lord Turkeycock too,
In orders and ribands, green, yellow and blue.
The Lobster his brother the Sea-Crab brought there,
Who promised for once not to swagger nor swear;
The Political Rat had crept out of his hole,
And walked in by the side of Red Tapist, the Mole;
And Grub the old Tory, fat, burly and big
Came crawling before Caterpillar, the Whig.
So thus they all enter'd, the great and the small,
And the Butterfly open'd the Grasshoppers' Hall.
She wished them prosperity, health, and success;
And the Grasshoppers thank'd her; they couldn't do less.
If they clipp'd the Queen's English a little; what then?
Your Grasshoppers ne'er talk exactly like men;
If they "put their foot in it," as some people say,
Why isn't that always the Grasshoppers' way?
If they bunglingly managed or awkwardly spoke,
The mistake only tended to heighten the joke.
The Butterfly fluttered her pinions with glee;
The Goose cackled blithely the pageant to see;
The Waterloo Cock crowed aloud with delight;
And the Snake hiss'd his pleasure as well as he might;
The Grasshoppers' chirrup was noisy as gay,
And the Wasp, for once, buzzed in a good-humour'd way.
A Snail, one Sir Peter, was said to advance
And offer to end the affair with a dance,
But the uproar was such that he pull'd in his head;
"And now," said the Queen, "we 'll adjourn to the 'spread'."

"Home, too, let us hasten, my boys, for d'ye see,
A dinner waits also for you and for me."
So squeak'd Mr. Punch, and retracing their track,
To turtle and venison the party went back.

THE INGREDIENTS OF "PUNCH."

Mr. Punch,

The other evening I was smoking my pipe in a public-house, when one of the persons present inquired if anybody knew what were the ingredients of Punch? To which question a young man replied as follows:—

The Spirit is . . . . . : *The "Comic Blackstone."*
The Acid is . . . . . *The "Feather."*
The Sweet is . . . . . *The Great "Saxon Suggester."*
The Spice is . . . . . *The "Sub."*
The Water is . . . . . *The "Professor."*
And the *Spoon* is . . . *The "Editor."*

I am, *Mr. Punch*,
Yours truly, SNIP.

The Royal Civic Luncheon.

Preparations for the Royal repast in the Exchange have been going on for days, and the numerous committees concerned seem to be all open-mouthed. The Saturday report states that "the *joint* Committee of the Corporation and the Mercers' Company were engaged for hours in consultation." There is no statement, however, from the Vegetable Committee. Is it to be all leg of mutton and no turnip? The report as to the rasped rolls (though none of them have been rasped like the Mayor elect) is pretty well from a body assembling in Cornhill; but people want to know what the Poultry Committee have been doing, and the kind of game they are about at this season.

THE GRASSHOPPERS' FEAST.

QUEEN BUTTERFLY RECEIVED BY LORD GRASSHOPPER.—Monday, October the 28th, 1844.

CALYPSO MOURNING THE DEPARTURE OF ULYSSES.

CALYPSO, Q—N V——A. ULYSSES, K—G OF THE F——H.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XXXIII.

FROM A YOUNG MAN ENTERING BUSINESS TO A RETIRED TRADESMAN.

RESPECTED SIR,

WHEN we last met, you were kind enough to say that the benefit of your long experience in business should be always at my service; and that as the friend of my poor late father, it would always be a pleasure to you to advise his son. At the same time you desired me to give you my notions of the duties of a tradesman to the world and to himself, that you might at the onset correct my errors, and strengthen my judgment. I therefore hasten to comply with your request.

Of course, sir, I consider the old schoolboy copy that "Honesty is the best Policy" to be the golden rule of life, and that the shortest way from one point to another is always in a straight line. Hence, it will ever be my pride to let my practice illustrate this beautiful sentiment. I do not see why a shop may not be made a temple of truth—and cannot understand why a falsehood "in the way of business" is not, after all, a falsehood in all its bearings. Lies are lies, and no outside, skin-deep gilding will give to the base metal the value of the precious ore. I have, I am sorry to say, known tradesmen with great wrathfulness nail a proffered pocket-piece to their counter, and still from their own mouths continue to issue counterfeit truths—in fact, to do nothing but speak pocket-pieces. Yes, sir; I have known them do this, and never blush or stammer when their eye has fallen on the copper countenance of the false half-crown, gleaming reproachfully upon them. But then, to pass bad money is a statutable offence—whilst to pass lies for truths, if adroitly uttered from behind the counter, is nothing more than to do a clever stroke of business. The one practice has led men to the gallows—the other has taken them to the Bank of England.

"All in the way of trade" is, I know, a phrase that covers great hypocrisy, great practical deceit, great injustice between man and man. It is a convenient phrase, that from long custom has become an allowed apology for the trickeries of dealers. But a highwayman, who takes a purse, might as well believe that the black crape which hides his face from the knowledge of the despoiled, does also hide from his own soul a knowledge of his iniquity. How often is the "way of trade" no other than so much black crape worn behind the counter! A man may be as completely robbed by means of a false protestation, as though the lie were a loaded pistol.

There is, I know, a tenderness in the law towards the trippings of trade, that seems to show a positive sympathy between law and roguery. Men, it would almost seem, by general understanding, allow the necessity of wrong as a proper alloy to keep society together. Pure unmixed gold is too good for coin that is to suffer the wear and tear of passing from hand to hand; and so, that it may endure the longer, it is mingled with a little wholesome copper. In the like way, law seems to think pure honesty as altogether too refined for the hard working-day purposes of trade, and therefore looks indulgently upon its little shifts—its winning "ways." Let me further explain myself.

My opposite neighbour is a chandler and green-grocer: he makes his gains out of the veriest poor. Rags and keenest hunger are his miserable customers. You would think, sir, that when a tradesman held the scales for such buyers, justice would be to him a high religion. Well, sir, it was only yesterday that this very man was found to use false weights. It was his third offence; and he was fined by the compassionating law—ten pounds!

This same man has at the present moment a boy in gaol, doomed for six months, for stealing from his shop, when very hungry, one red herring. Thus, the tradesman may rob by means of scales and measures, merely paying for a sort of licence to cheat, when detected: the very gains of his iniquity, too, go to lessen the fine; he can in fact, with tolerable luck, afford to rob. Now, does not law that makes such robbery only fineable, look most tenderly upon the evil-doing? Does it not give a marked preference to the thief behind the counter above the picker and stealer before it? Hence—use light weights, and pay money for the theft; filch with your five fingers, and do hard-labour in gaol. Besides, the tradesman is sweetened—purified by the fine; the stain upon his reputation is blotted up by bank-paper: now the vulgar thief always bears about him the foul odour of a prison. The keen nostrils of the police continually smell in him his first iniquity.

Now, sir, it will be my endeavour, as a tradesman, to acknowledge no "ways of trade"—to consider truth as truth in the smallest as in the greatest affairs of life. With this belief, I shall take my daily stand behind the counter, and cheerfully leave to Providence the rest. Tell me, dear sir, if I am not right,

And believe me, yours sincerely,

JOHN BALANCE.

LETTER XXXIV.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

MR JOHN BALANCE,

I HAVE known you from a boy—yes, from a very babe—and I did not think you capable of insulting the friend of your excellent father. Worthy soul! it is a good thing that he is out of the world: he is, it is my belief, saved that worst of all sorrows—a headlong, disobedient child. Your letter is enough to make him shiver in his coffin.

I can well understand your insinuation about the false weights. It is base and cruel. To me, with honourable gray hairs upon my head! To me, almost old enough to be your grandfather! It is true, that, in my time, I was fined, I think three times; but then, I always proved that the false weights had been substituted by a malicious servant. The fines were certainly never returned to me; but there was not one well-disposed person of the Sunday congregation—and twice a-day, MR. JOHN BALANCE, did I appear in my pew, reserving my evening of rest to look over my books—not one of them who did not believe in my innocence. But then, I always studied respectability.

Your notions of business are the notions of a noodle. Truth is very beautiful no doubt, but if stark-naked truth was always to stand behind a counter I should like to know who'd go into the shop. I know the value of truth as well as any man. And throughout my long and useful life I always used it as the dear late partner of my joys used her silver teapot—upon holiday occasions. I had too much respect for the real value of truth to be always bringing it out upon working-days.

You have no knowledge of the real talent required by a tradesman, and therefore I should advise you to go to sea, or list for a soldier. There is nothing so worthy of the attention of man—of his immortal spirit, as the Reverend MR. DOUBLECHIN used to call it—as business. It employs all the strength of the soul—for the end and aim of all business is for man to look upon the rest of the world as only so many people to make so much money of. He is to consider them—that is, in a business way—as made especially for his own profit as a tradesman. And so, if he has only common sense, he is to use it as he best can for his own advantage. As for what you stupidly call lies, I always looked upon them as necessary tools for business—things without which it would be impossible to keep open shop. Lies are a sort of wooden pegs that keep the world together as if it was a box; nice little things, so let into the work as never to be seen. Take out the pegs, and how would the box tumble to pieces!

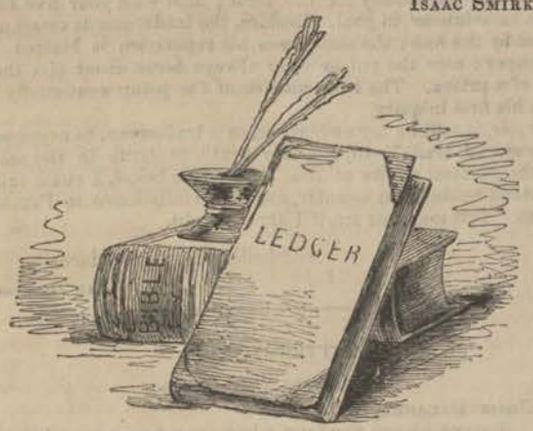
When you are really come to years of discretion you will know that the private man and the tradesman are not at all one. Certainly not. I, ISAAC SMIRK, behind the counter, was not the ISAAC SMIRK dressed for church on Sundays. How could I be? How was I to bring up a large family—as yet you don't know the expense of clothing and schooling six children—in respectability, if I'd played

the antics you talk of? No; trade is one thing, and what we call morals are another. Six days for business, and the seventh for religious duties. That, MR. JOHN BALANCE, has always been my motto; and following it, I never yet had a bill protested, but became in time what I now am—a respectable, happy man, who can lay his hand upon his heart and say he has thirty thousand pounds—a man who has married his daughters to fortunes, and, moreover, subscribes to —it isn't for me to say how many charities.

Looking at your letter as the madness of a green boy, I have condescended to answer it at this length. I trust that years and experience may make you see the error of your ways. That they may do so, is the hope of

Your still well-wisher,

ISAAC SMIRK.



HURRAH FOR HIGH-HANDED JUSTICE!

WE are glad to see that the wisdom of our ancestors, as evinced in the punishment of offenders, which, we feared, had fallen into general contempt, continues, in some favoured nooks of these dominions, to govern the proceedings of the magistracy.

A glorious case occurred at the BANBURY Petty Sessions. One JOHN COGGINS, labourer, was charged with an offence against the Game Laws. He had been seen, on the morning of the 1st of September, walking about in a stubble field with a gun. WILLIAM COWLING, one of the EARL OF JERSEY'S lookers-out, saw him, the rascal! COGGINS, to be sure, had no dog, nor did any game get up, neither did he fire; but witness took his gun away. A stupid jury might have doubted whether he was sparrow shooting or not, or have believed his story, that he was going to guard his potatoe crop. But he had a true English magistrate to deal with, who was too deep for the rogue.

Mr. MATTHEWS said, it was painful to him to address the prisoner. Of course. Mr. MATTHEWS, says the *Times* Reporter, is a clergyman, as well as a sportsman; and we may excuse the weakness: particularly as Mr. MATTHEWS, smothering his sensibilities, inflicted on the offender a penalty of ten pounds: and said, a distress warrant should be levied for the amount. COGGINS declared that his goods would not fetch that money. "Then," said the just MATTHEWS (how well a malediction in a lay mouth would have sounded after the "Then!") "you stand committed for two months' hard labour."

COGGINS will probably be ruined, with his wife and family, if he has any. This is the way to keep fellows in order. This is the method to teach people what they are at. Would that our 'Squirearchy had still the making of the laws. Rogues would soon see what was what. Oh, for the good old days of the stocks, the pillory, and the gallows! Alas! they scarcely ever hang any body now!

Princely Thrift.

IT appears that Kennington Common, whilom a place for cricket and other healthful sports, is to be built upon, to benefit the estate of the Prince of Wales as Duke of Cornwall. These places have been called the lungs of a town. Surely, to choke the lungs is hardly the best way to captivate the heart. Will the Prince of Wales be more beloved in Kennington if only known as the Prince of Bricks and Mortar?

REWARD OF MERIT.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH, having been snubbed by the East Indian Directors, is comforted with an Earldom by Her Majesty's Cabinet. Ah, reader —are you a father? If so, have you not sometimes very properly rebuked your boy JACKEY for his headstrong tricks; and has not his too-indulgent mother wiped the little rascal's eyes, and given him cake or apple because he was just naughty enough to be corrected?

A SCENE IN THE COURT OF BANKRUPTCY.

(*Before* SIR C. F. WILLIAMS.)

IN the bankruptcy of a person named SMITH, a question arose as to whether a widow should receive out of the estate a debt that was legally barred by the statute.

Sir C. F. Williams. Certainly it ought to be so, justice is justice; (*to the Solicitor*) I say, sir, it ought to be done.

Solicitor. I shall be very happy to bow to the Court, and if you, sir, will give the order——

Sir C. F. Williams. I shall give no order, sir. I will not be dictated to by any man breathing. The widow ought to have the money.

Solicitor. So I thought, SIR CHARLES, and if I have your authority——

Sir C. F. Williams. Sir, you have no authority. I am the only person that has authority here. This Court must not be a bear-garden.

Solicitor. Well, SIR CHARLES, then I can do nothing.

Sir C. F. Williams. Nor will I be bullied, sir. There is only one broad principle of justice. Who is that old gentleman in the corner of the Court? If he has anything to do with the case, let him be sworn.

Solicitor. He has nothing to do with it, sir, except as a friend of one of the parties.

Sir C. F. Williams. Swear him: I insist on his being sworn. (*To Old Gentleman*) You seem a wonderful man, sir. Let me hear what you have to say.

Old Gentleman. I have nothing to say, sir.

Sir C. F. Williams. I say, sir, you are a wonderful man. What is your age, sir?

Old Gentleman. Seventy-eight.

Sir C. F. Williams. Bless my soul, sir! Indeed! Well to be sure! I shall not fail to inform LADY WILLIAMS of the fact. (*To the Solicitor*) Now, sir, How about the widow? Is this money to be paid? or must she be tricked out of it by the statute?

Solicitor. It is for you to say, sir.

Sir C. F. Williams. Then, sir, I will not say. Are you the Judge in this Court, or am I? So long as I exercise any jurisdiction at all, I am determined—(*To the Usher*) Call that old gentleman back. What age did he say he was?

Usher. Seventy-eight, SIR CHARLES.

Sir C. F. Williams. Bless my soul, how I shall astonish LADY WILLIAMS. (*To the Solicitor*) Sir, this is irrelevant and indecent.

Solicitor. It is, SIR CHARLES, very.

Sir C. F. Williams. If you don't turn that man out of Court, usher, I will. Go and bring that old gentleman back again. I'll see him in my private room. He's a wonder. Eighty-seven!

Usher. Seventy-eight, SIR CHARLES.

Sir C. F. Williams. I will not submit to be corrected by the usher of the Court—this is the most indecent scene ever witnessed in a court of justice.—(*Exit Usher hurriedly, Sir C. F. Williams following.*)

LIBERATION OF THE GREAT BRITAIN.

NOTHING, since the liberation of O'CONNELL, has excited so great a sensation as the talked of liberation of the *Great Britain*, steamer, from her long and unmerited confinement in the dock of Bristol. Never was a prisoner known to be kept in the dock so long, and the penalty has been inflicted in spite of the fine old national allegory of "Britains never, never shall be slaves," for "never never" was there such a slave—as this unfortunate *Great Britain*. She was built to be, what is expressively termed, a 'regular out and outer,' but never having been able to get *out*, she has never had a chance of showing whether she could fulfil the designs of her builders. It is now definitively arranged that the dock shall be demolished, and as the noble captive passes over the gate that formerly obstructed her, "See the conquering hero comes!" will be played on the Jew's harp, by a resident professor of that simplest of Mosaic instruments.

Sympathy in the City.

WE understand an address has been numerously signed, and will shortly be presented, to SIR CLAUDIUS HUNTER, condoling with him on the dreadful shock he received at Windsor, when LOUIS-PHILIPPE mistook him for SIR PETER LAURIE. The worthy Alderman has been in a very low state ever since, and his friends say it is very doubtful if he will ever recover from the melancholy accident.

THE MEEK REMONSTRANCE OF THE MAN IN BRASS!

TO MR. ALDERMAN GIBBS.

THE last twenty years, Sir, I have always been one of the principal sights at the Lord Mayor's Show. When I say this, I needn't tell you that I am the man who rides in brass armour. I was brought up to the Bar, but having, in consequence of a fatal modesty of temperament, failed as an Old Bailey pleader, I was compelled to make the most of my very fine figure by riding the high horse every ninth of November in a complete suit of mail. Denied the Old Bailey Bar, I nevertheless still thought I could profit by brass in some shape.

I confess it; I have very often thought myself elevated above my merits. When, riding in state, and looking over the heads of certain Aldermen, I have thought that nature had created them with a larger claim to the brass than myself. Nevertheless, I have thought they had sufficient opportunity of exhibiting their native metal on the magistrate's bench and at Guildhall meetings. Hereupon I did not feel wholly abashed at the unworthiness of my elevation.

Alas, Sir, now it is otherwise! With you, elected as Lord Mayor, my position is gone. It is impossible that I can stand against such rivalry. I shall be no more thought of in the show than so much gilt gingerbread. Those who deign to look at me will turn away from my despised glories, as men turn away from bad money. "*You* the man in brass!" they will cry, with contemptuous unbelief—"Pooh—pooh—a rascally counterfeit." And then, Sir, they will turn to a certain carriage, and, with an exulting shout—a shout that, through my metal, must wither my very marrow—will acknowledge the presence of the true thing—the Man of the Greatest Brass in all famed London's city.

I beseech you, Sir, think of my condition. Let me be paid, for I cannot forego the fee; but, good Sir, dispense with my services on the coming ninth of November. Why should I be set upon horseback, only to serve as a foil to your surpassing merits? Besides, to put metal upon metal is bad heraldry. Therefore, Sir, let me, on the important ninth, remain in the bosom of my family. Do not enforce my presence in the procession only to conquer me. As you are strong, be merciful; and so you shall ever have the sympathising admiration of Yours, eclipsed,

THE MAN IN BRASS.

THE GEESE ON THE THAMES.

WE regret to say that the LORD MAYOR and civic authorities, jealous of the attraction of MR. BARRY in his washing tub drawn by geese, which threatened to extinguish the glories of swan-hopping day, have forbidden all such exhibitions for the future. We believe, however, that that inventive person, MR. RICHARD LAMBERT JONES, has suggested to MR. GIBBS that it would have a famous effect if, instead of using the LORD MAYOR'S barge, in the next civic water-party, MR. GIBBS were to allow himself to be drawn in a tub by four of his supporters chosen from the Court of Aldermen. SIR PETER LAURIE is all a-gog for the scheme, and there is a tremendous competition among the members of the court for the honour of appearing in harness. SIR PETER will, of course, take the place of one of the leading ganders.

APPROACHING ALLIANCE.

SHORTLY will be united in the bonds of political wedlock, REPEAL, of Dublin, to WHIGGISM, closely allied to a wealthy Bedford family. MR. O'CONNELL will give away REPEAL. After the union, the happy pair will make the *grand tour* of Ireland, and towards February repair to their parents' seats in the House of Commons.

WISDOM OF THE COURT OF ALDERMEN.

BIGOTRY is a spicy dish; and we know exactly the sort of faces that glow above it—the sort of ears pricked up with keen delight at the savoury morsel. Delicious is turtle; nevertheless, it is occasionally flat, insipid, compared to a highly-seasoned prejudice, cooked according to that time-honoured recipe—"the wisdom of our ancestors." Within these few days, the Court of Aldermen have been gluttonous at such feeding. Yes; they have banqueted upon a Jew, and filled themselves to their very hearts' enjoyment.

MR. SALOMONS, it is well known, has been elected Alderman of Portsoken. He has, however, been rejected by a majority of the Court of Aldermen, who would not even give him time—a poor fortnight—to consult counsel. MR. SALOMONS might have sneaked into the violet and miniver "as a separatist," under the Act of 1838. But MR. SALOMONS is, in the noblest sense of the word, a gentleman; and he refused to do so. He might have subscribed the declaration "upon the true faith of a Christian;" but he rejected the quibble. For, as *Touchstone's* knight swore "upon his honour, that the mustard was naught;" yet, on *Touchstone's* showing, was not forsworn, seeing he had no honour to be sworn upon; so might MR. SALOMONS have subscribed "upon the true faith of a Christian," being in the strictest sense of the Jewish nation. But MR. SALOMONS, with a true nobility of nature, spurned the subterfuge.

SIR PETER LAURIE attempted to be very learned in the law. As we read his speech, we saw in our mind's eye a plethoric flesh-fly kicking and struggling in a cobweb, and fixing itself the faster with every wriggle.

However, the Court of Aldermen vindicated the ways of good old Madam Bigotry, and rejected the philanthropist, the gentleman—DAVID SALOMONS. Poor Bigotry! the time was, when the flushed harridan rejoiced herself at an *auto-da-fe*—when she delighted herself with a Jew roasting at the stake! "That time, with all its aching joys, is past;" nevertheless, if she cannot still burn a Jew for his faith, she may yet insult him for the creed that is within him—and that is something. Is it not great, wise, benevolent SIR PETER!

BATHS FOR THE MILLION.

UDGING, from the public meetings, buildings will soon be wanted for the new public baths. We propose Covent Garden Theatre: it is useless, of a capital size, and an overflow in any part of the house would be quite a novelty there. The pit would make a capital bath, and the stage a first-rate springing-board. The chandelier could be made into the largest shower-bath in the world, and the one-shilling gallery is the very thing for a reservoir. The private boxes will give ready-made dressing-rooms, and the scenery-room from its height will at any time dry a million of towels. Shampooing might be performed in the treasury. The scenery from *The Daughter of the Danube*, or the Bath-scene from the *Revolt of the Harem*, could be carried round the stage, and flowers from spicy Arabia planted in the slips. Quadrille parties might be given once a-week, and Polkas be danced every Saturday, Jullien's orchestra being rowed about in a large wherry, or tugged by a small steamer. In winter the pit could easily be frozen over and turned into a GLACIARUM. This new Bath-Theatre, we are confident, would answer, especially as the depth under the stage going, as it does, more than half-way towards an Artesian well, would enable the Proprietors to get their water merely for the boring.

Lovely Law.

SARAH GREENGROVE, a hungry girl, pulls a few turnips in a field near Maidstone. She is brought before the Petty Sessions, and fined fourpence for the turnips, with *three-and-sixpence* costs, and sixpence penalty. The crime is assessed at sixpence; and the thief is then robbed by Law (with a crape upon its face), disguised as Costs, of—three-and-sixpence! We ask, which is the greatest thief? How often does some magistrate, with a Burgundy face, mouth it very solemnly on the necessity of the poor respecting the laws! With such cases as the above before us, why not preach respect for Sawney Bean, or any other child-eater?

A RAILWAY RECIPE.

THE Richmond Railway purposes, we see, to carry its line over the Hungerford Suspension Bridge. MRS. GLASS's advice was never more needed than in this instance, "First catch your Hungerford Bridge."

FRESCOES IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

MR. R. LAMBERT JONES begs to inform *Punch* that, according to his plan, the interior of the Royal Exchange will be decorated with frescoes designs by HERR SANG, the subjects chosen by Mr. R. LAMBERT JONES. In order to give these frescoes an historical value in addition to their artistic one, and to make of the Royal Exchange a sort of Valhalla of City worthies, the figures, which are all allegorical, are portraits. Mr. R. LAMBERT JONES respectfully submits for *Punch's* approbation the enclosed list of subjects, with the names of the parties, whose portraits will be introduced, appended to each subject.

For the Hall.

THE THREE CHRISTIAN VIRTUES.

I. FAITH. Symbolised by MR. CHRISTOPHER, M.P. for North Lincolnshire, with the Sliding Scale in his hand, looking up to SIR ROBERT PEEL.

II. HOPE. A large proprietor of Pennsylvania Bonds, holding out a blank receipt.

III. CHARITY. SIR JAMES GRAHAM, in the uniform of a Union Beadle, pouring gruel down a pauper's throat, through a horn of plenty.

For the Vestibules.

I. SUBJECT FROM CHORUS, *Act. I., Henry V.*

> "Then shall the warlike Chronicle
> Assume the port of MARS, while at his heels,
> Leashed in like hounds, shall Famine, Sword, and Fire
> Crouch for employment."

Mars, the God of War	LORD PALMERSTON.
Famine	LORD MAYOR MAGNAY.
Sword	The REV. MR. PRITCHARD.
Fire	The PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

II. JUSTICE HOLDING THE BALANCE . MR. ALDERMAN GIBBS.

III. THE FINE ARTS WELCOMED BY THE GENIUS OF THE CITY.

Fine Arts	MR. EX-SHERIFF MOON.
The Genius of the City	MR. R. L. JONES.

CHRISTIAN HUMILITY "BY INCHES."

IN a brief account of the restoration of St. Olave's Church, Southwark, we are delighted to meet with the following golden syllables :—

"THE PEWS HAVE BEEN CUT DOWN MANY—INCHES!"

It is a homely saying, that an inch is a good deal in a man's nose. It is plain that some folks think the same measurement equally important in a man's pew.

Nevertheless, we hail this small sacrifice to Christian humility as something. It is too much to expect that well-dressed, well-fed, and very well-to-do believers can all of a sudden throw down the pews which have so long enshrined them from the poor and struggling church-goer—from the man who, with a soul to be saved, does nevertheless pray for its salvation on a wooden bench. To do this, would be to confound all those nice distinctions of fortune and wardrobe never, with propriety, to be forgotten in moments of devoutest sacrifice.

Besides, consider the danger to worldly respectability from suddenly leaving off a pew. What a comfortable, snug thing it is : how it wraps a man about, keeping him from vulgar breath! How it warms his Christianity, making him feel something superior to the mass of common clay! And what? Leave off the pew all at once! Why, dear sir, your Christianity may take cold—may fall into a decline—may, alas! die outright. No, sir, no. Do with your pew as careful people do with their flannel in spring : throw it not off all at once, but, copying tender St. Olave, leave your pew off by inches.

When we consider the enormous altitude of much church-going pride, a curious and most difficult sum forces itself upon our mind. It is this. We give it to be worked by any bishop, cunning in such arithmetic :—

If a man leave off an inch of his pew a year, in how many years will he sink to the true standard of Christian humility?

We have had curious calculations of the time consumed by a cannon-ball in its imagined transit from a star to the earth—now, there are some souls, heavy in their pride as iron shot : how long may it take to send them from the earth to the stars? Alas! who shall say?

Nevertheless, we hail this sacrifice of inches. Our only fear is, that the coy Christianity of St. Olave having given an inch, the revolutionists of pews may clamour for an ell.

OPENING OF THE EXCHANGE—THE MAGNAY MANIFESTO.

"Jove in his chair,
Of the sky Lord Mayor."—*Midas*.

IF it be true—and desolate, indeed, is the sceptic who doubts the heart-delighting axiom—that every man, no matter how low and poor in worldly estate, has, nevertheless, a stake in this our merry England, it is by consequence another truth, that there is no artificer so humble, no labourer so mean, no man whose sole wealth is in his sinews, to whom England's Exchange has not a significant value—a most pleasing interest. True it is, *he* cannot come "smug upon the mart;" *he* can make no lucky bargains there; *he* cannot every day shake hands with greeting Fortune, returning home a cosier and a richer man. No; the Exchange is for the merchant prince: it is the palace of trade reared for its golden potentates—a Temple of Commerce wherein her magnificos do profitable sacrifice. Yet what are princes without subjects?

"Alone, alone;
Prison'd in ermine and a golden chair."

What your merchant, but the lucky representative of labour—what all bargains but, in truth, the sweat of thousands turned to the enriching use of two or three? Look at that Crœsus of the ledger, whose simple yea passes good for half a million. What, in the very majesty of money, does he sell but the toil of his vassals? What is he, if not the chapman and dealer in human energies? Therefore, most true it is that the meanest labourer has some interest in England's Exchange. Hence, Monday was a day of rightful rejoicing to the veriest drudge of trade. And yet—how it happened we know not—yet might the holiday have been poorly kept by those to whom holidays are few. Such vulgar folks—whatever might be their expectations—were significantly rebuked by London's Mayor. Yes; LORD MAGNAY, in one of those pithy edicts which high place and wealth delight to publish, commanded Labour to keep quiet at home, lest, we presume, his coarse looks should spoil the triumph. Listen to the big voice of Guildhall:—

"That no person be *allowed to pass or remain* in the Poultry, Mansion-house Street, Cornhill, Bartholomew Lane, or Threadneedle Street, *after 7 o'clock*, except inhabitants and others going to the houses in those streets, who will be permitted to pass for that purpose until 9 o'clock, after which time *no person whatever will be admitted into those streets.*"

Happy, privileged people, who had houses or friends "in those streets." Otherwise, they were to be shut out from the Eden "after 7 o'clock;" whilst even the few elect householders might not budge either out or in after nine. Great is the voice of Mayors! Yet have we—O MAGNAY!—a shrewd suspicion that you cannot wield your mace thus despotically. It is our belief, that, for all your civic regality, LORD DENMAN would, in the Court of Queen's Bench, construe the law somewhat to your confusion. A man not permitted to quit or enter his own house after nine o'clock! What a stab with the city dagger at Magna Charta! Does not the ghost of KING JOHN, like UNCLE TOBY, draw a long breath, then whistle—*Lillibulero!*

We doubt not thousands hugged themselves in the fond, the loyal thought, that Monday would be to them a day of jubilee. True, they had neither houses nor householder acquaintance in the line of procession; but then there was their ancient right of way—there was their allowed property in the broad pavement—they at least possessed, as it has been truly called, that triumph of democracy. There they could stand and gaze to their hearts' content, and look at even the great Lord Mayor, burly with the thoughts of baronetcy—at those merchant princes on horseback—the solemn aldermen—at the sage ones of the common council, in their gowns of mazarine. And in good time, being almost sated with feeding on these civic glories, they might at length behold the crowning wonder in the royal carriage and its royal burthen. Then would the poorest Englishman, in a loyal gush of heart, feel that he had a stake in the country. However impertinent it might be in his poverty to think so, still he would for some brief moments revel in the delusion. Yes; the life guards were his—the chamberlain—every officer of state—the cream-coloured horses, the royal carriage,—everything that made up the type of England's power and greatness, were, for one intoxicating moment, a part of his own importance as an Englishman; and even, forgetful of the empty cupboard at home, he would huzza in the very fulness of his ideal possession.

But no; such enthusiasm—such fond delusion—was not to be permitted by the Lord Mayor. MAGNAY "shook his ambrosial curls, and gave the nod," and the line of procession was not to be defiled in the city. The pavement was to be held sacred from poor men's shoes. And the Lord Mayor doubtless blessed himself for his wisdom. Why should the pavement be thronged? Were there not seats "to be let" in shop fronts—even at attic windows? Did not hundreds of householders offer hospitality—for a consideration? Why, we pay our hard cash to look even at playhouse royalty, and shall the mob stare at a real anointed QUEEN gratis? Forbid it, loyalty—forbid it, true respectability!

Seats! Why, churchyard clay was let for temporary building. There, above the consecrated earth, there—where

"The rude shopkeepers of the parish sleep,"—

were built up accommodation for hundreds; and there did dear, sight-seeing Woman, gaily, lightly clad, sit for patient hours, smiling though shivering, and all forgetful of the coffins under foot—all nobly heedless of the colds and damps that might perchance, in some few weeks, send her to slumber with the dead below.

Now, if really respectable people—that is, if people with money—will suffer and tempt all this and more, though "that is not much," will brave the contemptuous pity of the cynic for the love of such a sight as that of Monday, ought it for a moment to be thought of that the labouring poor should be permitted to have even the most fitful glance for nothing? Why, it is a shameful slight—a gross affront to those who can pay for seats, only to imagine it. No; to make the poor uncomfortable, is often only a proper homage to the snug and well-to-do.

And the Royal Exchange was opened. The QUEEN was feasted in all queenly glory. The sons of Commerce—that is, the elder sons—did all that in their pockets lay to honour and be honoured. Her Majesty looked around her, and saw hundreds of men with the revenues of princes, and all paid by trade. She saw, as we have said, the elder sons of Commerce in the triumph, and flush, and fulness of their wealth. There they were, in that magnificent temple reared to their greatness. What a glorious gathering! how full and complete the satisfaction! Nothing—no tittle—was wanting to the national triumph.

Yes—we think—one thing. It may be thought sullen, carping in us to suggest a fault. We cannot help it. Even though LAURIE deem us cynical, it shall out. The elder sons of Commerce! And where, we ask, were the younger ones; they, the brethren doomed, with treble toil, to a starveling patrimony? Why was there not a deputation—a chosen few, just one small table full—from the sons of labour—yea, and from the daughters too? Some score or so of the toilsome hands, without whom England's Royal Exchange would be of no more account than a Temple of the Winds? Surely it could not have marred the glory of the picture, but rather—properly disposed—have blended, an harmonious whole, to have had a few—just a few—of those whose sweat is, after all, the only gold of your prince merchant. It would have been pleasing to see this; to mark the touching acknowledgment of plethoric wealth to toiling poverty. It was, doubtless, a goodly sight to the QUEEN to behold merchants, each the owner of a navy. Would her eye have frowned had she also seen—as a representative of his class—one drudging ship-porter, only one, with his equals in labour, at the lowest table? We think such a group would have added finish to the picture; but the committee had, doubtless, better judgment. Yet, would such a homely party have had a use; for like skeletons at an Egyptian revel, it might have mutely preached to merchant princes one common humanity.

However, at the opening of the next New Exchange—yes, in the year 2844—all this may perhaps be altered. Q

MODEST PROPOSALS FOR A FASHIONABLE PROPRIETARY CHAPEL.

THE growing desire of the very vulgar poor to visit church may in the minds of some people, it is much to be feared, go far to bring the true interests of religion into contempt, it is here proposed by certain zealous projectors to build a chapel for the exclusive use of the rich and the very respectable. People in high-lows and corduroys are never seen in the pit of the Opera, and wherefore should they be suffered to elbow ladies and gentlemen in their fashionable devotions? For such people are there not meeting-houses, nay, even churches?

Keenly alive to the wants of the superior classes of the neighbourhood of ———, the present projectors intend to build a Proprietary Chapel, which shall, in all its appointments, make religion, like venison, a luxury for the better orders. Every pew—like an opera-box—will bear so high a price, that it will be unattainable save by the wealthy; thus, every religionist will have the comfort of confessing himself once a week "a miserable sinner" only in the very best society. He is hereby spared the humiliation of such an avowal in the presence of the vulgar, who too frequently presume upon such merely ceremonious confession. If a gentleman *is* a "miserable sinner," is there any necessity that he should condescend to own as much to the very riff-raff? Certainly not.

The elegance and the costliness of the pews—they will be fitted up under the tasteful direction of MR. BRADWELL, late of Covent Garden Theatre—ensuring the most select subscribers, the sermons to be preached will, it is believed, be of corresponding beauty and superiority. Thus it may be confidently promised, that the minister engaged will never talk of "corruption," and "the grave," and "the worm that never dies," and such distressing subjects—well enough, and indeed very proper for working people with nerves like whip-cord—but will so order his discourse that it shall not ruffle a single feather of the very downiest conscience. Hence the subscribers to the pews may take a sermon as they take a tepid bath—for a soft and pleasureable sensation. Not even in the shape of one of his matches, shall LUCIFER be in any way permitted in the proposed edifice.

A clergyman has been engaged, at an enormous expense, who brings with him the highest and most delicate testimonials: namely, a silver warming-pan, the tribute of one admiring fashionable flock, and two dozen lawn handkerchiefs marked with the hair of the spinsters of another congregation.

Male and female vocalists, from the theatres, are engaged; and M. JULLIEN will occasionally preside at the organ.

The beadle already engaged has lived as butler to an earl, and is therefore used to good society.

The pew-openers have also waited on the upper ranks, having in their youth employed themselves as family governesses.

No subscriptions returned. *Vivat Regina!*

Civic Sorrows.

IT was noticed as a very curious coincidence, that the place appropriated to the Common Crier in the civic procession was immediately after ALDERMAN GIBBS. Our beautiful allegory of GOG and MAGOG mourning for the city was thus carried out by the Common Crier following the new Lord Mayor, and of course crying most grievously at the prospect before him.

ARITHMETIC AND DYNAMICS.

"IF," said LORD RADNOR, to the Highworth labourers, "I could get 8*d.* a perch, and I let it to you for 5*d.*, I should make you a present of 3*d.*" Could COCKER have shown a deeper knowledge of subtraction, or ARCHIMEDES a better acquaintance with the properties of the Screw?

MAGNAY'S ORDERS AND REGULATIONS,

FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF FREE CITIZENS.

The following rules are issued all together,
By order of the Mayor—(*Signed*) MUGGYWEATHER.

THAT law shall be to-day the Mayor's caprice,
And none shall go, or come, or pass in peace,
Or stand, when once set down by the police.

That London's lauded freemen, shut in-doors,
Shall let their freedom down upon all-fours,
And trade with winks and nods from second floors.

That citizens on roofs are not allowed
To push their chimney-pots, or patrons proud,
Or country cousins, down upon the crowd.

That every honest man his hat shall doff
To GIBBS upon his horse, nor hiss and scoff;
And no inhabitant shall cry, "*Off, off!*"

That none who from the windows view the show,
Shall tread upon the toes of throngs below,
Who can't move on, and must not stop or go.

That vehicles shall vanish on some plan,
And passengers find plugholes to a man,
And all the crowd go nowhere, how they can.

These are, meantime, in spite of all aspersions,
Framed to facilitate our "MAG's diversions!"

THE LAWYER'S CLERK QUESTION SETTLED.

(TO THE INGENIOUS MR. BABBAGE.)

HOPE you will excuse me for troubling you with a little suggestion. My office is absolutely choked up with letters from Lawyers' Clerks, complaining of over-work, under-pay, and ill-usage. I write almost up to the elbows in a mass of this kind of correspondence. You will naturally ask, what is this to you? Sir, you shall hear, presently.

I pity the case of the poor Clerks; but what can I do for them? In the first place, I cannot serve their employers with a writ—the only kind of argument they could be expected to attend to. In the next, supposing I could redress the grievances of the servant, my bosom, ligneous as it is, would bleed for the unhappy master. What would be the feelings of an Attorney at having three hours, perhaps, of service wrenched from him per day, and as much as a crown a week additional extracted from his pocket? What, indeed, could extort so much, but the *peine forte et dure?*

Now, Mr. BABBAGE, I will tell you what I wish you would do. You have invented a Calculating Machine. Cannot you likewise invent an Engrossing Machine—an Automaton Lawyer's Clerk? The misery of the Clerk at present in use is, that his frame is composed of flesh and blood; that there is a heart in his breast, a brain in his skull; there are nerves, pulses, and other delicate and touchy structures in his anatomy; and emotions and sensibilities in his moral nature. This constitution of his ill qualifies him to work on an oak seat, leaning against a hard desk from morning till near midnight, and to exist on some few shillings a week, with an old widowed mother, it may be, or perhaps a wife and children, to support out of that. It creates, also, a demand for an occasional holiday; a demand which, for six-and-eightpenny considerations, cannot, for the most part, be acceded to, even in the Long Vacation. But, ingenious Sir, could you construct an Automaton Clerk, all these inconveniences would be obviated. Mahogany has no nervous system, springs and wires do not vibrate with sensations; and to the Attorney's wrong and the Solicitor's contumely, the whole clockwork would be impassible. The machine could not contract matrimony and have to keep a family; and were you, Sir, its Parent, (which Heaven avert!) to fall into distress, it would not be called upon to maintain you. It would bear all kinds of indignity and ill-treatment without a murmur; it could call no meetings, write no letters to the newspapers. Like master like slave, it would be wholly unfeeling. It would work all day, and night too, if necessary, uncomplainingly, till it got out of order; and then it might be mended. Here is a Clerk that would work incessantly, and neither eat, sleep, want payment, or grumble: thus, I apprehend, exactly supplying the Attorney's grand desideratum—I would advise you to call it THE PATENT INSENSIBLE LAWYER'S CLERK.

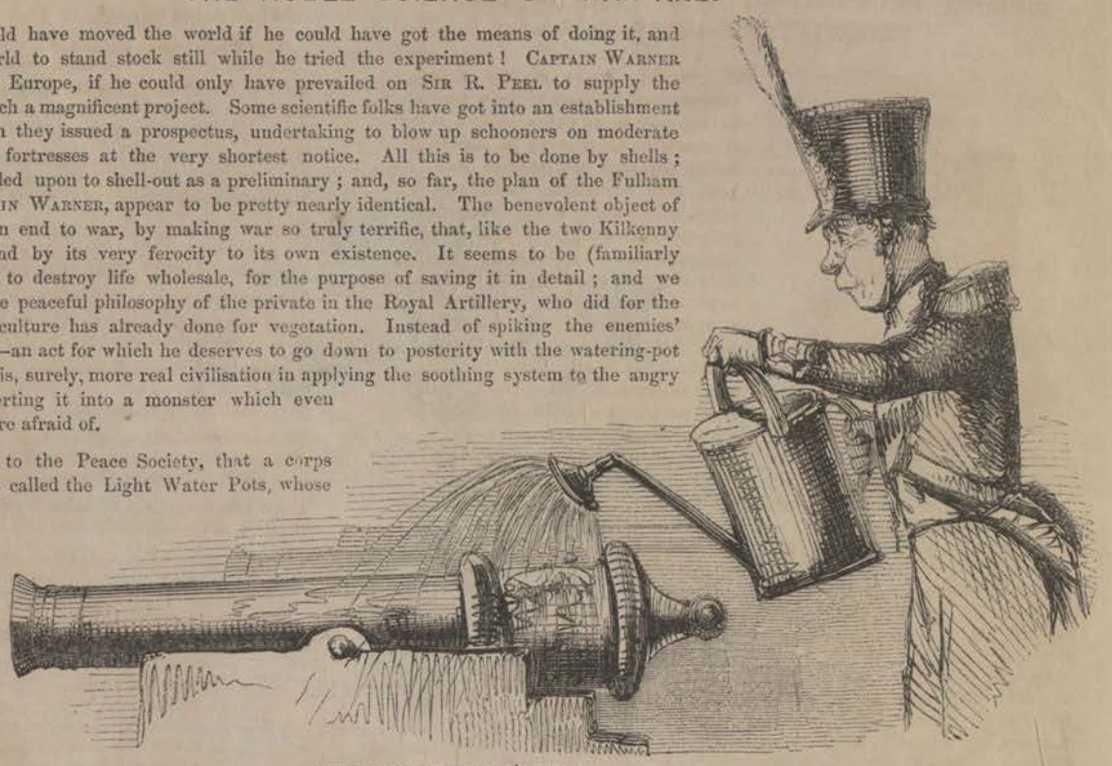
I am, ingenious Sir, yours respectfully,

PUNCH.

THE NOBLE SCIENCE OF WARFARE.

ARCHIMEDES would have moved the world if he could have got the means of doing it, and then got the world to stand stock still while he tried the experiment! CAPTAIN WARNER would have spifflicated Europe, if he could only have prevailed on SIR R. PEEL to supply the powder and shot for such a magnificent project. Some scientific folks have got into an establishment at Fulham, from which they issued a prospectus, undertaking to blow up schooners on moderate terms, and annihilate fortresses at the very shortest notice. All this is to be done by shells; but the public are called upon to shell-out as a preliminary; and, so far, the plan of the Fulham folks and that of CAPTAIN WARNER, appear to be pretty nearly identical. The benevolent object of the parties is, to put an end to war, by making war so truly terrific, that, like the two Kilkenny cats, it will put an end by its very ferocity to its own existence. It seems to be (familiarly speaking,) a rum idea to destroy life wholesale, for the purpose of saving it in detail; and we must say, we prefer the peaceful philosophy of the private in the Royal Artillery, who did for the touch-hole, what horticulture has already done for vegetation. Instead of spiking the enemies' guns he watered them—an act for which he deserves to go down to posterity with the watering-pot in his hand—for there is, surely, more real civilisation in applying the soothing system to the angry cannon, than in converting it into a monster which even those whom it serves are afraid of.

We should suggest to the Peace Society, that a corps should be raised, to be called the Light Water Pots, whose duty it should be to damp the fury of the enemies' guns; and thus introduce a real Grand Junction between all the nations of the world.



DESTROYING THE ENEMY'S GUNS.

THE HARE AND THE PEASANT.

ALTHOUGH many of the pure-minded who offer incense at Exeter Hall, may not be conscious of the fact, it is nevertheless most true that JOHN BULL has his idols; to the which with most sanctimonious face he is ever and anon sacrificing men, women, and babes. JOHN, with a look of pitying disgust, talks of the superstitions of the past and of the present: he laments the darkness of the heathen who have their sacred apes, their consecrated crocodiles. Nay, JOHN does more than this. JOHN unbuttons his pocket, and pays men to build ships, that truth and wisdom may be carried to idolaters. He enlists missionaries—he sends forth the hopeful and strong-hearted to wither beneath a pestilential climate, so that even withering, they may be ministrant of civilisation to the savage. And all the while—simple JOHN—that he is paying for and labouring in these good works—he has his own pet idols—his own baboons and alligators—with his "bold peasantry," as their constant victims. Alas! ere JOHN shall again count up these abominations of the heathen, let him calculate the number of men, with their wives and families, sacrificed at every quarter-sessions to the idols of the landlord—to his hares, his pheasants, and his partridges!

THE BELLS OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

MUCH disappointment has been expressed at the bells of the Royal Exchange being fitted up with old tunes, instead of being placed in the hands of native composers. A rapid stride might have been taken in favour of English opera, if the British bell-rope had been confided to some of our English musicians. Though unfortunately they are so much addicted to pulling different ways, that fearful discord would perhaps have been the consequence.

PROFESSOR TAYLOR has, however, composed a very effective solo for the largest bell, with a chorus for the little ones. We understand that DONIZETTI will be invited to write a romance for the street-door bell, and a duett for that and the knockers,—with full accompaniments for a peal of six-and-twenty muffin boys, to which the general postman will form a bass of surprising depth and grandeur. The effect of this composition will not be tried until the Exchange is in full operation, and the muffin season has set in, which may be looked for in the course of nature within a week or two.

THE CITIZENS AND THEIR HORSES.

IT would hardly have been supposed, from the awkwardness of several of the citizens on horseback on Monday, that they and their horses had ever met before; but the fact is, that the animals had been introduced formally to their riders on the previous Thursday. The interesting interview took place at DAVIS'S riding-school in the Blackfriars Road, the ring of which was devoted to the reception of the select circle. The noble animals had been brought up expressly from Woolwich; and were, one by one, introduced by Mr. DAVIS, who acted as master of the ceremonies, after the following fashion:

OLD JACK, SIR PETER LAURIE—SIR PETER LAURIE, OLD JACK. Horse tosses his head—LAURIE bows.

Sir Peter. I'm glad to see you, JACK.

Horse. He! he! he!

Sir Peter. A facetious animal, upon my honour! I'll try and mount.

Horse. (*kicks out behind, and snorts.*)

Sir Peter. That's as much as to say *neigh* (*nay*), my fine fellow.

Horse. He! he! he!

Davis (*coming up*). Well, Sir Peter, what do you think of your new friend?

Sir Peter. I never saw so little breeding.

Davis. Oh, nonsense, Sir Peter: you're strange just now, but you'll get on better together after a bit.

Sir Peter. Get on together! I can't get on a bit—he won't let me.

Such was the "peculiar badinage" that passed on the occasion, and it was ultimately agreed that, in consequence of the general difficulty of mounting, the crane which is used for drawing up the hay and straw into the loft should be at the service of those gentlemen who might desire at once to be placed in the saddle without any preliminary rearing of the quadrupeds. The civic cavalry would, of course, therefore, be drawn up in single line—that is to say, with one rope—previous to joining the procession.

THE CIVIC MAZEPPA.

"AGAIN HE URGES ON HIS WILD CAREER."

THE disappearance of GIBBS from the civic procession created some little astonishment, and many were the inquiries as to what had become of him. The following Poem gives a bold, but very probable, notion of how the Alderman was really occupied on the day of the opening of the Royal Exchange. It is supposed that some of his fellow parishioners, meeting with him in a back street, caught hold of him, and tied him on to a horse, which got dreadfully into a-rear, and was then suffered to run on without the smallest check—thus typifying the state of the accounts of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. The Poem begins at the period when the Alderman is about to undergo his equestrian martyrdom.

"Bring forth the horse!" the horse was brought;
In truth he was a noble steed—
A creature of the hackney sort,
Dash'd slightly with the dray-horse breed.
His sire had drawn a fly,
Into which six would often cram;
His mother was of lineage high,
Himself was worth—well worth his dam.
He plunged, he kick'd, he rear'd, he snorted,
With ears erect and eye distorted;
He switch'd his tail, he show'd his hoof—
E'en WIDDICOMB had kept aloof
At sight of such a noble steed,
He was a precious beast indeed.
They seized me fiercely by the daddle;
They thrust me down into the saddle;
They tied me strongly by the bridle:
The horrid brute began to shy,
To kick, to amble, and to sidle,
And then away they let him fly;
Away, away! my breath is gone;
Still gallop, gallop, gallop on.
Down, down the street, and up the Strand,
Over the woman's apple-stand.
We pass the cabs, and here we are,
Plunged at one bound through Temple Bar.
The courser's fleetness seems to mock
The slowness of St. Dunstan's Clock.

Away, away, we madly whisk
Along! past Waithman's Obelisk!
On, on we go, we gallop still
Up Ludgate's gently rising hill.
A moment now our way seems barr'd,
Oh! shall we stop at last?
'Tis the barrier at St. Paul's Church Yard—
No, no, he gallops past.
I pull'd the bridle, but in vain,
The horse refused my will to heed;
Each motion of the useless rein
But madden'd him to wilder speed.
I tried my voice; but nonsense, pooh!
Onwards the brute contemptuous flew:
At times I thought he must have stopp'd,
When 'gainst an omnibus he whopp'd;
But vain my hopes! the sudden blow
Served but to make him faster go.
Away, away, we turn and wind,
Leaving the city far behind.
He tears away, hock touching hock,
Swift up the Hill of Haverstock:
Until, with just exhausted breath,
At last he reaches Hampstead Heath.
The brute has only strength to bound
Into the well-remembered Pound;
Where in the morning we were found
By a policeman going his round.

THE GAME LAWS;

OR, THE SACRIFICE OF THE PEASANT TO THE HARE.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER

LETTER XXXV.

FROM A MATRON TO A NEWLY-MARRIED YOUNG LADY, ON THE TREATMENT OF A HUSBAND.

My dear Claribel,

Your honeymoon being over, I feel it my duty—as, indeed, it will be my pleasure—to instruct you in the serious purposes of marriage. I have had my trials, my dear, in what is called the blessed state, and could if I chose write this letter in the tears of widowhood. Three times have I been bereft of the tenderest of husbands—for every one of the dear men was really so—and now am I left like the lonely dove, to murmur alone. I have, however, this satisfaction, to know that I managed them all to my heart's content, whilst they—dear, simple lambs!—believed they managed me.

Men in their extreme ignorance call us the weaker sex. The weaker sex! When—and they know it—we can pull and play with their hearts'-strings as little children play with toy harlequins. However, never disabuse them of the fond conceit. Our weakness, as they are pleased to call it, is our best strength. Continue to make your husband think you the most delicate of creatures, and he will treasure you accordingly. We all of us seem pretty well to know and follow out this truth in days of courtship, but forget it almost as soon as the clerk has said amen. This, my dear girl, is the great error of our sex: it is this that makes wife the slave and husband the master. Now it has ever been my plan to perpetuate the privilege that courtship gives us, throughout every day of wedlock. And very properly. What! is your lap-dog that obediently fetches and carries—is he suddenly to refuse to obey you, and only because you have put a collar round his neck, and hold him by the ring of a chain at your third finger? Therefore, my dear, let your nerves be always delicate: hence, your husband will treasure you like a precious piece of china. Be foolish enough to appear robust, and, on the contrary, you will have no more care bestowed upon you than a red clay pipkin.

There are, I know, brutes in the human form, not to be deceived; but your husband is, I trust, not of them. As a girl, I remember a monster of the sort. My own dear mother—from whom, let me confess it, I learned many precious lessons—she made as much as any woman of her nerves. Well, one day, my father poking the fire, down came—as you know, sometimes they will come, with such a clatter—the shovel and tongs. My mother screamed, declared my father wanted to get rid of her, and immediately retired to her chamber. Though a party was to dine with us, my mother—true to her principles—resolutely went to bed. My father was all self-reproach and sorrow. He related the unfortunate event to the monster I speak of, saying something about "the wear and tear of the female constitution." Whereupon, I shall never forget it, the wretch replied—"Pooh—pooh! Female constitution! It never wears—it never tears: at the worst it only stretches." And this—their conduct proves it—is the brutal faith of thousands. My dear father, however, was of the contrary belief: so well too did my dear mother manage, that after this fall of the shovel and tongs, he never after poked the fire as if the poker was really his own. And this is as it should be.

Hence, my dear girl, cultivate your nerves: you can't pet 'em too much. Something will always be happening in the house,—and unless your husband be worse than a stone,—every new fright will be as good as a new gown or a new trinket to you. There are some domestic wounds only to be healed by the jeweller.

I don't advise you not to love your husband very much,—but never show the abundance of it. How men impose upon what I call a superfluity of affection, it is dreadful to think of! No; there is a decent sort of tenderness—a sort of tepid love—that is the safest. It never permits a wife to commit herself; it never shows to the man that he is supreme in her affections, and so enables him to sport with them. However, do not let him think himself indifferent to you: certainly not; at least, let the poor man have the benefit of the doubt.

In the slightest case of sisterly frailty, be all indignation. It is the very easiest and cheapest way of airing your own excessive goodness. Now and then, too, you can—with great pain to yourself, of course—hazard suspicions of some of your acquaintance. Suspicion, skilfully used, is an excellent thing. Like a little dust of rouge, if very tenderly laid on, it throws out in fine relief the natural beauty of the wearer. Rouge is a darling little fib, that lies, as somebody says, like truth—and so, I take it, is if properly applied, a slight suspicion. They may both colour false modesty.

There is, too, a sort of side-wind way that will enable you at once to please and tease your husband. Jealousy—that is, a happy affectation of the passion—is a wonderful weapon in a skilful hand. Therefore, when walking with the poor man, declare that he looks at every woman he meets, and sulk accordingly. Sometimes, however, vary the accusation, and declare that every woman he meets looks at him. From this assumed fact, you can make any deductions, and endeavour in a torrent of words to declare how very, very miserable you ought to be. The man, of course, must think himself dear to you, or wherefore such fantastic jealousy? He must feel, though with a feeling of wretchedness, that you love him; or wherefore show the love with so much misery to him? Does not puss love the live yet wounded mouse she bites and scratches?

Again, as to temper, never let it be certain. Husbands—I know them—presume upon evenness of temper. No, let your husband feel that he is never safe. He will accordingly be gentle, watchful, in his manner. Hence, be at times in the most exuberant spirits; and then, with a thought—at some unconscious look of your husband, some playful word—have a mute tongue, and brows of threatening thunder. In your very gayest moments, let your helpmate feel as if he is called upon to admire some curious gun—very beautiful, but to be most carefully handled, lest it go off, and destroy him.

If your husband wishes for music, declare you have a sudden headache, and add this, he ought to have seen as much, and not have asked you. If, on the contrary, he has a book, or would doze by the fire, immediately play the "*Battle of Prague*," with all the cannon accompaniments.

If he wish you to go out with him, say he always asks you when he knows you can't go; and then, on the contrary, desire that he shall take you to the opera or play, when you are well aware that he has some previous engagement.

On this point, too, be particularly obdurate. When your husband goes out with a likelihood of returning home late, insist upon sitting up for him. He may urge, that he can take the key; that, in fact, it will annoy him to keep anybody from their bed. Meet all this with a cold, decisive assurance, that you *will* sit up for him. If he come home late, what a delicious triumph for you! There you are, my love—*I* always was—in your nightcap and wrapt in three shawls, making up yourself for the picture of a very much wronged woman. The culprit at length returns; you catch his eye, and lead it to dwell upon the reproachful candle guttering in the socket—that candle, which in very weariness of heart and for nothing else, you have every five minutes mangled with the snuffers, as though unconsciously to make the case all the stronger against your offending mate. Sometimes on such occasions, say nothing, but cold as a statue walk up-stairs. Sometimes, too, it will add considerably to the pain of the criminal, if you carefully draw a sigh, and "wish you were in your grave."

As for your husband's friends, give them always a chilling welcome. If now and then they insist upon staying, as you think, late,—declare that they have had wine enough, and they ought to know it.

My dear mother had an admirable way. Two or three times—for

my father never tempted her oftener—she sat up guarding the fire-place. No coal did she suffer to approach it. The fire went out; it was piercing winter; and then in a triumph, only known to such a wife, did she retire to her room, comforting herself that "They 'd soon be starved out, and must go."

I have herein, my love, thrown down only a few hints; but I can add a great many more to them, if I find you worthy of my teaching.

In the mean time, I remain your affectionate friend,

TABITHA TALONS.

LETTER XXXVI.

THE YOUNG LADY'S ANSWER.

MADAM,

At present, I have no wish that my husband should leave me; when I have, I shall lose no time in availing myself of your instructions, feeling quite convinced that they could not but very soon lead to such a conclusion.

I remain, yours &c.,

CLARIBEL SMITH.

MAGNAY THE MAGNATE.

WE understand the following were the original regulations, of which MAGNAY the Magnate had prepared a draft, in a fit of after-dinner dignity. The fact of his dining, as usual, alone, accounts for the regulations being such as, if he had had a friend at his elbow, he never would have been permitted to promulgate.

Regulations.

WE, MAGNAY, Monarch of the Mansion House, King of all the Cockneys, and Defender of Temple Bar, hereby declare our royal will, that nobody shall, on any pretext whatever, go in or out, backwards or forwards, or to, by, or from his own abode, between the hours of nine and six, on the 28th of October; and we further order, that persons in need of medical assistance shall postpone their necessity until after the latter hour, or take the consequences as part of the honour conferred on them by the visit of her Majesty: For whereas, the old Greeks (*here his Lordship called for another bottle of his own private champagne*), for whereas, the old Greeks did make sacrifices, called holocausts, on the triumphal entry of their Roman Emperors ("*There's a bit of classical for 'em*," *writes his Lordship, in a note*): And whereas (*more champagne*), it is much better that twenty citizens should die than one sovereign should be impeded—for it is the law of the land that sovereigns do always pass—("*There's a joke for 'em; surely that'll do*"); and our blessed sovereign shall pass, or my name ain't

Magnay.

These regulations were, of course, carefully edited by the City Remembrancer, whose duty, we suppose, is to remember when the Lord Mayor forgets himself. The spirit of the regulations, it will however be seen, was preserved faithfully.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.—OF TITLE BY OCCUPANCY.

SINCE we began writing the present elaborate work, we have made it a rule never to sit down to a fresh chapter without reading through the whole of the Statutes at Large, to see what the law originally *was*; and we then turn to the recent acts to see what the law *is* on the subject we are about to treat of.

Title by occupancy appears to have been a sort of title that a man acquires to a place in the pit of a theatre, which he takes by the mere act of jumping into it. We had arrived at this conclusion when we lighted on the 29th Car. II., c. 3; and we gradually kept reading up to the 14th of Geo. II., when, having got as far as chapter 20, we discovered that the title of common occupancy is utterly extinct and abolished. We therefore considered it useless to put the match to that mine of learning with which we were ready to explode, and batter away the barriers to legal knowledge, for, as title by occupancy was semi-smashed by the 29th Car. II, and received the finishing blow from the 14th of Geo. II., it is not quite consistent with the plan of this work to say anything more upon the subject.

In accordance, however, with the quaint practice of the old law-writers, we feel justified in beginning to talk about something else when we find there is nothing to be said about the matter which nominally forms the subject of our chapter. We, therefore, rush precipitately from title by occupancy to the consideration of islands rising in the middle of seas and rivers. These belong to the king, if they start up suddenly, like ghosts through stage traps; but if they collect together by slow and imperceptible degrees, like the building of the NELSON column, they go to the owner of the land adjoining. Land left dry in the middle of the sea sometimes belongs to the first occupant—the Goodwin Sands to wit—but when the tide comes up, the occupant is glad to release his claim by means of a regular conveyance.

It is a maxim, that whatever hath no owner is vested by law in the sovereign; but this is hardly correct, for an infant left deserted, without an owner, on the step of a door, with a flannel waistcoat on, is vested in the flannel, without being vested in the sovereign.

THE ALDERMAN.

(BY A PARISHIONER OF ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.)

How gallantly, how merrily, they ride upon their way;
Fleet-street is in commotion, the QUEEN comes here to-day!
The Aldermen are mounted, and sitting bolt-upright,
Like riders in whose eyes it is no joke to hold on tight.

All London owns their triumph, they ride along two-deep,
Small boys come up to look at them, their seats so well they keep.
In their wake, as mild as new milk, stand policemen stiff and stark;
Oh! who would not be Aldermen, in such a famous lark!

Oh! proud must be *our* Alderman (tho' he looks queer to-day),
Of all the glories he shall win upon next Lord Mayor's day;
He 's fought the fight and conquered (*how*, is neither here nor there),
Nobility, which he shall have, when he 's installed *Lord* Mayor.

I would I were an Alderman, churchwarden in our ward,
To hold the books for eighteen years, and no accounts afford.
I 'd say to *Punch* or CROLY, who dare to make so free,
Some day I 'll be Lord Mayor, and then you 'll see what you will see!

Our Alderman look'd half-ashamed, and more ashamed he grew,
Still spoke he to SIR CLAUDIUS, and smiled on all he knew;
He look'd up to the windows, and he look'd down by his knee,
And there, in every hand, his eye that horrid *Punch* did see!

Last night an awful rumour came over Walbrook way,
And we heard our fine old Alderman the balance meant to pay;
The Vestry hoped it might be so, but nought else could we hear
To give us hope we should be out of Chancery this year.

All night we talked it over, we couldn't go to sleep,
And this morning, all through Walbrook, on GIBBS our eye we keep.
He rides among the Aldermen, his gay gown streaming free,
But we fear we may whistle ere the balance we shall see.

THE BEADLES OF ENGLAND.

Our articles on the British Beadlery have had a very remarkable effect on that extraordinary body—a body, by-the-by, which we are justified in looking at as an offshoot from the early Beefeatery of our Saxon ancestors. While, however, we are gratified to see the effect of our criticisms on the Beadlery in general, we are sorry to perceive that Lowther Arcade has rushed, from the very midst of meanness, into the extremes of extravagance. Lowther Arcade has torn the cheap Berlin from the hand, and the used-up gossamer from the head, of her Beadle, to replace the one with kid, and the other with a *chapeau* emblazoned with a profusion of gold-lace of the costliest character. This was not our object. We never contemplated urging the Lowther Arcade into the absurdity of bedizening her Beadle; our objection simply was, to a beadle of "shreds and patches:" for such a beadle ought not, we thought, to wield the cane and the destinies—at once—of an extensive thoroughfare.

Our purpose always has been to give to every street and arcade a cheap Beadle—but, at the same time, a decent Beadle. Lowther Arcade has wrapped him up in gaudy trappings, and the result is that the figged-out functionary is fast falling into the arms of a sort of luxurious indolence, which is too often the consequence of ill-judged finery. We trust that the Arcade will come to its senses, and at once proceed to strip her Beadle of that superfluous lace which can only enervate the mind—and thus impair the efficiency of him who wears it.

THE KING OF SAXONY AND THE JEW JE WELLER

"The King of Saxony, before his journey to England, made purchases of a Jewish jeweller to the amount of 30,000 dollars *for presents*. On distributing them it appeared that most of the stones were *false*, for which reason the *return of all the presents* is requested."—*Dutch paper.*

"Ha! False—false to me! to me!
Are there no stones in heaven——"—*Othello.*

"Now know all men, *by these presents*,"
Kings are diddled, safe as peasants.

Rings and watches, bracelets, collars,
Costing thirty thousand dollars—
These the King of every Saxon
He could lay a loyal tax on,
Scorning credit gave his cash for—
What on earth was he so rash for!
"Jeweller" begins with "Jew,"
And alas! it ends there too.

False the stone, and false the giver,
Royal gifts not worth a stiver.
Here a bauble, there a trinket,
Both mere rubbish, would you think it!
See this diamond snuff-box! —— it,
Who 'd suppose a king could sham it!
Now know all men by these presents,
Kings are chisell'd, safe as peasants.

Monarchs' bounties are as real
As their mercies—both ideal.
So you thought that thing a ruby!
This a topaz!—you 're a booby.
So this belt where sapphires met are—
Jews themselves a precious set are!
Now know all men by these presents,
Kings are bit as well as peasants.

This carbuncle 's not quite burning,—
Still a gift there 's no returning;
Diamonds, though of humble water,
Grace, you know, one 's dowdy daughter!
What, you 've *sold* it! Whew! good lack, Sir,
Why, you 've got to give it back Sir!
"Jeweller begins with "Jew,"
And alas! it ends there too.

This is an insulting make-game,
How I hate the give-and-take game!
Say these pearls are not the thing, man?
Why I had them from a King, man!
Precious stones he 's given to us,
Who would think a King could do us!
Now know all men by these presents,
Kings are done as brown as peasants.

Let us add one serious clause, Sir;
This is how they make the laws, Sir,
If the council tends to ruin,
'Tis because they let the Jew in,
Who—we throw this moral hint off—
For the opal palms the flint off.
"Jeweller" begins with "Jew,"
And alas! it ends there too.

But your kings, though strongly feeling
Ministers' most Jewish dealing,
Never call the false laws in, lad;
They may end as they begin, lad—
Monarchs ne'er reveal, beweep them;
You have got them, you may keep them.
Kings are chisell'd, by these presents,
Just as states will diddle peasants.

MAZEPPA GIBBS.

It will be seen that it was adjudged prudent for Alderman Gibbs not to take part in the civic procession. *Ride si sapis* was the maxim of the laughing philosopher; but don't ride *si sapis* was evidently whispered by somebody into the ear of the churchwarden of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. It is probable that the Lord Mayor elect is keeping himself back for the ninth of November. It would certainly have been a pity to have weakened the effect his appearance is likely to produce on the latter occasion.

To gib is to back out, and Gibbs has shown his wisdom in gibbing or backing out of a ceremony where he might have divided the attention of the public with the Sovereign, in a manner that he would, perhaps, have found rather disagreeable.

Queen Elizabeth and the Citizens.

It is reported that when Queen Elizabeth visited the city, she dismissed her military attendants, and the Spanish Ambassador having inquired, rather impertinently, "Where are your Majesty's guards?" she replied, pointing to the citizens, "These are my guards." We have searched into the truth of this anecdote, and find that Queen Elizabeth was asked the question, but the reply was not exactly as it is stated above. Her Majesty pointed to the mob, and said in the quaint phraseology of the period, "Guards, my lord ambassador! marry what need I of guards, when my Lord Mayor sends me so many of these honest black-guards to wait upon me!"

NEW BOOKS.

We have to announce the publication of *Tecumseh*, a Tragedy, &c., from the goose-quill of "George Jones, Esq., M.R.S." Our limits do not permit us, in one Number, to canvass the pretensions of Mr. Jones; we shall, therefore, for a time, devote a weekly column to a consideration of his merits. By such means we shall be enabled to display his grammar, his taste, his style, his ignorance, his effrontery, his most amusing conceit. We shall commence this herculean labour next week. Jones, by the way, in his *Preface*, has a fling at us and others as "atheistical writers." Atheistical! That is, we do not believe in Jones.

THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Monday, the 28th of October, dawned somewhat hazily, and a fog, which came up to town with one of the early busses, threatened to obscure one of the brightest days in the civic annals. On entering the metropolis the stranger was met by barriers at every turn, for the authorities even in the most distant parts of London tried to get up a notion that they had something to do with the ceremony; and the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields particularly distinguished itself by barricading all its principal thoroughfares, so that vehicles kept rushing about from street to street, up and down, backwards and forwards, in consequence of the arrangements that had been made for facilitating their progress. On reaching the Strand, mounds of gravel thrown into the middle of the road announced the fact that something national was about to happen. The various shops in the line of procession were fitted up in a style that showed a severe struggle between loyalty and lucre, for the devices partook equally of puffs for the goods and affection for the sovereign. At an early hour, people who had been persuaded that they must be in time to secure good seats, for which they had paid ten shillings in advance, took up their stations in the shop windows as decoy ducks to those who got the same accommodation for about half-a-crown, by dropping in just in time to view the procession. St. Clement's Churchyard presented a small array of shivering victims at eight o'clock, who had paid half-a-guinea each; but at about eleven, the gallery was tolerably well filled at a shilling a head from the casual comers.

It was a glorious sight to see the goods removed from the windows of the shops on the line, and female loveliness occupying the places of shawls and sugar. Unfortunately, in some places the tickets were left in the upper panes, while the company filled the lower; and thus we saw "Alarming Failure" suspended immediately over the head of a gentleman who had been expressly got up in a white waistcoat and curled hair to do honour to the occasion. A splendid galaxy of British beauty was labelled "Tremendous Sacrifice, all at Four-and-nine;" while a group of juveniles grinned gracefully under a ticket announcing "Families Supplied" to the astonished multitude. The newspaper offices accommodated their advertisers, and we recognised A. Rowland and Son lolling in the first-floor window of a Sunday print; while the individuals who are continually apostrophising "Those about to Marry," were peering over the parapet.

The decorations of the houses were of various merit, and among others we particularly noticed Isherwood's, of Ludgate Hill, where a piece of calico was suspended from a walking-stick, out of the window on the fifth story. The calico was richly fringed with age, for it was literally unravelled—and such a mystery as such a flag, really stood in need of unravelling. We must acquit Isherwood, who is a Decorator, of any wish to puff himself, for that bit of dirty calico was never exhibited as a specimen of his decorative powers.

The next extraordinary instance of illustrative failure was at Dakin and Company's, the tea-dealers, in St. Paul's Church-yard. These gentlemen exhibited a tableau of four men, emptying horns of plenty into nothing, surmounted by a portrait of the Queen, with two black eyes, and having underneath some allusion to the sun never setting on her possessions. Who was the artist of Dakin and Company we should be glad to know, that we might avoid him.

Immediately opposite the transparency was an immense window crammed full with British Manhood and Female Beauty, with the words "Warranted not to shrink," inscribed on a large ticket exactly over them — the label usually applied to broadcloth; but it was not inappropriate to those spectators who might have shrunk affrighted from such a picture as the transparency of Dakin and Company exhibited. An unscrupulous galloping of horse guards on to the toes of the multitude announced the approach of the procession, and the wanton plunging of the policemen's staves into the breasts of the crowd, bespoke the propinquity of the spectacle. The *cortège* began with two evident glass-coaches, and a hired cab with a livery groom put in it, to make believe it was a private one. Then came the royal carriages with all sorts of equerries and sticks and grooms in them, and then followed a few trumpeters with palpable Taglionis, ill-concealed under gowns of scarlet; then came the Common-councilmen, trembling on their horses, with the artilleryman, who was in the habit of riding the noble beast, at the side of each. Then came the Remembrancer in an awful state of trepidation, nearly overbalanced by a terrific weapon, which he poised on the whole with some dexterity. The Aldermen next appeared amid shouts of laughter, and one of them was evidently negotiating with the artilleryman whether he should dismount from his horse, in consequence of the animal being disposed to an amiable amble. A correspondent, by the bye, subsequently informed us that there was ultimately a dissolution of partnership between the gallant Alderman in question and the horse alluded to, which indeed was

"NOTHING MORE THAN WAS TO BE EXPECTED."

Next came the Lord Mayor, Magnay the Magnificent, with his hair brushed up into a Brutus, and nursing the Sword of State on the front of his saddle. Then followed the Queen jolting along in the State-coach, which caused her by its rickety motion to keep up a series of involuntary bowings to the very enthusiastic multitude. Then came the Ambassadors, most of them in respectable equipages, but one in a clear case of fly with an attendant in a turban on the coach-box. It must have been Sidi or Seedy Mohamed; for nothing could have been much seedier than the whole arrangement. And then—it was all over; and people who had stood on ledges nine inches wide for hours, hung over parapets for half-a-day, sat in churchyards since daybreak, and got a front place on the kerb-stone at six to be driven to a back place at eleven, began to wonder whether it had been worth the trouble. Champagne reconciled some, while others found solace in sandwiches. For ourselves, we rushed into both, for that satisfaction which the hollow pageantry had scarcely afforded us.—On the return of the procession, *Punch* being anxious to afford her Majesty some amusement after the fatigues of the day, issued from his Office, which had already attracted the Queen's attention, and presented his last Number. Her Majesty received it with great affability, and it formed the subject of entertainment to the Queen and the Prince on their return to the Palace.

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PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XXXVII.

FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, SOLICITING HIS FATHER TO PAY HIS DEBTS.

My dear Father,

How often have you told me that I should see my folly! Indeed, sir, you are a true prophet! I never thought it possible that I could look upon the world as now, in very truth, I find it—a deceitful, hollow, seductive place, in which there is nothing worthy of the mind of man, save those inestimable comforts which, had I but followed your wise and excellent counsel, I should by this time have been in the enjoyment of. Ah, sir! there are many young men who, in their worst misfortunes—and can there be worse than debt?—are nevertheless spared the remorse which at this moment preys upon your wretched son. They—poor fellows!—may have been launched upon the sea of life—as you have often pertinently called this vale of tears—without rudder or compass; with nothing, sir, to direct or counsel them. It is no wonder when such men suffer shipwreck, or are stripped by pirates. But, sir, I vainly seek a single comforting excuse. I have had the best of men and kindest of fathers, who has bestowed upon me advice of greater value than pearls—more precious than gold. And yet how headstrong, wild, and vicious—yes, sir, I blush to write it—vicious I have been, reckless of those inestimable precepts which of themselves ought to have enriched me with a treasure more lasting than wealth. But, sir, at length I am convinced. Yes, sir, my eyes are opened, and I now behold the precipice on which I stand. Another step or two and I had been lost for ever. But there is yet time to draw back—yes, sir, aided by your parental hand—there is, I fondly hope, yet time for me to regain all that I have lost; except, indeed, the precious hours that, as you once beautifully expressed it, I have cast away like water in the sea.

I write, sir, as you will perceive, from a prison. Ha! my honoured father, it is—I humbly believe—impossible even for you to imagine the change that prison walls have worked in me. They have softened my heart—they have made me take an inside look into myself—they have shown me, written with a terrible hand, the long, long list of all my vices, all my follies; they have—but I cannot pursue the theme. The very recollection of the pain I have caused you almost makes me drop the pen abashed; nevertheless, I will struggle with my feelings, and, if only for penance, try to proceed.

With all my sufferings, I nevertheless try to feel grateful to my creditors who have placed me here. There are, I am sorry to write it, young men in this prison upon whom the moral of the place (as I call it) seems entirely lost. They give themselves up to the most reckless enjoyments; they drink—for, somehow, drink *is* smuggled—they game, they play at rackets;—in fact, they sink from bad to worse, and when they return to the world, they will, I fear, visit it more like pests, than as reformed, rational creatures. Again and again have I been tempted by some of these brawlers to join in what they madly call their pleasures. But no, sir; I trust I am not wholly lost. Hitherto, I have lived as much as possible apart from all—I have read, sir, read the *one* Book, which it was your best advice to me always to read. There are lost young men in this place, who say a father—"governor" is their slang expression—is a person made by Providence only to pay his son's bills; I hope, sir, that I have a truer, a nobler notion of the uses of a parent. I fervently trust that in entreating of you for this, the third and last time, to pay my debts, you will believe me when I assure you that I do this with the greatest reverence for your parental character—with (whether you grant or refuse my prayer) abounding gratitude for all that you have accomplished for a hitherto unworthy son.

I assure you, dear sir, this time my penitence is profound. From my present feelings, I know I can withstand all future temptations. "Ha, ha!" cried one of the spendthrifts here, "you 'll soon get tired of this moping, miserable life; you 'll soon be a jolly, roaring, drinking dog like one of us." But no, sir! although this prison should be my grave, it shall at least be the tomb of a penitent.

With many burning blushes I enclose you a list of all my debts—really all; pay them, my dearest father, and be assured of the gratitude and obedience of

Your erring, but affectionate Son,

Charles Butter.

P.S.—I have been urged to liberate myself as a bankrupt; but I trust, sir, I can still feel like your son—can still respect the honour of the family. I 'll die first.

LETTER XXXVIII.

THE FATHER'S ANSWER.

Sir,

You have seen your folly so often that, it is evident, by this time you are quite accustomed to it. All your long letter may be boiled down, like spinach, into three words, "Pay my debts." All the rest is mere flourish—mere palaver. No, sir; you may break my heart, but you shall not break my fortune. I 'll not pay a single sixpence.

I am, your affectionate Father,

John Butter.

P.S.—You may become a bankrupt as soon as you like. Thank heaven! the honour of the family is too secure to be injured by such an unprincipled spendthrift. Not a sixpence, sir—not a single sixpence.

LETTER XXXIX.

FROM THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S MOTHER.

My beloved Boy,

I haven't slept a wink since you 've been in that horrid place. I had n't yet dared to speak to your father, but I saved your letter, which, in a dreadful rage, he threw upon the fire. Ha! my dear boy, that letter made me almost happy. With the abilities you have to write such a letter, what might you not do in this world! If you would only be your own friend, what could stand in your way?

But I please myself in the belief that your repentance is sincere. I am heartily glad that you have nothing to do with the riotous and sinful set about you: most glad to find that you neither drink, nor game, nor do anything but read that *one* Book. Continue to do so, my dear boy, and depend upon it your father shan't have a minute's rest in his own house until you are again among us. God bless you!

Your affectionate Mother,

Martha Butter.

P.S.—I send you 10*l*. I hope this time that your list of debts is quite correct: that you have put all down: for you know how you deceived your poor father twice before.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.—GIBBS, MAYOR!

"Hung be the heavens with black!"—*Shakspere.*

AT an early hour this morning, (Nov. 9th, 1844,) the solemn tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's struck upon the heart of the City of London. After a short interval, the bell of every other city church also pealed forth; whilst the bell of St. Stephen's—"swinging slow, with sullen roar"—had a peculiarly heavy note of lamentation. It seemed as if some great—some monstrous evil—had fallen upon a doomed people! Misery—a sense of degradation—appeared in the lengthened faces of all men! Milkwomen served their ha'porths with a sigh—housemaids, for once speechless, took in the fluid, and, with apron corner, wiped away a tear. Even old-clothesmen crept stealthily along, as though "shod with felt," and the very dogs, that had any voice to bark, barked hysterically! The birds in cages, at the windows, sat in lumps upon their perches, motionless and dumb.

On every coach stand, coach and cab-men were seen, looking down with leaden eyes upon their horses' backs, and listlessly playing with their whip-thongs. Even the horses drooped, with the unchewed hay depending from their mouths. All—all was desolation!

Men would meet one another, pause a moment, and then desperately smiting their foreheads with their fists, start madly on; others would heave a deep groan, and creep away, as though they crawled to the grave. Whilst ever and anon, some miserable wretch, whose grief was too mighty for his heart, would wring his hands, and scream in terrible *alto*—"GIBBS is Mayor! GIBBS is Mayor!" "Woe—woe to London!" yelled another. "A doomed generation!" groaned a third! And still the bells tolled, tolled, tolled!

Ere the silent citizens had swallowed their fourth roll, and eaten their tenth egg, most of the houses in the line of procession from the Guildhall displayed emblems of woe. Almost from every window hung yards of sable cloth; whilst not a few civic patriots had caused all their shutters to be painted three coats black.

MR. LAMBERT JONES had, at his own cost, arrayed the Wellington statue in a very respectable—if, indeed, respectability is a word for such a frantic moment—in a very respectable mourning cloak; and it was observed by those who had strength to look up, that under the circumstances his Grace looked as well as could be expected.

Some sympathising, unseen hand had also given to the statue of QUEEN ANNE, St. Paul's Churchyard, a petticoat of blackest bombazine. But neither time nor space will allow us to particularise the many types of woe.

Silence reigned in Guildhall. The sheriffs who were in attendance, evidently thought themselves in Newgate, and behaved accordingly. The members of the Court of Aldermen seemed ashamed of themselves and said nothing. Two or three were observed to desperately bite their nails. SIR PETER LAURIE alone began a smile, but even *he* could not go through with it!

At half past eleven, the Lord Mayor was informed that the Sheriffs were waiting for him, when he descended to the Council-Chamber. The unfortunate man walked with tolerable firmness; shook hands with the Sheriffs; said he felt happy, and having begun to suck an orange, intimated that he was quite prepared!

The mournful procession then moved on.

Order of Procession.

Spectators, Looking Rueful, and Dressed in Black.

THE LUMBER TROOP WITH LOADED CARBINES.

Two boys, an old man, and a little girl, from the Margate Infirmary.

THE MARGATE BATHING-MACHINE, WITH "GIBBS, TREASURER!" PAINTED OUTSIDE IN BLACK.

THE BEADLE OF WALBROOK, HIS STAFF COVERED WITH CRAPE.

A File of Scavengers in their Working-Dresses.

A FISHMONGER (HIS LORDSHIP'S COMPANY)

With Banner inscribed, "Eels Skinned at Walbrook!"

The Sexton of Walbrook, with Banner inscribed, "Four Quarters' Salary."

The Model of Walbrook Church, (much dilapidated).

THE ORGANIST OF WALBROOK, WITH BANNER INSCRIBED, "I AM STARVING!"

A PEW-OPENER OF WALBROOK, WRINGING HER HANDS.

THE EMPTY CARRIAGE of the LATE LORD MAYOR,

(His late Lordship staying at home.)

A BOOK,

Clasped with iron clasps, and padlocked; inscribed, "Churchwarden's Accounts; to be continued in Chancery."

Parishioners (in Decent Mourning) of Walbrook.

CHARITY BOYS OF WALBROOK—OUT AT ELBOWS.

Banner inscribed, "Short reckonings make long friends!"

PRESENT CHURCHWARDEN OF WALBROOK.

Banner—"This cold, flinty Rock."

THE SHERIFFS, WITH ALL THEIR OFFICERS.

Wooden Sword Bearer, the very Common Crier, and several Land and Water Bailiffs.

THE HONOURABLE LORD MAYOR GIBBS,

As "The Man in Brass."

GUARD OF HONOUR—THE HORSE POLICE.

The procession took the ordinary route, proceeding to Southwark Bridge. Thence the Lord Mayor embarked in the state barge (painted black, and bearing pewter escutcheons). The barge was rowed—the men keeping minute strokes—to Westminster. All the craft in the river had their colours half-mast high. Minute guns were fired. As the barges passed under the various bridges, sprigs of rosemary, yew, and other funereal plants, were showered down upon them.

The Lord Mayor having landed at Westminster, and performed certain ceremonies—(he sucked another orange,)—returned to Guildhall. No sound was heard from the populace save a few sobs—some mutterings of grief—some indistinct words of sorrow and despair.

THE BANQUET.

In the evening, the Lord Mayor gave the accustomed inaugural dinner at Guildhall. Everything was cold—very cold. Even the smiles on the faces of the visitors seemed iced.

The Ministers of State, the judges, and foreign ambassadors—as a matter of duty—were present. We are not enabled, from want of space, to give the general bill of fare. The model of an accompt-book, in very rich pound cake, attracted melancholy attention. It was, however, not touched—a label being affixed to it, written "Not to be opened. Gibbs, Mayor."

The usual loyal toasts were given, and drunk with due respect. After these, followed "the health of Sir Robert Peel."

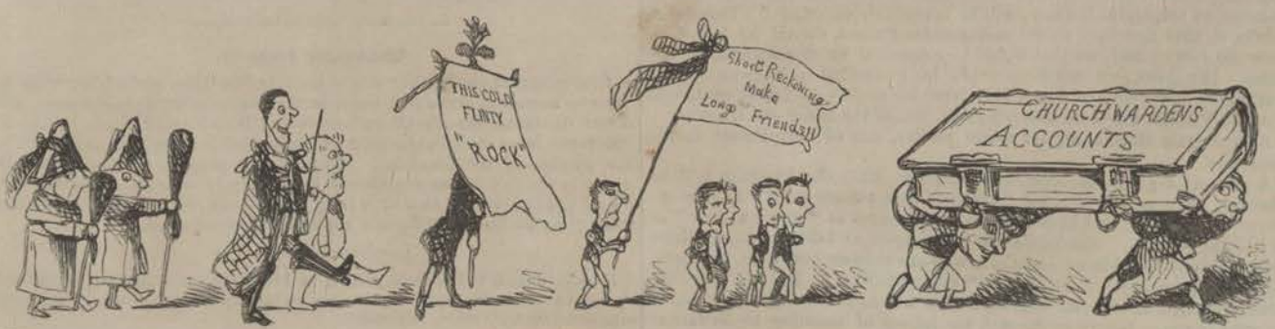
Sir Robert rose, and in that happy vein of pleasantry which will immortalise him among England's prime ministers, addressed the company. He said, "It gave him great pleasure at all times to dine in the city. In the first place he was always sure of a good dinner; in the next he was delighted to meet his fellow-citizens: he said with a feeling of pride 'fellow-citizens,' for by their favour he was enabled, whenever it might suit his circumstances—and the premier-ship was not a patent place—to set up a shop anywhere within their ancient liberties. To come, however, to the point. Shakspere, that Stratford Wizard of the human heart—and the citizens delighted in Shakspere, for had they not given money for his autograph, albeit they still refused him a theatre for his plays?—Shakspere, with his prophetic genius, had foretold the present mayoralty. Yes: he (Sir Robert) would prove it. When *Polonius* asks *Hamlet*, 'Do you know me, my lord?' *Hamlet* replies, 'Very well; you are a fishmonger.'—'Not I, my lord,' says *Polonius*. 'Then,' answers *Hamlet*, 'I would you were as honest a man.' From this, it was clear that Shakspere looked upon fishmongers as men of the greatest probity on earth. Now, Michael Gibbs, Mayor, was of the worshipful company of Fishmongers; and had in a hundred ways, familiar now to all the world, illustrated the subtle truth of Shakspere. He had shown, that of all men he was the fittest for the seat he then occupied; fittest by his urbanity, his gentleness, his almost morbid anxiety to show a crystal reputation to the world. In every trust, and he (Sir Robert) would not dwell upon their number, for which his Lordship was answerable to his fellow-citizens, his account-books had been as open as his temper—quite as open. In his Lordship's nature, all was plain; in that there was no double-entry. Plutarch told a story of Alcibiades, who once accosting Pericles, asked what he was pondering on. Pericles answered, 'I am thinking how to return my accounts.'—'Should you not,' rejoined the unprincipled Alcibiades, 'should you not rather think how to make *no return at all*?' Plutarch had not chronicled the reply of Pericles, but he (Sir R.) could well imagine what would have been the indignant answer of Lord Mayor Gibbs, if, in the situation of the great Athenian, he had been counselled to such a paltry, such a double-faced evasion. It was, therefore, with the highest admiration of the manly, straightforward, unequivocating character of his Lordship, that he gave health and prosperity to his Mayoralty."

It was plain that the company shared in the sentiments of Sir Robert Peel, for whilst the toast was drunk—so intense was the admiration of all—that, we are assured upon the authority of Toast Master Toole, he heard a pin drop!

The Lord Mayor returned thanks in an affecting speech. He said, among other things, that being entrusted, as Lord Mayor, with the civic Scales of Justice, he felt he should be quite happy so long as the Balance remained in his hands.

Other toasts followed; after which a Ball was held, and dancing was kept up until a late hour at night. It was past nine before all the company had departed.

☞ It will be evident to the readers of PUNCH that our sheet must be published before the inauguration of Michael Gibbs. PUNCH is nevertheless enabled to give a faithful account of the coming event; having—regardless of expense—engaged a celebrated Soothsayer, to prophecy every incident, as above set down.



THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE.

"Hark, hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to Town."
Old Song.

UCKINGHAM (the redoubtable JAMES SILK) has arrived in London, after having indulged in a series of lectures on the advantages, &c. &c., of the British and Foreign Institute. He has now issued a manifesto, in which he states that "the Club Rooms have been recently re-opened under the management of MR. NEAL, an extensive wine-merchant of long standing at Tunbridge Wells," but how long he will be able to stand the British and Foreign Institute, can at present be only a matter of speculation. We are told that "in fixing the tariff his great aim has been to unite economy with sufficiency of quantity;" which reminds us of the enormous plain pies stuck in a window in St. Giles's, with the words "*Larger than ever!* ONLY TWOPENCE!!" suspended on a label over them. The immense importance of this arrangement to the members of the British and Foreign Institute cannot be denied, but "two things" we are told "are required to obtain for it that degree of success by which alone it can be upheld." One is "more members;" the other is, that "all the members, the old as well as the new, should give it at least their occasional visits and assistance," or in other words the members must patronise the *cuisine* as well as the *conversazione*. We should recommend the introduction of the fourpenny arrangement of the sandwich and glass of ale; and a baked potato-stand on the drawing-room landing-place would afford a luxurious luncheon to the economical *savant;* or a glass of hot elder, including rusk, for 2*d.* would perhaps furnish a light and wholesome *petit souper* to the junior branches, who are taken in as well as their parents at the British and Foreign Institute.

There is some vagueness about the announcement that "the drawing-rooms are open from 9 A.M. to 11 P.M. to all the members, and *especially* to ladies." We are told the literary department has been improved; but if this is the sort of grammar we get *after* the improvement, what must have been LINDLEY MURRAY'S treatment previous to the amelioration! The drawing-rooms "open to all," and "especially to ladies," reminds us of "Cæsar and Pompey very much alike, especially Pompey." Are the gentlemen obliged to squeeze in through a small aperture, while the ladies are allowed to enter by a widely extended portal? What can JAMES SILK mean by this curious paragraph?

"The *soirées*," we are told, "will be dress parties, and to these no members can be admitted in undress." There is, however, a relaxation of the rule in favour of the Lectures, Conversations, and Discussions; *but* "as the presence of ladies is earnestly desired at each, *some attention* to costume, as respectful to them, will be reasonably expected." This is so indefinite, that *figurines*, as the milliners term them, should be issued to show the sort of costume that would be respectful or disrespectful to the ladies. Highlows, we suppose, would be a decided outrage on female sensibility; and the man who would force his society on lovely woman in splashed Tweeds would be unworthy, &c. &c., of the name of—*et cetera.*

BUCKINGHAM himself always wears *pumps*, out of compliment to his customers.

A postscript gives the dismal intelligence, that the Institute will be what has been tersely termed "No go," unless there is an "augmentation of members;" and each member is entreated to "enrol a lady" as speedily as possible. Husbands are called upon to bring wives, brothers sisters, fathers daughters; and those who are neither husbands, brothers, nor fathers, are urged to bring any "other relative." But no; we trust there is enough of British manhood still left to prevent this sacrifice of the weaker sex. Let us go through the labour of listening to BUCKINGHAM'S lectures ourselves, but do not let us call upon our wives, our sisters, and our daughters, to endure the hardship.

We perceive it is proposed to add a Journal to the scheme, "that there may be a permanent record" of the proceedings of the Institute. This seems the nearest approach to a self-sacrifice that we have yet observed on the part of BUCKINGHAM. But if he really wants a permanent record, has he ungratefully forgotten what *Punch* has done towards telling the world what has been going on at the Institute?

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO PARTIES.

To those who are just emerging from the verdancy of youth, and to those "young men in the city" who wish to "wriggle" themselves into good society, PUNCH affectionately addresses the following advice,—commiserating the pitiable mortifications inflicted on young gentlemen whom he has seen defiling drawing-rooms (consecrated to evening parties and full-dress) with railway-pattern trousers and Blucher boots.—Keenly pitying the situation of others who have found themselves in the very midst of the uncivilised orgies of a bachelor's feed, adorned with satin waistcoats and full-dress stocks,—he benevolently publishes an infallible scale of evening dress, marked and arranged from the various terms in which invitations are usually conveyed, that the inexperienced aspirant to elegant society may no longer be at a loss.

When the invitation is in the following form:—

"Come up old fellow to my rooms, and take a chop."	*You may wear*	Anything you please, from a Velveteen shooting-jacket upwards.
A note asking you to join "A few friends to dinner next Thursday."	,,	A black coat; but you need not change your Tweed nethers for black ones, if you have not time.
An MS. request for "Your company to dinner on Thursday week."	,,	Dress-coat and trousers, fancy waistcoat, and Wellington boots.
An engraved ditto for a "dinner-*party* on Thursday fortnight."	,,	Dress ditto ditto, white waistcoat, long satin stock, brilliant breast-pin, and dress boots.
"A few friends to tea."	,,	You need not be particular. Surtouts and coloured continuations won't be objected to.
"An evening party—cards."	,,	Same as a week's notice "to dinner" with the addition of a pound's worth of silver in a card-purse.
An engraved invitation on enamelled paper in a fancy envelope, soliciting "the pleasure of your company to an evening party at half-past nine o'clock on that day five weeks"—with the addendum in one corner of "quadrilles."	,,	Blue coat with gilt buttons, black trousers, patent leather dancing boots, satin waistcoat with gold sprigs, white neckerchief, frilled shirt, and two pairs of light kid gloves for fear one should get soiled.

As the greatest Reformer of the age, PUNCH desires that every member of "Young England"—from the clerk to the Count—from the SMITHS of the East, to the SMYTHES of the West End—will get the above directions printed in large letters, framed, glazed and hung up over their washing-stands.

JUSTICE FOR WESTMINSTER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* complained, the other day, that whereas the Lord Mayor had recommended the citizens to close their shops on the occasion of her Majesty's progress to open the Royal Exchange, the West End tradesmen, having no authority to guide them, were in doubt as to how they should act. The children of the West can know no better than those of the East what to do, unless they are told. Human nature is the same on either side of Temple Bar, and is as much in need of government on this as on that. Under these circumstances, Westminster naturally looks to her High-Bailiff; but what bailiff, however high, can be considered her competent adviser? It is high time to speak out. Westminster wants a Mayor, and must have one. A new employment will thus be created, which will be just the very thing to suit LORD BROUGHAM; or, should his Lordship decline its responsibilities, perhaps COLONEL SIBTHORP would undertake them.

Trafalgar Square.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was caused at the latter end of last week by the appearance of some real water in the basins at Trafalgar Square, and it was rumoured that the Commissioners of Woods and Forests had so far recovered from their long attack of hydrophobia as to have consented to the playing of the fountains. On further inquiry, it appeared that the water in the basins was occasioned by the heavy rains, and that the supply of the fountains was still among the remote contingencies which the completion of Trafalgar Square appears to depend upon.

IF ABD-EL-KADER will return to his home at ALGIERS, everything shall be made comfortable for him, and all his past errors forgotten, by his disconsolate Governor, MARSHAL BUGEAUD.

THE MAYORALTY.—THE COMING IN.

THE MAYORALTY.—THE GOING OUT.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.—OF TITLE BY PRESCRIPTION.

TITLE by Prescription has been held by some to be the title which a chemist has to charge for medicine, because he has generally the prescription to show for it. Prescription, however, is a title of which no one can remember the origin—a doctrine which was very agreeable to those pretenders to the English throne who found it convenient not to remember that any one else had a better claim to it, and they carried their shortness of memory so far, as very frequently to forget themselves.

The inconvenience of having title by prescription dependent on such a very vague business as a matter of memory, induced the legislature to pass the 2nd and 3rd Will. IV., c. 71, which materially shortens the time of prescription. A right of common cannot be defeated by showing the commencement of it, after thirty years; so that a donkey, who has enjoyed the luxury of a rollick on the village green during the period alluded to, cannot afterwards be ousted by a reference to the period at which he was first invested with the Order of the Thistle. After sixty years—and it has been quaintly said by all the judges sitting in Banco, that donkeys never die—the animal's right becomes absolute, unless he has, from time to time, had the consent of the owners. Forty years will give a right of way; so that if a man can contrive to commit a trespass uninterruptedly for forty years without interference, he may, at the end of that time, turn round and snap his fingers at the heir or the tenant, whether in tail or not in tail, and all who may come after him.

The use of light is indefeasible, if used for twenty years, provided the window tax is punctually paid; and, therefore, if I knock out a window in order to pry into my neighbour's premises, my neighbour is justified in running up a brick wall slap before it, unless he tacitly submits to my impertinence for twenty years, after which I might batter down his brick wall, if he attempted to build one.

It now becomes a question what may be prescribed for; and, though the jurists have laid it down that incorporeal things, such as rights of way or common, only can be prescribed for, the chemists have laid it down that corporeal matters, such as the gout, a cold, or even chilblains, may be the subjects of a prescription. A prescription, before the recent act, could only be claimed by him that had the fee, and he who has the fee—being the physician—generally prescribes, so that the 2nd and 3rd Will. IV. made very little difference in this respect. The lord of a manor cannot tax strangers by a prescription; probably because the dose would be rather too strong for them.

There are one or two other incidents attending a title by prescription, which it is not necessary to name; for property is too well looked after, in these days, to admit of its being claimed by others in consequence of those to whom it of right belongs forgetting to look after it. Prescription is, in fact, letting in number two, through the original owner neglecting to look after number one; but this is a piece of *laches* that very rarely happens.

THE WAITERS AT THE CITY BANQUET.

IT will hardly be believed that these functionaries, who were decked out in all the splendour of pumps and pigtails, were paid only three-and-sixpence each for their services on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit. We have received a letter from one of those individuals, who alludes touchingly to the misery of a crushed and impoverished heart sinking beneath a vest of black satin. He asks us to conceive the feelings of a man with curdled blood and curled hair, with silver buckles in his shoes and daggers in his bosom, a velvet collar on his coat and the chain of poverty dragging heavily on his heart: how was a human being, he eloquently asks, to stand erect while stooping to receive a paltry three-and-sixpence? They would have crushed him with the consciousness of his own littleness, and yet required him to be at least five feet ten inches high! which was the lowest standard allowed to the waiters at the Civic banquet.

PUNCH IN A FRIGHT.

The Humble Petition of PUNCH *to the Greenwich Guardians, sheweth,*

THAT YOUR PETITIONER last week read a Report of a Meeting held by your Board, in which your Vice-chairman proposed a motion for the establishment of a Lending Library in the Union House. The motion was carried. Fears were expressed by one very sapient member of your Board, that *Punch* might find his way into the paupers' library, if this sort of philanthropic humbug, as he thought it, was countenanced:

Your Petitioner accordingly fears that he might be taken in, and considers he should certainly be taken in if "an order to go into the House" were left at the office of your Petitioner.

Your Petitioner is attached to his wife JUDY and his child, notwithstanding his apparent harshness to the latter, and would by no means consent to a separation from them in his old age.

Your Petitioner lives by his Jokes. But he would not have the heart to joke in a workhouse; and doubts if, after a week's residence therein, he would ever joke again.

Your Petitioner is in the habit of speaking the truth, and calling a spade a spade. He is therefore clearly unfitted for residence in a union workhouse.

Your Petitioner would be apt to use his bâton on the heads of an oppressive governor or pursy beadle, and has no reasonable doubt of being urged thereunto in case of misbehaviour of said governor or beadle, to the subversion of discipline in said workhouse.

Your Petitioner is used to the open streets, and cannot bear confinement.

For all which reasons, your Petitioner hopes that he may not be taken in by your honourable Board.

And your Petitioner will ever pray.

THE QUEEN AND THE LORD MAYOR.

A Real Fact.

AT the recent opening of the Royal Exchange, MAGNAY, of course, wore boots while riding in the procession, but on presenting the Address it was proper that he should appear in dress pumps, of which he had a new pair waiting to enable him to change on his arrival. The boots were however what the French term *trop juste*, and not easily drawn off without a boot-jack, which did not happen to be at hand; and the Lord Mayor, having succeeded in releasing the right foot, was unable to extricate the left from the unyielding Wellington. He rushed about the vestibule, frantically calling on everybody to pull, and at length resigned his foot into the hands of the City Marshal, who tugged away, with MAGNAY hopping after him, as the Marshal's vigour on two legs overcame the resistance of the Lord Mayor on one. At length the Remembrancer pinioned his arms while the Marshal gave another tug at the foot, but a loud exclamation of "Oh, you 'll have my leg off!" compelled the Marshal to desist; and finding it impossible to keep the QUEEN any longer waiting, MAGNAY rushed into the royal presence with a pump on one of his feet and a Wellington on the other. While he read the Address Her Majesty observed the want of uniformity in the *chaussure*, and could not refrain from a hearty laugh; but at the conclusion she kindly assured the Lord Mayor that "the breach of *etiquette* was of no consequence, for it was only typical of the fact that the '*Change* was not quite completed."

THE LAW OF STORMS.

THE state of the weather in the metropolis at the latter end of last week somewhat puzzled the meteorologists, who found themselves utterly unable to account for it. On inquiry it turned out that a tremendous influx of attorneys from the provinces had taken place, in consequence of their being under the necessity of signing the rolls of the Courts in which they purpose practising. The damp thrown upon London on Saturday, the first day of term, exceeded anything of the kind that has occurred for a long period. The elements seemed to be engaged in the maddest strife, and the sun appeared to have got completely locked up in Chancery.

A Good Sign of the Times.

SIR G. HAYTER has received the Royal command to paint a large sign-board for Windsor Castle. On one side there will be a portrait of PRINCE ALBERT, with a dog and a gun; and on the other a portrait of the QUEEN, with her crown and sceptre. The inscription on it will be:—

"HOUSE OF CALL FOR SOVEREIGNS."

"AN ORDINARY OF CROWNED HEADS EVERY SUMMER AT SEVEN."

PUNCH'S REVIEW.

Malibran's Pastille Papers: Savory and Moore, London.

Recently we have been favoured with a box of lozenges, which, we presume, have been sent us for the purposes of review, and also to cure us of any little hysterical attacks, lowness of spirits, loss of voice, or tightness of the throat we may be subject to. We are sorry we cannot give the inventor the full benefit of our name, for the purpose of adding it to the list of singers and others, who profess to have derived benefit from the Malibran Pastille. Not being very hysterical, never having lowness of spirits, being absolutely incapable of losing our voice,—for, if the voice we have in the country were to be missing, it would be a national loss which no lozenges could restore,—never being subjected to tightness of the throat—for we have a knack of eluding that tightness, and transferring it to our enemies: (*vide* the fate of the Gentleman in Black in the street edition of our exploits), considering all these things, we are hardly fair subjects for the Malibran Pastille to be tried upon.

But if we cannot appreciate the merits of the Pastille, the Correspondence connected with it forms one of the curiosities of literature, and with this part of the subject we have much pleasure in dealing. The Lozenge Correspondence brings into play the literary powers of many distinguished persons, whose effusions we shall proceed to notice:—

We perceive, from a brief note, that Mr. Henry Phillips has lozenged with effect, and Mr. John Wilson, though repudiating the habit of taking things for the voice—certainly he don't appear to require any—yet he is willing to admit that the Malibran Pastille may be serviceable to some of his less fortunately situated brethren. Mr. Ransford confesses his intention of relying on the Pastille during the remainder of his professional career, and handsomely orders one box as an earnest of his intention.

Mr. Charles Horn pleads guilty to having been unable to sing on a certain Tuesday; but on Wednesday, the wondrous effects of one Pastille had made him a very chanticleer. He encloses a portrait of his low G before the Pastille, and another portrait representing the said G after one lozenge.

Mr. George Horncastle looks at the Pastille in a scientific point of view, and goes into a learned disquisition on phlegm, with the apparent effects produced on it by the Malibran Specific.

Miss Vincent (the acknowledged Heroine of Domestic Drama) testifies to the efficacy of the Pastille, which, when singing out for help as *Susan Hopley*, gave considerable roundness to the tone of her shout, and enabled her to ask for mercy from Mr. Dale with much more clearness than she could otherwise have thrown into her appeal to that most respectable of dramatic tyrants.

Mr. William Cooper, a barrister, has found the Pastille beneficial in removing irritation; such irritation, no doubt, as such a barrister would experience when bursting with the dignity of a motion of course, and getting no attention from the Usher. We have no doubt that one pastille would have invested Mr. William Cooper, the barrister, with all the eloquence that the amount of his practice would require.

Miss de Pinna has evidently been pitching into the lozenges, in the absence of her uncle; for she writes to say, that her relative is out of town, but that the Pastille has been serviceable, not only to herself, but to her uncle's pupils, to whom the young lady—in her uncle's absence—has been dispensing them.

We must now close our criticism on the celebrated Pastille Papers, which are valuable as displaying the different styles of the different—and indifferent—professors who have had recourse to them. The letters will not add much to the reputation of English literature in the present day; but there is a pleasant relish for the lozenges apparent in nearly all of them, which makes them, on the whole, satisfactory.

Gibbs and Guy Faux.

Some sensation has been excited by the coupling together of the fifth and ninth of November in the precept issued by the Lord Mayor against fireworks and other proceedings that might be calculated to disturb the peace of the city. "An inhabitant of Fleet Street for thirty-five years" never remembers Lord Mayor's Day to have been included in this circular. Perhaps it is feared that the custom of burning in effigy, which is usual on Guy Faux day, may be extended to the day on which Alderman Gibbs commences his Mayoralty.

SERMONS IN STONES.

Mr. Punch,

I am an old Street. Why should I blush to declare my name?—I am George Street, Bloomsbury. For many many years I have been a fixture there, and I had good grounds for believing I had a settlement in the parish. I was in error. The Commissioners of Metropolitan Improvements cast their fatal eyes on me and my brethren. We were marked for destruction! And now, after waiting in vain for some kind friend to come forward in my behalf, I am compelled to appeal to you myself; but not till havoc has been busy—not till one side of me was dead and gone! But still, paralytic as I am, there is life enough in the side that is left me to protest against the wholesale destruction going on around. My brother and sister Streets have sunk under it; and I am told that our relations on the other side of Holborn have also been visited.

What, I ask, have I done to deserve this? I am old, they say. True; my inmates were poor, filthy, vicious. Well; I grant it. My houses were squalid, rotten, tottering to their fall. Be it so. But I was old! Not a fissure in my walls—not a weather-stain—not a choked drain in me but was hallowed by the touch of time. Why, then, should the protection of antiquity be denied me, when everywhere else in Church and State, town and country, at home and abroad, it is pleaded with effect, if not vaunted in defiance? Tell the Lords or Commons, when next they put in the plea of antiquity in favour of some vicious usage, or foully ill-used right—"No; George Street, Bloomsbury, was as bad and as ancient, and she has been levelled to the ground." Tell the Church, when she points to her gray and crumbling towers, to deprecate the rude touch of all reform—"George Street, Bloomsbury, was old and rotten, and it availed her not." If old Streets must go to make way for new, let not old sinecures be sacred. Never let me hear again in the House of Lords or Commons those great words of a great man, "*Stare super antiquas vias*"—which I would render, "Stick to your old Streets." Levelling is now the order of the day, and, if we must fall before it, let us not fall alone.

At least, if I am to be destroyed, let my inmates have compensation. If they robbed, did not the Six Clerks do the same to a longer tune? When they were turned out of their snug offices, a refuge was provided them at a cost of many thousands to the public. But for the houseless, who are now lingeringly departing from me and my brother Streets, what shelter have these Commissioners found?—my one side is suffering under plethora. Ten in a room I was used to, but twenty I find a serious inconvenience. Where are my children to go? If I could see how they are to be provided for when I am gone, I should die easy; but I do not—my last moments are embittered by the sight of crowds who leave me to go they know not where—to herd, it may be, under the arches of the Adelphi or the trees of the Park. I was dirty in my habits—my drainage far from perfect—my circulation (of air) irregular; but still I gave the poor the shelter of a roof. Again I say to the upstart new Streets, with their nicely stuccoed faces and heavy rents—hopelessly I say it—"Go ye and do likewise."

I remain yours,

Mr. Punch,

George-street, Bloomsbury.

Legal Intelligence.

Saturday being the first day of Term, Mr. Briefless beat the dust out of his forensic wig with a paper-knife, and took the buckle off his black stock to put it on to a white one. His wig-box and gown were left at Westminster Hall by an agent of the Parcels Delivery Company, who acted as temporary clerk, in the absence of the lad who usually officiates in that capacity, but is at present confined to Chambers by a dreadful fit of corduroys and a severe attack of out-at-elbows. Mr. Briefless occupied his usual seat on the back row of the Queen's Bench, and afterwards took an airing in the passages. He has been studying the law of motion, with a view to a compute which he has been instructed to "hand in" at the earliest opportunity.

TO THE HUMANE AND GENEROUS.

A Penny Subscription is on foot in the charitable circles of London, to buy a couple of Welsh Wigs for the heads of George the Fourth and the Duke of Wellington, to protect them during the ensuing winter. An oilskin case for the pigtail of George the Third would also be very acceptable, as it suffered severely during the last frost. The statues are certainly deserving objects for public charity; and we shall be too happy to receive subscriptions at the *Punch* Office for their relief.

PUNCH AND PALEY.

At a recent meeting of the Greenwich Union Board of Guardians, held to determine as to the establishment of a library in the workhouse, some singularly sensible remarks were made by a Mr. Adam Young. Mr. Adam Young averred—

"That he did not think the institution of a lending library in a union house was at all proper."

Bravo! Mr. Adam Young. We agree with you. *Very* improper, sir! Highly improper! Preposterous!

But listen further to Mr. Adam Young.

"It had been said that at Wandsworth a library was established in the union house, and upon looking over the titles of the books there, he found *Paley's Evidences*. The idea! To give *Paley's Evidences* to a pauper! The thing was absurd."

Spoken like a man of sense, Mr. Adam Young. To believe what they are told to believe, without knowing what that is, is the proper religion for paupers. Paley might impress them with a positive belief in Christianity. The next thing would be, that they would pry into its doctrines, and learn what they really are. Imagine the consequences of such a discovery. Fancy the comparisons they would draw between the profession and practice of their superiors. No, no! This would never do. Keep Paley from the workhouse.

But softly. Can it be possible that we have misunderstood Mr. Young? Why, really, it would almost seem so. Hear him again.

"He supposed the next thing would be to admit *Punch*!"

Punch and *Paley's Evidences!* Does Mr. Young consider the latter a jocose work; or, failing to perceive a joke in our pages, does he think the former a serious one? His mistake, we apprehend, must relate to the Archdeacon; for, in continuation, quoth Adam—

"In looking over the Board table that morning, he saw *Punch* and two newspapers lying there."

Perhaps he takes Paley for a periodical. Can he have confounded it with the *Morning Herald*? We confess, we begin to doubt whether our friend ever read *Paley's Evidences*. May we take the liberty of suggesting that he might do so with advantage? Mr. Adam Young may confound ourselves with the *Watchman*, and *Paley* with *Joe Miller*: his argument, notwithstanding, rests intact. Banish all comfort, every solace, from the workhouse. Scout the notion of any sort of amusement there. As to a library, laugh it to the veriest scorn. Food for a pauper's mind, indeed! It is quite enough to have to find food for his body.

The Great Wash!

At a meeting of the principal Pictures in the National Gallery, a vote of thanks was unanimously given to *Punch*, for his services in calling the attention of the Commissioners to the filthy and neglected state of the inmates. They have, since our remonstrance, had their faces washed, and every one will admit that they look all the better for it. All they have to complain of now is overcrowding. If they belonged to the National Art Union, or any other Union instead of a National Gallery, they could hardly be worse off in this particular.

GENTILITY AT A DISCOUNT.

Respectability, everybody knows, means "keeping a gig." An equally concise definition of Gentility has long been wanted. The desideratum has been supplied by a Mr. Holden, lately examined before the Bankruptcy Court. He was described in a certain bond as "a gentleman." *Primâ facie*, there was no evidence of the fact—quite the reverse. The Commissioner, with that anxiety for information which distinguishes him, pressed for the grounds on which the title rested. Mr. Holden himself seemed puzzled, but at last hit on the mark: *He occasionally discounted bills, and that he supposed was the reason he was styled gentleman!*

Punch's Court Circular.

Punch took his usual airing by rolling along the window of his own house, and throwing himself at full length upon the projecting ledge in front of it.

In the afternoon he visited the new kennel in preparation for the dog Toby.

The dinner party at the office in the evening included Shallaballah and the publisher. The Pandean band was in attendance, and played several favourite *morceaux* in the outer passage.

MARGATE AT VAUXHALL.

We understand a company has been formed for the purpose of converting Vauxhall Gardens into a bathing place, by bringing the sea-water up to town along a line of railway. The projectors have been already in negociation with the directors of the South-Eastern for permission to introduce a pipe into the sea at Folkestone harbour, and to run a main by the side of the rails to the Bricklayers' Arms, with a continuation as far as Vauxhall, where a resident turncock will be permanently stationed. There will be branch plugs at some of the intermediate stations, and a ball-cock at each terminus.

Vauxhall Gardens will be fitted up to resemble the town of Margate; the fire-work ground being dug out and lined with zinc to represent the sea, while a pair of flats at the back will realise the notion of the Marine Terrace, with Buenos Ayres in the distance, and its romantic little oyster-shop nestling under it. The entrance to the gardens will be converted into a fac-simile of the jetty, and a pasteboard packet will be in attendance, which will work in a groove, and give the visitors the idea that they have arrived by steamer. A set piece will be arranged on the right hand, showing the Bathing Rooms and Marine Library; to give effect to which persons will be engaged who will shake a dice-box, exclaiming, "I want but one—only one wanted to complete the sweepstakes!" while others make bows, and observe that the "sea is in fine order for bathing." To complete the illusion, Margate slippers and telescopes may be had at the doors; so that the public will have an opportunity of realising, in every particular, the luxury of a trip to that favourite watering-place. The wall of the adjoining Hotel will be whitewashed, to represent the cliffs, and some of the supper-boxes will be converted into chasms on the shore; while cockle-shells will be profusely scattered about in all directions, so that nothing may be wanting to give an air of marine freshness to the locality.

PUNCH'S SENTIMENTS.

Sentiment for Young France.—The Ocean a French Lake, and England at the bottom of it.

Sentiment for Young England.—A speedy return of the Middle Ages.

Another.—The art of suction; and may our grandmothers prove apt scholars.

Sentiment for Young Ireland.—May Federalism and Porter triumph over Whisky and Repeal.

Military Intelligence.

Private Snooks, of the Guards, took his usual promenade for two hours at Story's Gate. He successfully resisted the passage of a bundle across the frontier line, and discomfited a washerwoman with a clothes-basket. Immediately after the action alluded to he stood at ease, and was eventually relieved by Simmons, of the same regiment.

RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

We are happy to announce an increase of traffic on the Kensington Railway during the last week. A passenger went with a carpet-bag by the up-train: giving a surplus of one carpet-bag over the previous returns. It is, we have been told, in contemplation to contract with a job-master to horse the carriages on this line, thus obviating the necessity of steam; and it is supposed that one strong cob would be able to carry out the objects of the company.

DUMILATRE! DUMILATRE!

This fairy-like dancer great plaudits has won,
From gents of all station and Moses and Son;
Whilst Mr. A. Bunn, his great love to express,
Has ordered each gent to appear in full dress.
But many exclaim, "How is this to be done?"
We answer, "Dear Sirs, there are Moses and Son,
Who have long borne the bag in famed Holywell Street,
For second-hand clothes, clean, clobber'd, and neat.
None now need be sent from the doors of Old Drury;
In a moment they 'll tog you out well, we assure ye.
For in 'the Lane's' vestibule, under Old Kean,
Messrs. Moses and Son on each night may be seen,
With dresses on hire much better than new,
So come, if you please, and see what they can do."

BEFORE THE OUTFIT.

TERMS OF HIRE
FOR
Evening Dress.

PER EVENING.	s.	d.
For a beautiful blue dress-coat, quite new	2	6
For ditto, with velvet collar and gilt buttons	3	0
For a crimson-velvet waistcoat	1	0
For a clean Young-England white waistcoat	0	6
For a beautiful gold-sprigged, cerulean blue satin scarf, and mosaic pin	0	10
For a pair of (cleaned) white kid gloves and cambric handkerchief	0	6
For a pair of wristbands, an opera-hat, a pair of moustachios, a gold-headed cane, and a bill of the play	1	0

A deposit of five pounds expected. Subscription tickets, six to the pound. A handsome allowance to Government clerks upon taking a quantity.

P.S.—A spacious dressing-room behind the fire-place.

AFTER THE OUTFIT.

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

By some strange inadvertence no account has been given by the journals of the return of this gallant individual to his native land. We have much pleasure in supplying the deficiency of our contemporaries, by giving the account of an eye-witness who was present at the landing of Lord Ellenborough.

On the vessel containing his Lordship being brought alongside the pier, a plank was thrust into the gangway to facilitate his Lordship's landing. The Ex-Governor-General of India was met in the centre of the plank by the agent of the Steam-packet Company, who received his Lordship's ticket, while a Custom-house officer went through the usual ceremony of asking whether he had anything about him that was liable to duty.

On placing his foot on shore, Lord Ellenborough must have been excessively gratified by the enthusiasm of the porters, all of whom pressed upon him with an offer of their services. His Lordship seemed much moved by the zeal of the worthy fellows, and addressed them with considerable emphasis, the substance of his remarks consisting of a recommendation to them to visit a locality even hotter than that of the place which he had just arrived from.

His Lordship had scarcely concluded his interview with the Portsmouth Porterage, when he was met by deputations from the principal hotel-keepers, and received from each of the deputies an address—printed on a card—in which he was invited to avail himself of the hospitality of the various innkeepers. His Lordship gave a verbal answer to the deputations, in which he alluded to the expediency of adding to the police force, and made a few other observations characteristic of the soldier-like bluntness he enjoys a reputation for.

On arriving at his hotel he was received by two waiters carrying their napkins and wearing the insignia of the order of the White Cravat, while the bells in the passage rang a merry peal which lasted for nearly half a minute. After partaking of refreshment, the Ex-Governor-General of India retired to rest, apparently much gratified by the reception he had experienced, and not much fatigued by the ceremonies he had been called upon to take a part in.

LABOUR LOST.

The Mansion House has been undergoing a thorough cleansing previous to the entrance of the new Lord Mayor. Surely it was hardly worth while to take this trouble. The task should have been postponed until the end of Gibbs's mayoralty.

SIR PETER LAURIE'S LOGIC.

The civic House of Peers, *videlicet* the Court of Aldermen, being assembled in solemn conclave, Mr. Alderman Wood proposed that the evening sittings at the Central Criminal Court should be discontinued.

The Worshipful Court hates novelty; and, accordingly, Mr. Wood's motion, being a sensible one, was rejected.

Among its natural opponents was Sir Peter Laurie, who, not content with a dissentient vote, obliged the Court with his most sage reasons for the same. "It was objected," said Sir Peter, "that after-dinner sittings were, for certain reasons, calculated to operate against rational and judicious decisions."

The "certain reasons," ladies, are, a kind of confusion of the ideas, a sort of mental excitement, benign or choleric, according to individual temperament, by which Humanity, having taken a drop too much at dinner, is liable to be affected after it. It has been rumoured that Old Bailey jurymen—nay, judges—have been known, who, having dined, have beheld two witnesses in the box, and a double prisoner at the bar. Under these circumstances, the strength of evidence, the amount of criminality, and the severity of punishment, may sometimes have been multiplied by two. Therefore are after-dinner sittings at the Central Criminal Court objected to. "But," argues Sir Peter Laurie, "it should be remembered that for several hundred years not a single law had been made before dinner."

Exactly so. The old law of Debt, the ancient Penal Code, the Statute *Hæretico Comburendo*, the New Poor Law, the existing Game Laws, and a few others, were doubtless made after dinner. In the same way, unfortunate wretches may have been found guilty, sentenced to be hanged, or transported, after dinner, who, perhaps, would have been more fortunate before it. We do not quite see the force of Sir Peter Laurie's logic; nor can we refrain from respectfully recommending to him Dr. Watts's useful lecture on that subject for perusal.

THE CRY OF THE PARTRIDGE.

"The Eagle-King may plume his wing,
Aloft on his granite throne;
The Vulture may boast of the warrior-host
On the plain, for his banquet strewn:
But the first am I of birds that fly,
For *they* are slaves to me,
In whose high hands are the good broad lands
Of the Island of the Free.

"Of Egypt old the Gods, 'tis told,
Were reptile, beast, and fowl;
And temples were raised, and altars blazed
To Ibis, Hawk, and Owl:
But in modern time, in a Christian clime,
I am a bird divine;
And Christian blood in many a flood
Is shed before my shrine.

"My sacred ground they guard around
With arms of deadly strife;
And laws restrain the hand profane
That dares attempt my life;
A felon's pains, a dungeon's chains,
Await the peasant-slave,
Though by famine wrung, with children young,
And a starving wife to save.

"Then who so proud, of the feather'd crowd,
Can vaunt himself as I?
The Idol-Bird, to men preferr'd,
For me condemned to die."
So the Partridge sung, till the greenwood rung
With his shrilly notes of glee;
And none said Nay to his boastful lay,
So rare a bird was he!

Calumny Refuted.

We are glad to see in *The Voice of Jacob*, that the story of Saxony's counterfeit jewels, is a shameful fabrication. We hope that when the author of the calumny is discovered, Saxony will *double mill* him.

PUNCH'S REVIEW.

Tecumseh: An Israel-Indian Tragedy—Life and History of Gen. Harrison—and the first Oration upon the Life, Genius, and Character of Shakspeare. By GEORGE JONES, Esq., M.R.S., &c.—*Longman and Co.*

LET not Mr. GEORGE JONES, in the abundant vanity of his soul, believe that in our review of this his last offence, we expend all our labour upon him, JONES. Let not his discreet heart think it. Certainly not. *Punch* uses JONES's book as a farmer uses a polecat, a weasel, or other vermin; nailing it to his page, as a terrible warning to all of the unsavoury genus. MR. JONES has tried to make himself public property, and we shall therefore use him to public ends. In fact, we nail him up for a public good.

JONES is troubled with the lowest plebeian disease. He has "an itching palm" for titled people. Hence, he is continually telling the reader of the "hospitality" awarded to him by kings, dukes, and lords. He seems to be "taken in" wherever he shows himself. He dedicates his *Israel-Tragedy* to the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, and says—

"Those who have been graced *as I have*, not only by the hospitality and the proverbial urbanity of your Royal Highness, but by *repeated interviews*, wherein the questions *of a deeply-inquiring mind*," &c. &c.

He makes the dedication "with pride, sanctioned even by humility." If he have failed in the work, the failure is owing—

"To the exalted character of the subject, which, like the electric flash, *while it illumes the darkest caverns of the brain*, often has the power to blind perception."

Thus the more the brain of JONES is illumined, the darker are his perceptions! Judging from his book, he must be in a continual state of light-headedness.

We now come to the *Preface*, inscribed with a motto from "*MS. in the Vatican.*" Was JONES ever in Rome, or is he in correspondence with the Pope? However, in this preface, JONES lays lustily about him on a portion of the Press, that "attack a *young soldier* in the path of fame from behind *coward walls* or masked batteries." Now, JONES, this is too modest. You a young soldier! No, no; an older soldier we never met with.

JONES, like MR. HOLLOWAY with his Ointment, next proceeds to give letters eulogistic of his *Ancient America*. MR. JAMES, the novelist, has written one, in which he tells us, that he bought the book "at the recommendation of his Grace the DUKE OF WELLINGTON." MR. JAMES thus adroitly publishing his acquaintance with the literary Duke. JONES next quotes a paragraph which appeared in the *Times*, in which it is stated that JONES, when at Berlin, dined with the KING OF PRUSSIA. We remember the paragraph well; the quackery was headed "from a Correspondent," which, by the way, JONES has here omitted.

MR. JONES next proceeds to speak of a certain letter that, signed with his name, appeared in our columns. This letter Mr. JONES vehemently pronounces to be a forgery, because it contained bad grammar! Now, we put it to the reader (after he has read the subjoined) whether the false grammar is strong presumptive evidence against JONES's authorship; for that ill-used man observes—

"The injurious effects of this audacity WAS proved," &c. &c.

JONES next proceeds with his hero, *Tecumseh*:—

"If I should have succeeded in securing his statue in the Temple of the Muses, or of History, I shall be content to have my humble name traced *even* upon his mantle."

JONES *fecit!* Why not? When JONES's hatter puts his name *even* in JONES's hat, why should not the maker of *Tecumseh* put his name upon Mr. T.'s mantle?

Hear JONES on historical tragedy:—

"Such tragedies not only teach us to avoid tyrants *from* base and usurping authority [what *does* he mean?]; but they instruct us as to the means employed by these scorpions of the human family, to obtain their *envenomed* AND *poisonous* power."

Pretty well this, we think, for style.

Now for the tragedy itself. Well, *Tecumseh* has disappointed us. Its whole character is tumid and extravagant; but in it JONES is more frequently dull than ridiculous. The following, however, is a pretty figure of a sympathizing tomahawk. *Jessie loquitur:*

"While in his death-struggle, the Indian threw his tomahawk; it came like the wind,—I instinctively raised my hand, the weapon grazed my wrist, and penetrated an aged oak, where it remained quivering, *as if in sympathy* with its dying master!"

MR. JONES fondly hopes to see *Tecumseh* on the English stage, and gives notice to all managers not to play it without his "written consent." We think the precaution a little unnecessary; as needless as to set man-traps and spring-guns in a churchyard.

Tecumseh, as we have before intimated, is vapid and tedious; but judged by other scribbling of the same goose-quill, is not such rich burlesque as we expected. The tragedy is enriched with notes. In one of these MR. JONES trumpets forth his religion towards woman. He says—

"I have ever hesitated to form *even an acquaintance* with a man who should speak harshly of woman; but I have *with alacrity* endeavoured to secure the friendship of that man who should *view a mother* with filial affection; for I have felt convinced that that friendship would be lasting, and I have never been deceived."

If these sentiments do not endear JONES to very many tea-parties, then are widows and spinsters dead to gratitude. Gallant JONES! We would have statues of him in little, made for such festivities, in Devonshire butter. There would be a significance in both the statue and material.

In 1831 (we learn from these notes) JONES ascended "the mountain of the Kaatskill, North America." The time, sunrise:—

"The entire expanse of the vast valley was covered with a most brilliant silvery vapour, which, being *graced* by the *warm smiles of Apollo*, became suddenly as a golden sea, in which the Naiades of a fabled ocean might have gathered to witness the radiant form of the Queen of Love, as sea-born she arose to glad the world with earthly bliss!"

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

JONES gives the oddest reason for the authorship of *The Life and History of General Harrison*. JONES had sent intelligence (how very kind of him!) of the President's death to the DUKES of CAMBRIDGE and WELLINGTON. They acknowledged JONES's letter, and he immediately "felt himself in duty bound" to produce the penny-a-line biography before us. However, the letter of CAMBRIDGE will show the danger of keeping loose grammatical company. HARRISON'S death, writes the Royal Duke—

"Must be looked upon as a great calamity to the United States, and equally so to this country, as there is every reason to believe that he WERE not only inclined," &c. &c. &c.

Now, there is no doubt that the Duke once knew the English Grammar; but then having had "several interviews" with GEORGE JONES, who can wonder that His Royal Highness should have written the above! Bad grammar, like the typhus, must be catching; therefore, let all men beware of GEORGE JONES.

We have not sufficient space to devote to all the blunders and extravagance of the "Biography." We can only touch upon a few. The author, it will be seen, is peculiarly learned in echoes. He says—

"The night-challenge was given in many parts—the *Echoes* alone gave back the answer—they were repeated a second and a third time—the Echo, *as if pointing to the foe*, still ANSWERED 'There!'"

What? Was the watch-word "there," that Echo, *pointing*, should reply with the same syllable? Or what *was* the night-challenge to which Echo so generously responded,—pointing?

JONES, in his own way, gives a high character of HARRISON:—

"The *beverage* of the fruit-tree *assuaged those* who were athirst,—his table was a daily tribute to the poor,—and the fire of his hearth warmed those *whose only mantles* were the bleak winds of cold and cheerless winter."

We must, however, hurry from the Biography to the Shakspearean Oration. It is peculiarly full of broad grins. In his *Preface*, JONES declares himself to be of English birth, and for this good reason:—

"American papers have declared that I am American born, and *that they claim me and my honours accordingly*; and that I do not evince *my usual chivalric spirit*, in denying my land of birth."

This *is* true, that America claims JONES; for we ourselves read in a late number of *The New York Republic*, that JONES was born in Boston, the son of a constable. Judging, indeed, by his oft-expressed desire to keep the peace between America and England, there might appear something in the story; but no, JONES declares that England shall have him whether or no. Mark, however, his magnanimity. He says—

"Had I been base-born in Ethiopia, instead of the capital of England; had I been the offspring *of an incensate Hottentot*, instead OF THE SON [that is, according to JONES, 'the offspring OF the son'] of a highly intellectual English mother, *the same spirit of truth* would have actuated me!"

We quite believe it—just the same.

It appears, however, that JONES made an oration at the Stratford Jubilee, in 1836; he subsequently made a speech thereat, in which—rub your eyes, gentle reader—he talked the following:—

"At the age of seven, I left this, my native land, for America, and after an absence of seventeen years, I returned to England,—with a vivid recollection of the horrors of my voyage, in youth, to the shores of Colombia,—*for* in that passage every grade of famine had been experienced. As I conjure up the image of that horror, I can still remember how my strength yielded to lassitude,—lassitude to melancholy,—till *blindness* closed the scene of terror and despair! I can still hear the wild shrieks of wretched,—maddened mothers, as they cast the offspring of their affection into the vast deep,—the victims of starvation! I can still feel the chill upon my heart, as my nearly fleshless hand was placed WITHIN THE DEADLY URN, to draw forth the lot of life or death; and my mind still bears the torture of the brain, as I followed,—sightless and tearless,—a beloved sister,—famine's victim,—to the confines of her charnel-house! Never to be forgotten was the horror of *sight restored*, for it presented to my bewildered gaze, the terrible spectacle of an idiot brother,—a sorrow-stricken mother,—and a maniac father!"

Ships of course always carry "deadly urns" for such tragic occasions as that painted by JONES—indeed, every passenger must know as much.

But what we want to know, is this: since little MASTER JONES "at the age of seven" with his "nearly fleshless hand" did not draw the fatal lot —did it in reality fall to JONES's "beloved sister?"—or if not, what are we to understand by his following her, "*famine's victim*, to the confines of her charnel-house?" MR. JONES is wont to be very particular in all matters relating to his own importance, then wherefore does he not give the name of the ship, the name of the master, dates, &c.?

We, of course, believe every syllable of the story. It is only that MR. JONES may stand well with the world at large, that we ask for particulars. Otherwise, there are people, who may put down the whole narrative to the *genius loci*, and consider it one tremendous fiam. We, of course, are not of these; nevertheless, names and dates, if you please, MR. JONES.

We now take leave of JONES; but that his book may be generally read, it is our intention to deposit our purchased volume with a respectable librarian (we shall duly give his name and address), that it may be hired at not more than one half-farthing per diem. After this, can MR. JONES say that we are unmindful of his literary reputation?

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.—OF TITLE BY FORFEITURE.

VERY one is aware that amid the numerous games played by the law is the game of forfeits, of which it seems there are eight varieties, and if variety is charming in the singular number, the law of forfeiture, with no less than eight varieties, ought to be a most fascinating topic.

Property may be forfeited by crimes and misdemeanors: such as treason and felony, drawing a weapon on a judge, or striking any one in a court of justice. It seems, therefore, that whenever the court is over-crowded, and people on the back benches begin to push each other about for the purpose of getting a place, and come to blows—however mild—they are all liable to forfeit all their property, if they happen to have any. Drawing a weapon on a judge is happily obsolete; but we have seen a disappointed suitor shake his umbrella at a puisne behind the puisne's back while attending a summons at chambers, which is in some sort drawing a weapon on a judge, though "the books" are silent on the subject. Lands may be forfeited by alienation, or conveying them to another contrary to law, such as alienation in mortmain, or dead hand, the term being applied chiefly to lands given to monks, who, as may have been already observed, were dead hands at a bargain. The motto of a corporation being "Never say die," the lands could not be transferred to a corporation without a licence. The clergy, however, soon set to work, and concocted the beautiful system of fines and recoveries, which was one of the most delicious bits of legal cobwebbery that was ever spun by monkish mummery. Several of our early legal blue-bottles were taken by these webs; and old Coke delighted to tangle himself and others in the curious yarn, but the Turk's head of Law Reform has brushed away the whole of it.

Property may be forfeited by lapse, which signifies a slip; and "thus," says Selden, the proverb of "Many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" is verified." How Selden makes out any connexion between the property and the cup, or the tenant and the lip, we don't exactly see; but we should be sorry to disturb the authority of any of those quaint dogmata that the old jurists so often revelled in.

Another mode of forfeiture is simony, or presenting any one to a benefice for money.—A sort of thing that is done every day by certain loopholes which the law, notwithstanding its pious horror of such transactions, leaves to be taken advantage of. There have been some curious decisions as to whether it is simony to bargain for a parson's living, when the parson himself is dying; and it has been held to be simony to treat with a rector who is ill, though it seems that if the incumbent has only a toothache there would be no simony in offering him "terms" for the next presentation to his benefice.

Forfeiture by breach of condition it would be a forfeiture of our own trouble and the reader's time to dwell upon, so we jump at once to forfeiture by waste, which seems to be founded on the homely saying that "You can't eat your pudding and have it," for if you pull your own house about your ears, you cannot very well continue to enjoy it. Tearing down your landlord's wainscot and pulling up his floors is waste in the eye of the law, but it does not seem that walking in his cockloft and tumbling through the laths and plaster is such a waste as would amount to forfeiture.

It is also waste to convert one kind of ground into another, such as meadow land into arable. And it seems that, by strict right, a paved yard cannot have the stones torn up and mignonette planted in place of them. It is otherwise with the gardens in the centre of squares, which may be meadow to-day and arable to-morrow, because, as nothing will grow, there is in fact no difference.

Opening land to search for a mine is waste in general, and waste of time in particular; but if there was a mine commenced, the tenant may dig away with impunity. There is, however, an old case in the books, of a plug-hole being on the estate of A, when B, the tenant for years, claimed the right of opening a mine by *virtue* of the plug-hole. The point was reserved for all the Judges; and Holt, Chief Justice, said "Pooh, pooh! the plug-hole is not large enough to let the tenant in." Another of the Judges followed with the observation, that "he thought at first there was something in the plug-hole, and he had probed it very patiently, but there was no soundness at the bottom. It seemed at first to savour of something, but if the Courts permitted tenants to wedge themselves into the fee through such apertures as these, there must be an end to everything." It went off on this point; and the case has never been opened since for argument.

It is waste on the part of a tenant if he cuts his landlord's timber; but if the tenant cuts his own stick, it is sometimes waste on the part of the landlord to go after him.

Another species of forfeiture is a breach of the customs of a copyhold; as, where the rent is a peppercorn, the tenant must seek out the landlord and give him pepper to the amount specified. The learned and facetious Bracton remarks, that "Where the rent is pepper it is easily muster'd," a joke almost as venerable as the subject by which it is elicited.

The last method of forfeiture is by becoming a bankrupt, when everything goes to the assignee, to enable him to declare dividends, sometimes to the tune of twopence a pound, like black-heart cherries. A bankrupt seised in tail has it instantly cut off, or at least so much of the tail as belongs to him.

GRAND GAME MEETING.

(From our own Correspondent.)

LAST night a very numerous meeting of the game of LORD COPPERCAP was held in one of his lordship's preserves. The meeting was very numerous: so much so that it would have brought the water into the mouths of those wretched animals, destitute labourers, to behold the hares, pheasants, and partridges present on the genial occasion. They all appeared in their very best sleekness, and in their finest feathers.

The chair was taken by the REV. MR. SLYPUSS (a jack-hare of the very first respectability), who briefly stated the purposes of the meeting. He said, it was impossible for them to witness the unceasing efforts of the owners of the soil in the cause of all that was sacred —need he say he alluded to the Game Laws! (*Loud cheers*) without feeling the heaviest debt of gratitude towards the English landlord. It was to express this gratitude, that they had met. They could not but feel that they were privileged creatures of the earth—beings guarded by peculiar laws—creatures consecrated from the vulgar mouth, and protected even at the cost of human blood and suffering (*Cheers*). Hence their gratitude to those enlightened and patriotic men who had protected them by statutes. (*Hear, hear.*)

MR. FINEWHISKER (a young hare, of very jaunty appearance), moved the first resolution. Whilst it might be proper to express gratitude and all that, it was onerous upon them to call for further protection. The present laws were not sufficiently strong to appal the poor and starving. Nothing could exceed the arrogance of the lower orders: he himself had that morning had a stone thrown at him by a famishing hedger (*Sensation*); whilst a friend of his, whom he regretted not to see present, had, three nights ago, narrowly escaped wires, evidently laid down by one of the inferior classes. Something must be done to check this arrogance, or there was an end to the best interests of the society.

MR. OLDSCUT (a sedate, middle-aged hare), in seconding the resolution, remarked that new vigour was necessary, otherwise "their order" would soon be confounded with that of rabbits and vulgar barn-door poultry. Though suffering under severe domestic affliction, he could not refrain from appearing among them. A week ago, he was a happy husband; the meeting now beheld a disconsolate

widower. (*Sensation.*) The wife of his bosom had been snared from him by a labourer: yes, one of themselves—for it was their common cause—had been caught and killed by a low unlicensed person, and devoured by a boor and his wretched family! Had his wife been killed by a gentleman, by one duly licensed to shoot, he trusted that he should have been the last of husbands to complain; but to be butchered by the starving vulgar—to be consumed for a mere dinner, not used as a dainty—it was too much to endure with resignation. He could have been content to lose his wife to the nobility or gentry, but that she should have been eaten without currant-jelly sauce was too much for his conjugal affection. The speaker concluded by calling for more vigorous measures.

Mr. Silvercrow (a cock-pheasant, in very bright feather) moved the second resolution. He was not, he said, much of a genealogist or antiquary; nevertheless, he believed that his brethren were originally of Asiatic stock; and if, indeed, there needed an argument to prove this, it might be found in the beneficent laws passed by English senators for their protection. Was it not a cause of gratification to all of them, that at that very moment the English labourer was made a slave to them—that even the English farmer was compelled to see them devour his grain, nor yet, but at his peril, to kill or wound them? Had they not the grand satisfaction of tempting the fingers of famine to break its fast and the law at the same time? Had they not the sweet consolation to know that at that moment there were scores and scores of men—husbands and fathers—locked up in gaol, and their bits of household furniture seized and sold—for indignities offered, ay, even to members of that meeting? Besides, if they had any wrong to complain of against men in general, were they not sweetly revenged for the injustice; for did not they, as game, tend to work more immorality, more tyranny, more heart-burning (with now and then a little wholesome blood-spilling) than any other beasts of the field, or birds of the air? For himself, he never thought of the men that he and his fellows caused to be locked up for felons, that in the exulting feeling of his high privilege he did not crow the louder for it. Nevertheless, with the last speaker, he thought they should petition their landlords for more vigorous measures.

Mr. Shortbill (an elderly and very respectable partridge) seconded this resolution. He said he begged to call the attention of the meeting to a paragraph which he would read from the *Oxford Chronicle*. It was to this effect; that—

"Richard Nutt, of Postcomb, a lad about 15 years of age, was charged by Palmer *with looking at seven wires* on the 15th of October. The poor boy said he was coming down the footpath *and saw the wires, and only stopped to look at them, but did not touch them.* Fined 15*s.*, including costs, and in default 14 days' imprisonment!"

The speaker observed that such a paragraph must be especially sweet to the feelings of the meeting (*loud cheers*), as it assured them of the more than paternal care exercised towards them by their enlightened landlords. Looking upon himself as of the aristocracy of birds, he could not but feel grateful for such protection. Seeing that the country had a superabundant population, nothing could be wiser than to continually sacrifice the peasant to the pheasant. (*Cheers and laughter.*) Instead, however, of fining a labourer for *looking* at wires or at any game soever, he would stop the chance of such disrespect, by compelling every labourer—unless upon lawful work—to walk blindfolded! (*Cheers.*) He hoped another session would not pass away ere this was done. It was an axiom that could not be too sternly preached, that the poor were made for game, and not game for the poor.

The resolutions were passed, thanks returned, and the meeting separated.

PARISIAN INTELLIGENCE.

"The Major-General of the Navy had issued an order at Rochefort, prohibiting Naval Officers from wearing long beards and moustachios."—*Revue de Paris.*

"The Prince de Joinville will shortly set out for the Brazils."—*Do. next day.*

The excitement caused here by the above announcements is dreadful. I am confined to my apartment. My *portier*, who is *abonné* to the *Siècle*, is marching up and down the court as I write, armed with a shoemaker's paring-knife, swearing he will have the blood of the *perfide Albionnais au quatrième*. I find a difficulty in getting the most trifling service from any one, and have had to black my own boots ever since these startling paragraphs appeared. How it will end, I dare hardly surmise. Heaven grant the storm-cloud may pass without bursting! I send you some articles from the Opposition journals.

[*From the Siècle.*]

'At last, then, the cup of outrage is filled to the brim. The Man of Ghent has swallowed the bitter draught without a wry face. Ha! It was offered him in a jewelled cup, by the hand of one higher than Sir Peel himself. Day after day, week after week, had France been bearded by Albion—and now her insulting razor is to pass over the chin of our brave *marine!* The manly beard of the young hero, noble scion of a degenerate stock, was offensive, forsooth, to the haughty insulars. He had dared to hurl the language of defiance in their proud throats; and, with petty malignity, Albion thus wreaks her vengeance! France looked for this consummation! When the hollow greetings of the Château d'Eu were reciprocated by those hollower hypocrisies of Windsor; when the Man of Ghent grasped the hand of Vilainton, the blood of France not yet dried upon its palm, France exclaimed, 'What new humiliation is yet left for us?' The blow has come. In every sweep of the razor upon the chins of her naval officers, France feels a new rent in her banner; in every beard that falls, a gem torn from her diadem! Yes, the prince we revered abandons an ungrateful country, beardless, and seeks a foreign clime. We would fain adopt a graceful custom of ancient Greece, and consecrate the clippings of his chin to the outraged Genius of our country! France will elevate each hair into a relic, and wear it as a martyr's record!"

[*From the Quotidienne.*]

"Well did Albion know that the sword of vengeance was suspended over her head by the beard of De Joinville, as the blade over the neck of Damocles by the hair of Dionysius! She has severed the hair—Why has the sword not fallen? In the name of France we ask of Ministers, What hand intercepted the weapon? Alas, it was a child of France who with one hand cut the hair, with the other arrested the sword in its downward progress."

[*From the Moniteur de Brest.*]

"All is tumult here. A body of French officers wearing beards, have just now laid their swords at the feet of the Admiral of the station.

"The officers of the garrison have muffled their beards with black crape, to mark their sympathy with their brethren of the marine."

[*From the Journal de Toulon.*]

"Two officers of the navy have committed suicide. They had shaved off their beards in compliance with the recent order, and wove them into ropes, with which they hung themselves in their cabins. Immense sympathy has been manifested throughout the fleet."

I shall let you know if any *émeute* takes place.

P.S.—The *portier* has been reinforced by the shoeblack who has his station in the *porte cochère*. They are pointing, with furious gestures, to my window. Heaven help me! I cannot rely on the police for protection!

Your "Paris Correspondent."

DREADFUL NAUSEA.

M. Guizot has had an attack of sickness. It was brought on, we believe, by reading an article in his praise in the *National.*

ONE AND ONE MAKE TWO.

Louis-Philippe has sent over to the Grand Turk a doll, worth 10,000 francs. We are astonished at this, as we cannot see what France wants with another Ambassador in Turkey.

DAN SERENADING LORD JOHNNY.

Wake, Johnny ! wake, and again combining,
Soon into power we 'll steal ;
Where we first hatch'd our plots designing,
Our compact we 'll reseal.
Dost thou not feel thy heart inclining
A *little* to " Repeal ! "
My Lord John ! my Lord John ! my Lord John !
One look, though a wink, sly and funny,
Try it on, try it on, try it on,
The " Repeal Cap " will fit ye, my honey :
Arrah faith !

Too long have we, asunder working,
Our sep'rate plans pursued,
Coercion all my efforts " burking ; "
Thy own, poor Whig, pooh-pooh'd :
Come Johnny, come, no longer shirking,
Consult our mutual good,
My Lord John ! my Lord John ! my Lord John !
Let the *Chronicle* throw out a feeler ;
Try it on, try it on, try it on,
You 'll oust Peel if you'll be a Repealer :
Arrah faith !

Comfort and Economy.

The following rates of living, combining the above advantages, have been stated by a Dr. Handyside, Secretary to a Scotch Association for inquiring into Pauperism, as sufficient for the humbler classes :—

	Per Week.	
For a Single Man	1*s.* 0*d.*	Allowed for Food 6*d.*
For a Man, with 4 children, under 10 years of age	3 0	or 3*s.* 6*d.*
Minimum for a Man with a Family . .	2 6	

Dr. Handyside, we apprehend, supposes deficiencies in oatmeal to be eked out in *thistles ;* regarding that species of food (from his own predilections) as proper for his *fellow creatures.*

JUSTICE AFTER DINNER.

Has it ever chanced to the reader to attend the Old Bailey evening sessions—we mean at that genial time, when the digestion of Justice and the trial of a pickpocket may be going on at the same time—when Justice, to engage her contemplation, has a dinner on the one hand and a sinner on the other ? If the reader have not visited such Newgate Court after the cloth has been withdrawn and the bottle gone its round, then does he not know the possible alacrity of Justice. We have known her in the morning—nay, up to the time that that " tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell," has rung—serene, self-balanced, full of the awful subject pending : and then Justice has retired to dine. The dinner over, how very often does a different Justice sit upon the Bench ! We have seen her with a roseate tinge upon her cheek—a look of fulness—in fact, altogether another sort of Justice to the pallid, nun-like maid that summed up in the forenoon.

Doubtless, it was some belief that morn and evening Justice was not one and the same high quality, that, a few days since, caused the question to be mooted in the Court of Aldermen, whether the Old Bailey *after dinner* sittings should not be altogether abolished. The proposition was, however, negatived ; the majority of the Court doubtless feeling that Justice never had so soft a heart as when her belly was full, and that though proverbially blind, nothing so infallibly cleared her intellectual vision like sparkling Burgundy, and fine full-bodied port.

Besides, as we have said, Justice is so alert after dinner ! We have known some half-dozen prisoners, whose cases in an early part of the day might have pestered the Court for some hours,—we have known them all arraigned, tried, and sentenced, ay, in comparatively as few minutes ! How often, too, has a Recorder passed a tremendous sentence upon an offender, simply because he has seen his iniquity double !

The Late Rains.

By putting our umbrella into the fountains at Trafalgar Square, we have ascertained that the quantity of rain fallen last week is just one cubic ferule. This, if poured into buckets, will make 25 pails, 7 cups, and 3 saucers. This quantity has been drawn out, and pumped into the Artesian well, so as to form a sinking-fund for the fountains when they can no longer play in their old age.

JUSTICE AFTER DINNER.

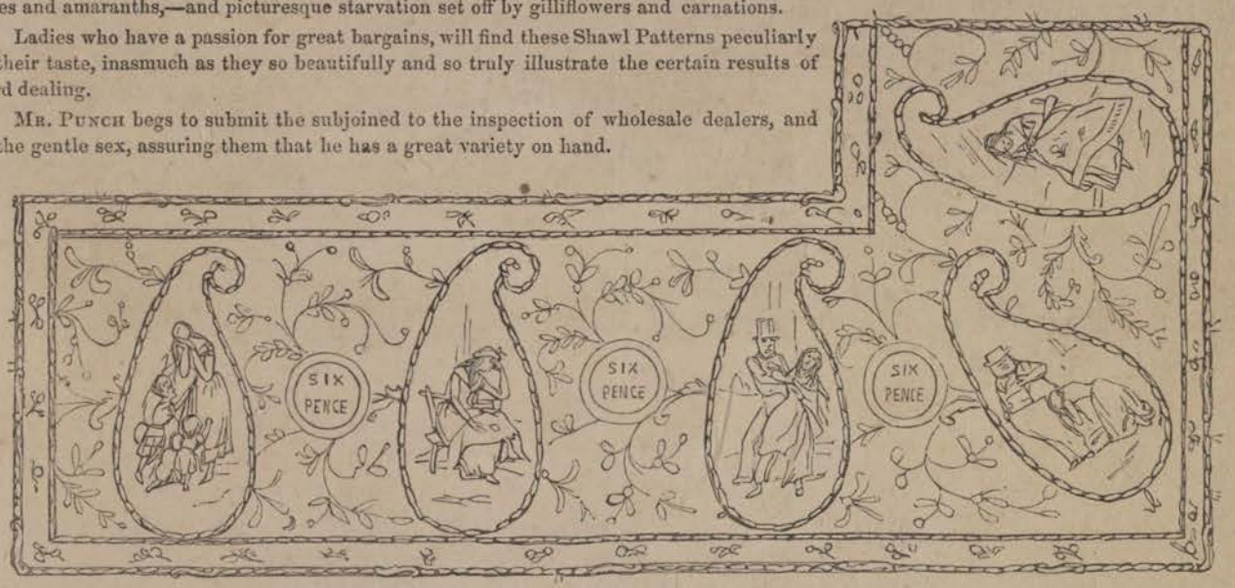
PATTERNS FOR SHAWLS.—A CARD.

Mr. PUNCH presents his compliments to wholesale dealers, and other practical philanthropists, who are wont—"regardless of expense"—to give to their serfs of the needle sixpence for the working of eighty flowers (see the late case of ESTHER PIERCE), that he has just completed a series of the most beautiful and significant Shawl Patterns, peculiarly illustrative of the benevolence of the employers and the comforts of the employed.

MR. PUNCH has misery in every phase, and worked in all colours. Death's heads and broken hearts are most tastefully blended with roses and amaranths,—and picturesque starvation set off by gilliflowers and carnations.

Ladies who have a passion for great bargains, will find these Shawl Patterns peculiarly to their taste, inasmuch as they so beautifully and so truly illustrate the certain results of hard dealing.

MR. PUNCH begs to submit the subjoined to the inspection of wholesale dealers, and to the gentle sex, assuring them that he has a great variety on hand.



PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XL.

FROM A GENTLEMAN TO HIS FRIEND, SOLICITING HIS SERVICES IN A DUEL.

MY DEAR BROWN,

LET me see you immediately. A matter upon which depends the good name, the honour, the all that makes this world tolerable, requires that I should instantly consult you. I will, however, in as few words as possible, inform you of my present position. When you know it, I feel assured that I shall have your immediate sympathy—your promptest assistance.

This evening, taking a quiet stroll by the Serpentine, accompanied by faithful Ponto, the dog suddenly jumped into the stream, and swimming into the middle, remained there, swimming round and round—you know what a water-dog he is—barking and snapping at the gnats that danced about him. The superb fellow attracted much attention: some ladies—among them two very lovely girls—stopped in a carriage to watch and admire Ponto. They called him all kinds of pretty names, and one of the girls, I was inclined to think, looked as though she wished some of the praises to be shared by Ponto's master. I am not a vain man, BROWN—I should despise myself if I were; but I nevertheless felt a very pleasurable emotion as the girl, with her large black eyes, lighted up at the doings of Ponto, did now and then glance approvingly at me. All this continued for some minutes, and very pleasant it was. At length a gentleman—I suppose I must call him so—came up to the carriage, and knowing the ladies, entered into conversation with them. The girl with the black eyes begged him to look at Ponto, who was still chasing the gnats; the gentleman, however, scarcely deigned to bestow a glance on the magnificent fellow, and what is more—leaning his arms upon the phaëton door—he absolutely, and in a most marked way, turned his back upon the dog, as I am now convinced, to pass a slight upon his master. You know I am not a passionate man, BROWN; certainly not; nevertheless, I felt I had attained what you are continually preaching to me—some conquest over myself—when I suffered this incivility of a stranger to pass unrebuked, unnoticed. However, this was bad enough—but matters were not to end here.

At length, Ponto came ashore, landing where the gentleman stood with his back to the water. On coming to land, Ponto—with the natural movement of a dog—gave himself a vigorous shake, and the water flew from him as from a well-twirled mop. Of course, much of it went upon the gentleman, the ladies laughing at the dilemma. My gentleman, however, in a burst of passion, flung out his foot at Ponto, and wholly forgetful of the ladies' presence, cried "D—n the dog."

Now, BROWN, you know I am not a hasty man—no, I think not: nevertheless, I can suffer no man under any circumstance whatever to damn my dog. Besides, in addition to the offensive word, there was a violence attempted upon the person of the animal. It is but little satisfaction to me that Ponto, by his never-failing agility, avoided the kick intended for him,—the gentleman by the ill-directed violence of the action being almost flung over,—that has nothing to do with it; I feel that I—I, HECTOR MONTGOMERY, was attempted to be kicked through Ponto: and that when the man damned the dog, he most certainly meant the damn to reach the master.

Under these circumstances, my dear BROWN, nothing remains for me but to call the offender. The laws of honour demand it: my position in society requires it—for how,—how, I ask,—could I ever again appear in the world unless this stain was wiped out in blood!

I enclose you the party's card: but come, come instantly, that no time may be lost. My honour festers with delay.

Yours, my dear BROWN, ever truly,

HECTOR MONTGOMERY.

LETTER XLI.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

MY DEAR MONTGOMERY,

I HAVE waited on MR. GREEN, and have, I think, arranged all matters according to the very nicest sense of honour. MR. GREEN would not allow himself to be in fault, inasmuch as Ponto was the first offender. Hereupon—animated by your spirit—I urged that whatever might have been the indiscretion of Ponto, nothing could have justified a damn and a kick. Such words and acts were *tabooed* from good society; and therefore I begged to be favoured

with the name of his friend, that we might settle the matter immediately. Mr. Green instantly complied with my desire; and in a word, the meeting is to take place in Copenhagen Fields to-morrow morning.

We have arranged the matter after this fashion. Mr. Green has in his possession a remarkably fine bull-dog, by name Fury. Now, as Ponto was really the offending party, and I could in no way bring Mr. Green himself to meet the dog, it is decided that he shall appear in the person of Fury to fight his antagonist. True it is that Fury is in weight, breed, and bone so superior to Ponto, that I fear he will hardly escape with his life. These odds are, however, inevitable in the duello. For instance, Mr. Green never drew a trigger in all his days: now, you can hit the stone out of a cherry at twenty yards. He has heard of this prowess, and therefore is content to be represented by his dog.

The meeting is to come off at five to-morrow morning, in Copenhagen-fields. Mr. Green's friend and myself have agreed, that whichever dog shall be worsted, its owner shall be declared in the wrong; whereupon—if life be spared—we have no doubt that a reconciliation of the animals may be effected at a very small expense, at the first dog's-meat shop.

I trust, my dear friend, that you will acknowledge the wisdom of this arrangement; and, moreover, as you are a leading man in the higher walk of the world, that you will exert yourself to the utmost to make the practice general. If fighting be really necessary, why not fight vicariously? I should like to know how many duels have taken place in which the honour, the dignity of human nature, would not have been equally well vindicated if the antagonists had been even terriers and turnspits.

As for washing out stains in blood, I for one know no process of moral chemistry that can effect it. There never was so miserable a mountebank as what is called Worldly Honour! It is this quacksalver that talks of washing wrongs out with blood, in the same way that a jackpudding at a fair vends powder of pot to take out every household blot and stain. Both these creatures are impostors—with this difference, that one is a zany with a death's-head.

If men must fight, let them fight by deputy. Let us leave what is called "gentlemanly satisfaction" to be worked out for us by the lower animals. Your very high folks might settle their disputes with a couple of lions; whilst the vulgar might have their quarrels satisfactorily worked out by cocks and terriers.

Indeed, how many a feud that has tragically ended with a bullet, might not have been settled by a maggot race!

Yours truly,

James Brown.

P.S. I shall send to-morrow morning at half-past 4 for Ponto. Let him be well washed and combed for the field, in case of the worst.

THE HONOUR OF THE BAR.

Here is a good deal being said just now about the Honour of the Bar, as affected by the terrific touting of some of the utters—we do not trust ourselves to supply the substantive to the adjective utter—at the Old Bailey.

The truth is, that the struggle for bread and briefs among some of the Central Criminal Gentlemen would form a little melodrama.

We give the following scene from a grand Legal Spectacle, of terrific interest, which is constantly being represented at the Old Bailey.

The Stage represents a passage leading to the Court. On the right hand the door of the Robing Room.

Enter Cringe *from Robing Room, meeting* Snatcher, *who is carrying several dirty bits of paper.*

CRINGE.

Well met, my friend. How goes the touting on?

SNATCHER.

Bravely, my "learned friend." [*Sneeringly.*

CRINGE.

Thou art a wag.
Thy playful merriment I do not heed,
For like the avalanche—

SNATCHER.

Nay none of that:
Go, take thy tropes and metaphors to Court,
To astonish juries with—don't humbug me.

CRINGE.

Good Snatcher, haste thee with the welcome briefs.
How has our friend the Turnkey treated us?

SNATCHER.

Were he to treat us as we both deserved,
'Twould be no treat to us—my "learned friend." [*Sneeringly.*

CRINGE.

This badinage is most unbusiness-like.
Time wears—and soon my rival at the Bar,
The ever-pushing Javelin, will be here.
Give me the briefs, I say—nay, I entreat.

SNATCHER.

Well, well; I will not tantalise you longer.
Behold—two felonies, three misdemeanours;
The felonies are each a pound.

CRINGE.

A pound!
I thought a guinea.

SNATCHER (*sarcastically*).

Did you think a guinea?
And what has taught you, sir, to think a guinea?
Was it when first I met you in the Yard,
Briefless beyond all hopes of getting briefs;
When our eyes met, and, giving wink for wink,
We understood at once each other's meaning;
Then when I tendered you three good half-crowns,
You seized upon them with a gleeful grasp—
Say, was it then you thought a guinea?

CRINGE.

Hold!
By all our present friendship—by the past,
And by our future dealings, prythee hold!
Give me the felonies—I mean the pounds.

SNATCHER.

And my commission——

CRINGE.

That, of course, deduct.
How many misdemeanours said'st thou, friend?

SNATCHER.

But three—a couple of them, each a crown,
Makes half-a-sovereign.

CRINGE.

Ay, and the third;
Good Snatcher, what 's the fee upon the third?

SNATCHER.

Seven shillings, worthy counsellor of mine.

CRINGE.

Now, by my soul, the work goes bravely on.
Two crowns!—Macbeth himself did seek but one.
Ha, ha! I could be merry, Snatcher.

SNATCHER.

Could you?
Then meet me at the rising of the Court;
We'll quaff in company the generous beer.
I've ordered steaks and onions at the Chequers.

CRINGE.

The Chequers be it, then. Adieu, my friend.

SNATCHER.

Farewell, my Chancellor in embryo—
My champion of injured innocence.
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

CRINGE.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
[*Exeunt at opposite sides.*

GENERAL WASHING COMPANY.

Report of the Provisional Committee of the "General Washing Company," appointed at a Meeting of the Shareholders, held on the 1st of April last.

Your Committee beg to report that they have deliberated upon the various important matters referred to them, and offer the following as the results :—

That the Company be formed forthwith on a Capital of One Million, in shares of 10*l.* each ; the calls to be 2*l.* per share.

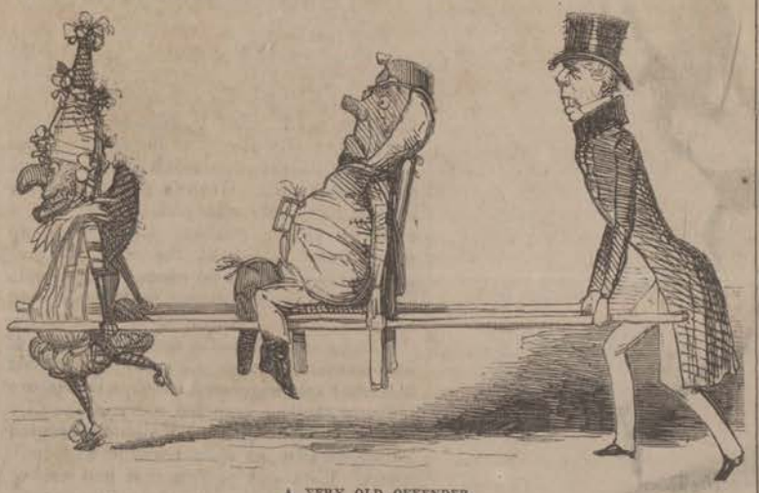
Your Committee have to report that they had taken the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, where (in order to combine utility with novelty and profit,) the operations of the Company will be carried on. Your Committee propose that the stage and pit shall be amalgamated, and a steam-engine erected in the centre, for the purpose of washing blankets, sheets, quilts, and other large articles ; and that the suds be distilled by an apparatus affixed to the furnace of the engine, to provide geneva for the washerwomen ; this, it is conceived, will effect a saving of at least 1⅞ per cent. to the Company. It is further intended to open the Theatre every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, that the public may witness the performance ; and to give due effect, the women will be taught to keep time and wash to the music of an efficient band.

The following are submitted as the prices of admission :—To the dress circle, 9*d.*; boxes, 6*d.* ; and gallery 3*d.* No drab hats nor bonnets in the dress circle. Refreshments upon the usual scale.

Your Committee have engaged 1000 experienced washerwomen, and have ordered 50 patent carts, and a sufficient supply of buck-baskets, to fetch and carry the washing.

All disputes to be referred to the Ironing Board. Your Committee have also determined upon taking possession of Leicester Square as a drying ground, and have engaged two policemen to watch the clothes.

Your Committee desire, lastly, to report that Lord Brougham has kindly consented to preside as Chairwoman.



A VERY OLD OFFENDER.

JUSTICE FOR KENSINGTON.

There is not a more loyal town, nor one that pays in its mite of allegiance to the British throne more cheerfully, than Kensington. She submits pleasantly to the almost paternal sway of Pummell, the beadle ; and the voice of sedition is never heard within her peaceful precincts.

It is this which emboldens us to demand justice for Kensington. We allude to the shameful darkness of the road, from Knightsbridge to the gates of the Palace ; the route has all the appearance of a now deserted, but once important thoroughfare. There are still the skeletons of the lamps, with their broken lantern jaws and pallid posts, standing up as if to protest against the indignity that has been offered them. To paraphrase the line of Byron, it may be said, that on viewing the lightless lanterns—

"We start! for gas is wanting here."

Why Kensington should have been selected as a solitary victim to utter gaslessness, we are at a loss to discover. What has Kensington done, to deserve this opprobrium? During the agitation of the Reform Bill, Kensington — thanks to the moderation of Pummell—never forgot herself. Had the staff been in other hands, there is no knowing what attitude might have been assumed by this supple, but sometimes ambitious suburb.

Again, we say, the road ought to be lighted ; and we shall be obliged to turn some of our light on to the subject every week, if gas is not speedily resorted to.

THE STRONGEST CLAIM.

A French philanthropist has just left a legacy to be distributed amongst persons "the most disgraced by nature." Now, as Sir James Graham dined with Alderman Gibbs on Saturday, we strongly advise him to apply for it, as we are sure that circumstance alone is quite sufficient to entitle him to it.

COMIC SONGS FOR LADIES.

Gaily still the moments pass,
While I sit before the glass ;
Care can never reach the lass
Who thinks her face divine !

Chorus.
Who thinks her face di-vi-i-i-i-ine,
Who thinks her face di-vi-i-i-i-ine ;
Care can never reach the lass
Who thinks her face divine !

See the maiden, wrung with pain,
Corset lace and waistband strain ;
But relief she 's sure to gain
Who thinks her form divine !
Chorus. Who thinks, &c.

You may call me vain and pert ;
You may say that I 'm a flirt :
Nothing can her feelings hurt
Who thinks herself divine !
Chorus. Who thinks, &c.

Funds may sink, or banks may fail ;
Pa, perhaps, may go to jail :
Care can ne'er her soul assail
Who thinks herself divine !
Chorus. Who thinks, &c.

Let me, then, my tresses braid ;
Be my form with taste array'd ;
Grief can never reach the maid
Who thinks herself divine !
Chorus. Who thinks, &c.

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

After the Ball at Birkenhead, on the occasion of laying the first stone of the new Docks, there was a general scramble for the hats, bonnets, cloaks, and great-coats. It seems that the waiters had helped themselves rather too freely to champagne, and, feeling their incapacity to fulfil their duties, had gone home at an early hour, to sleep off the fumes of Moet. The consequence was, that when the ball was over, as the waiters had taken the tickets with them, it became a very difficult matter to distribute the garments to those who came with their duplicates to redeem them. In the utter despair of a strict distribution, the whole articles left in pledge were brought out, and thrown in a heap into the middle of the room. Every person fell to, and helped himself. Gentlemen got four-and-nines for real beavers, and many a lawyer, who came with a Chesterfield, was obliged to walk home with a Wrap-rascal. One gentleman was compelled to put on a Dunstable bonnet and a plaid shawl, and, when he got home, was refused admittance by his own wife. But the most melancholy case was that of an old lady, who, at day-break had to walk to her hotel in a dirty macintosh and an oilskin sou'-wester. The company must have felt to a ticket, that if "property has its rights, it has its losses, too," when taken to an evening party. The inquiries after hats, clogs, boas, and tippets, have been very numerous ever since.

The Fall of London.

Some scientific gentleman has just made the discovery that London is stuck into a sort of clay-pit, and as long as the clay is kept moist, the metropolis is all right, but directly the water is drawn off, or dried up, the whole concern will crumble to pieces, and London will tumble through into the antipodes. We were not aware that our houses were fastened into their foundations by so slight a hold, and we recommend all who put faith in the theory, to swamp their kitchens once a week, as a precaution against the possibility alluded to. We always had a prejudice in favour of dry situations, but we presume marshes will henceforth be preferred as building grounds. As we have been told by the prospectus of the British and Foreign Institute that without more members it will be swamped, we conclude that the looseness of its foundation must be regarded as a good omen of its stability.

DANIEL AND MATHEW.

THE TWO GREAT AGITATORS.

DANIEL O'CONNELL and Father MATHEW are the two greatest men of Ireland. No Irishman — not even the self-loving MR. GRATTAN, can, we think, question this. Both, too, are martyrs.—DANIEL has suffered three months' unjust imprisonment; albeit the prison was no worse to him than the rich cheese which a mouse once selected for his hermitage,—still the captivity was unjust. MATHEW has spent a fortune, and has been subjected to the defiling touch of a bailiff. Here, on both sides, is martyrdom. DANIEL, however, wears his martyrdom with a difference. He has hoarded bags of gold: he has, with MIDAS faculty, turned the wrongs of his country into personal wealth; and is exceedingly rich, only because Ireland has been exceedingly miserable.

Now, MATHEW the Martyr brought his fortune into the market to buy up vice; to bribe wretchedness into comfort; to purchase, with ready money, crime, and passion, that he might destroy them. He has laid out all his means, that he might make Temperance alluring to an impulsive, whiskey-loving people: he counts his tens of thousands of proselytes, and then, taking out his purse, he counts nothing. He has triumphed, but he is a beggar. Taught by his temperance lessons, the peasant and artificer — ay, thousands of them — have made their homes more worthy of human creatures, and the teacher himself is shown the way to a gaol. MATHEW is arrested for the price of the medals with which he decorated his army of converts—we know few orders, home or foreign, more honourable, if sincerely worn—and, unless Ireland arise as one man, the reward of the Great Teacher is the County Prison.

The martyr DANIEL is, with his money-bags and beagles, at Derrynane; and the martyr MATHEW, with an empty pocket, is in the gripe of a bailiff.

It would seem that Fortune had wrought all this for the further glorification of MR. O'CONNELL. Lucky man that he is! when even the misfortunes of others conspire to crown him with a triple glory. How often—with his heart beating in every word he uttered—has MR. O'CONNELL declared his everlasting obligation to FATHER MATHEW, to the great Apostle of Temperance, whose all but miraculous influence over an ardent and impulsive population had prepared the country to receive, as sober men, the holy draughts of patriotism prepared for them by the great political Agitator. According to MR. O'CONNELL, FATHER MATHEW has been to him a moral drill-serjeant, whose glorious discipline prepared for the patriotic general the great and certain elements of success. In O'CONNELL'S hands FATHER MATHEW has been the unconscious, although the invincible weapon of Repeal! *When* the Irish Parliament meet on College-Green, will not such a gathering be the result of FATHER MATHEW'S Temperance, marshalled and directed by O'CONNELL'S Patriotism!

And therefore, if we know the man, we know that DANIEL O'CONNELL will immediately fraternise with FATHER MATHEW. What does DANIEL write from Derrynane?—

"FATHER MATHEW must be relieved from all his difficulties—difficulties brought on in the performance of that astonishing moral miracle, of which he has been, under Providence, the instrument."

And therefore, will DANIEL O'CONNELL immediately on his return to Dublin—"which cannot be before the 24th"—share half the proceeds of "the Rent," with FATHER MATHEW.

DISAGREEABLE EFFECTS OF A HIGH WIND.

THE LORD MAYOR'S OATH.

ONE of the most interesting features of Lord Mayor's Day was the oath taken in the Court of Exchequer by the late Lord Mayor (MAGNAY), that he will render to Her Majesty a true and faithful account of the issues and profits of his office as escheator, and furthermore shall "well and truly behave himself in yielding the same account as a true accountant ought to do."

MR. BARON PARKE, while administering the oath to MAGNAY, looked significantly at GIBBS, as much as to say, "Well, my fine fellow, how will you get over that part of the business?"

The tone of the learned Judge was strongly suggestive of the fact, that the QUEEN was not to be humbugged, and would not allow the royal prerogative to be trifled with. We nevertheless fear that Her Majesty will find the Man in Brass a very awkward customer.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

THE tomfoolery of a Lord Mayor's Show was never more conspicuous than in the case of GIBBS, for though there may be some excuse for the nonsense when the thing goes off what is termed "well," it becomes cruelly absurd to lug a man about in a great uneasy state-coach merely to hoot and yell at him. GIBBS's position on the 9th of November was pitiable. It was a case of pillory without the eggs — an omission for which, by the way, we give great praise to the populace. The people acted sensibly in sparing their eggs, and allowing the Lord Mayor to save his bacon.

The procession was a mournful piece of business from first to last; and the almost incessant rain suggested the idea of Nature in tears for the departed glory of the City of London. The Ancient Knights presented an appearance at once horrible and ludicrous. Rain and perspiration had washed the rouge on their faces into large spots, giving them all the appearance of having been attacked by scarlet fever or erysipelas. The Esquires, in half armour, were arrayed in a strange conglomeration of military mail and civil seediness. Steel breast-plates clashed comically with sleeves of evident cloth; and the warlike buckler but half concealed the skirt of the peaceful wrap-rascal. Greaves of metal struggled, as it were, with trousers of the clearest corduroy; and the ankle-jack betrayed itself beneath the polished steel legging. A knee of glittering brass was backed by a calf of unquestionable Tweedish trousering; and the ancient knight was swamped in the modern supernumerary. The idea is indeed ludicrous, of one ticket-porter as an esquire being attended by another ticket-porter as a standard-bearer; while both are humble followers of a third ticket-porter in a suit of chivalric dish-covers, surmounted by a thing on his head, partaking about equally of a knightly tin pot, or an heraldic jelly-mould. But if bad went before, worse remained behind, for GIBBS himself came last in the procession. It is time for these absurdities to be done away with; and the expression of opinion at the parading of GIBBS may, perhaps, have paved the way for treating Lord Mayors' shows in future with the contempt that is due to them.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will "A Member of the Destitute" favour us with his name in confidence?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by Joseph Smith, Publisher, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, St. John's Wood Road, Regent's Park, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1844.

MOON IN PARIS

ARAGRAPHS like the following have appeared in most of the London newspapers; how they got there is a mystery we are not disposed to dive into:—

"Mr. Alderman MOON, the well-known promoter of the Fine Arts, and the mover of the address of the city of London to the King of the French, had the honour to dine yesterday with their Majesties at Saint Cloud, and has been engaged to pass the evening with the Royal Family on Saturday next."
—*Galignani.*

We should be very glad to know:—1st. What are the Fine Arts MOON has promoted? and 2nd, How has he promoted them? The fine old art of humbug is certainly indebted to him for a more perfect development than usual; and if humbug is recognised as one of the fine arts, we acknowledge MOON to be a "well-known promoter" of it. If getting pictures engraved, and assuming to oneself all the merit of the artist, be promoting art, then has MOON promoted it. LOUIS-PHILIPPE is a very good-natured man, but he surely can't have MOON to dine with him in the character of a promoter of the fine arts. His Majesty might as well, on being struck with a piece of music played on an organ, invite the organ-blower to the palace, instead of the composer, or even the organist. MOON has about the same relation to the fine arts as the organ-blower has to the music; he only puffs away as hard as he can, thus supplying the empty noise, while others promote the ability. MOON is a printseller, and has made what money he has by selling prints; so that the fine arts have promoted him, instead of his having promoted the fine arts.

THE PRICE OF A JAW.

ONE would think that PLUTUS made most of our English laws, there are so few of them that are not to be mended with money, if the breaker can afford the tinkering. This is, indeed, the true aristocracy of wealth, and makes a man with gold in his pocket feel that he is unquestionably one of the superior classes—in fact, a chartered ruffian, who may knock down his fellow-creatures like ninepins, if he have ready cash sufficient to pay for the sport. Blessed privilege of wealth! How contemptuously must the rich offender eye the pauper ruffian, who can no more afford to enjoy the broken members of his neighbours than he can afford green peas at Christmas? Again and again do magistrates—by their judgments—call upon us to marvel at the healing principle of gold—the never-failing *aurum potabile* of the police-office.

The subjoined case, however, applies, we presume, to a penniless ruffian:—

"CLERKENWELL.—*George Combes* was charged with breaking the jaw of an unfortunate girl named ANNE GORMAN.

"The poor girl was standing quietly in the Chalk Road, when the prisoner told her to accompany him. She refused, upon which he dealt her such a blow with his clenched fist *as broke her jaw and felled her to the ground, where she lay insensible for half an hour.* She was then conveyed to a surgeon.

"MR. COMBE.—Will you make this poor creature *some compensation* for the grievous injury you have done her?

"Prisoner.—I won't give her a farthing.

"MR. COMBE.—Then you will pay 5*l.*, or go to the House of Correction for two months."

"Some compensation" for a broken jaw! GEORGE COMBES could not, or would not pay for the article, and—we cordially hope—he is a prisoner for two months, with the supplementary punishment of hard labour. If, however, he could have paid 5*l.* he would have been free to break another jaw the next night on the same terms.

The magistrates say they have no discretion in these matters. If the ruffian *have money*, justice writes him a receipt in full of all demands.

It is the men who make these laws who are answerable for their injustice.

Well, we will suppose it eight in the evening—the place, Palace Yard. There goes LORD —— to his seat in the Commons. A ruffian, thinking that he has a good quarrel with his Lordship's jaw, with his clenched fist breaks it. Does his Lordship—the lawmaker—think the fine of 5*l.* a sufficient punishment for the atrocity? We think not: but then, Lords are so seldom assaulted: such doings generally fall upon the "lower orders," and they being made of coarser clay, are—like pipkins—to be paid for when broken. Men with money can afford it.

We are pretty certain that MR. THOMAS DUNCOMBE must read the police reports; and equally sure that the iniquity of this law is wholly worthy of his reforming energy. Or where is Young England? Wherefore does it not champion the jaws of what Breeches Pocket in its big complacency calls the *lower orders?*

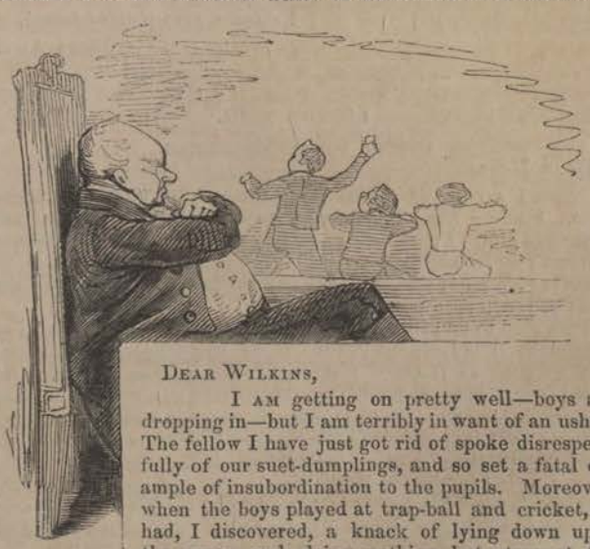
Commercial Literature.

AN advertisement appeared the other day for a Clerk, who was wanted at LLOYD'S, where he would receive a hundred a-year, and it was added that editing *Lloyd's List* would be part of his duties. LLOYD ought to be ashamed of himself to pay his editor so shabbily. It is true the *List* does not require a very imaginative mind, or a very fertile fancy; but the editor of such an important paper must be cognisant of commerce, immersed in the mysteries of mustard, thoroughly ground in pepper, and, in fact, a walking price-current. The man to edit *Lloyd's List* should be able to see which way the wind blows without the aid of a weathercock, and to discriminate at a glance between the various degrees of fresh, squally, and moderate. The noble sciences of breeze-ology, wind-ology, and tide-ology, should all be at his fingers' ends. He should be on the constant look out for bits of vessels washed ashore; and as *Hamlet* knew "a hawk from a hand-saw," the editor of *Lloyd's List* should be able to distinguish a figure-head from a marling-spike. No blacking-bottle washed up by the tide should elude his editorial vigilance; for some of the most interesting articles in *Lloyd's List* have been written on the subject of bits of paper discovered corked up in a former recipient of DAY and MARTIN'S jettest of all jets that ever were manufactured. Such should be the mind that ought to preside over the putting together of *Lloyd's List;* and if our contemporary don't strike for an advance, he is a traitor to the press, a villain to himself, and a wretch to his family!

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XLII.

FROM A SCHOOLMASTER IN WANT OF AN USHER TO A FRIEND.



DEAR WILKINS,

I AM getting on pretty well—boys are dropping in—but I am terribly in want of an usher. The fellow I have just got rid of spoke disrespectfully of our suet-dumplings, and so set a fatal example of insubordination to the pupils. Moreover, when the boys played at trap-ball and cricket, he had, I discovered, a knack of lying down upon the grass, and doing nothing but stare at the sky—as if he had any business with *that.* So he's gone, and a capital riddance.

I never can thank you enough, my good friend, for your advice to go into the academy business. I had no notion that the trade was so easy. When I failed in my own line—and from no defect of mine, WILKINS, for there wasn't a bootmaker that I'd turn my back upon—I thought I was ruined outright. Little did I then dream that the trade of schoolmaster seemed made by Providence for

unfortunate tradesmen who had failed in everything else. Little did I think that so many nice academies I could name—with their Venetian blinds and bright brass knockers, and hearth-stoned steps,—and all so nice as if learning was the neatest and cleanest employment in the world,—little, I say, did I think that these places were little more than very handsome almshouses, supported by good-natured parents, for the unfortunate and helpless. But it is wonderful to see the confidence of fathers and mothers! When I was a boot-maker, the trouble I used to have with my customers!—now, all goes as smooth with 'em as neat's-foot oil.

I'm certain of it, WILKINS; yes, it does seem to me in human nature, that folks think more of their own corns, than of the children of their flesh. When I was in business, the fuss and fuming I used to have if a boot pinched a little! How my customer would storm and bluster! What anxiety, too, would he show when being measured; how many questions he would put to me, as though to come at my abilities for a good fit. I've known, too, some bold-faced people ask for references. Ha! those were days of worry and weariness; nothing of the sort now. No, no; fathers and mothers bring their little boys, and take it as a matter of course, that they'll have all manner of Greek, and Latin, and mathematics, and geography crammed into them. The parents have made up their minds to pay for the articles, and with a trustingness, which in this mean world is quite delightful, they believe the things will be delivered. It is quite enough for them, that the schoolmaster offers the goods—they never stop to inquire if the commodities are of the right sort. Folks don't buy even cabbages after this fashion; but then, children are not cabbages.

You will see, dear WILKINS, that I am in the best spirits with my new business; and I never can forget what I owe to you as an old academy master—a venerable birch, as I have heard you called with the deepest respect. Learning is, indeed, a delightful refuge against the disappointments and vexations of the world. How little did I think when I paid sixpence in the pound, of the future cosiness in store for me in Crichton House! How little did I dream that, having been tossed upon the deceitful waves of trade, I should here sit in a nice library—(according to your directions I make it a sort of show-room for my boys' parents: when they see so many books on my shelves, they of course think I've a good many of them in my head)—a library smelling so of russia-leather, that it's difficult not to think one's-self a scholar. And all this, my excellent friend, I owe to you.

Pray add to the kindness, and find me out an usher. You know exactly the sort of animal that is required in so handsome an establishment as mine. Hoping that you will soon pick him up for me,

I remain, your obliged friend,

JACOB AWL.

LETTER XLIII.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

DEAR JACOB,

I AM by no means surprised to hear that your usher is gone. I never liked the fellow: there was a great deal too much conceit in him. I once heard him talk very high about gentlemanly feelings; and so prepared myself to be startled at nothing. However, there is plenty of such cattle as you want in the market, and depend upon it, you'll soon be suited.

I am glad to find that you like your new business; but ha! Jacob—good as it is for folks in your strait, boarding-school work is n't half so good as it was. I remember when I was flourishing forty years ago: they were the times. Then there was no talk of march of intellect—no slang, vulgar nonsense about a schoolmaster being abroad; as if, indeed, he has any business to be abroad! no impudent interlopers setting up proprietary schools to the injury of the regular master. No: in those days the people who had been sent to school were at once acknowledged to be people of the better sort—people of education. There was no disputing about the matter. And then for the Universities, why, then they *were* places for gentlemen. It was enough to say "an Oxford man," "a Cambridge man;" and folks at once allowed him to be a superior, a very extraordinary person. But now, what a revolutionary change! A man now, whether from Oxford or Cambridge, can't pass for a conjuror, unless he shows his tricks. People in these uncivil times have a vulgar habit of asking, "What has he done?" It was not so in my day.

However, bad as things are in the scholastic profession—lowered as they are—let us thank our stars, they are better here than in that wretched, frog-eating, wooden-shod country, France. There, indeed,—and I believe in other parts of the tyrannical Continent—there is no liberty for learning: none at all. For instance, JACOB—You, at Crichton House, profess to teach all dead and living languages, mathematics, geometry, and all that. Well, and parents are contented to take your word upon the matter; with a straightforward John Bullism they don't put any impertinent questions. Now, how would it be with you in France, JACOB? Why, you'd have been had up to a board, a committee, or something of the sort; and there you'd have been examined and searched, and your brains turned inside out, to see if there was that in 'em that you set up to teach. If there wasn't, why you'd been fined and clapt in gaol for trying to deal in learning without a licence. And therefore, JACOB, after all, let us be thankful that we live in a free country; in a happy land where the government—however sharp it may look after adulterated tobacco and illicit gin—does not interfere with the liberty of the subject; but permits him to trump himself off as knowing all sorts of things, leaving it to the rest of the world to find him out if they can. Yes, JACOB; night and morning return thanks that you are a free-born Briton. Had you been a bankrupt Frenchman, you must have sunk to the lowliness of a cobbler; you would have been mending the shoe-leather of your species in some hut or cellar, and not living in lamb's-wool, doing nothing, in Crichton House. And for this comfort, JACOB, never forget that you are indebted to a bountiful government.

As for the usher, it has just come into my mind that I know a young man who will suit you. He is meek, civil, and a very small eater. I will immediately write to him, and you shall have his answer.

Your sincere old friend,

MATTHEW WILKINS.

P.S.—I shall venture to offer the young man 20*l.* a year.

MAYORALTY AT A DISCOUNT.

THE city of York is likely to undergo all the horrors of an interregnum, for want of a chief magistrate. Our advices from that ancient city inform us that a sort of Mayorophobia has broken out among the aldermen, who are resigning, and paying the fine, one after the other, as fast as they are chosen to wear the civic purple. Nothing can exceed the excitement into which York has been thrown by the refusal of the members of the corporation to wield the mace of office; and it is feared that the city must be handed over to the inspector of police, which will at once establish a semi-military despotism.

There is only one way of accounting for the reluctance of the citizens to assume the mayoral dignity, and that is, by attributing it to the discredit which has lately been thrown on the office of Lord Mayor by what has taken place in London.

A Comparison.

ARABIA'S desert we may well compare
Unto Trafalgar's fountains in the Square;
For place the traveller in either quarter,
He would in vain seek for a drop of water.

THE TENURE OF OFFICE.

LORD STANLEY is advocating the principle of the "FIXITY OF TENURE." This is slightly at variance, we think, with his recent expulsion from Downing Street.

GRATITUDE OF LORD MAYOR GIBBS.

FREQUENTLY, too frequently, do we meet with adages that sadly and pithily tell of man's ingratitude to man! How, then, doth it delight the heart of the thick-and-thin lover of his species to find in great men and high places an active remembrance of past benefits! how then doth it delight *Punch* to be enabled to lay before his readers the following grateful and affecting letter from our bran-new Lord Mayor GIBBS to the trumpeters and drummers of the Life Guards, who, on the memorable ninth, did so valorously distinguish themselves against a riotous and disaffected multitude.

FROM THE LORD MAYOR TO THE TRUMPETS AND DRUMS OF THE LIFE GUARDS.

Mansion-House, Nov. 11, 1844.

GENTLEMEN, AND MY GOOD FRIENDS,—The procession past—the dinner over (*why* SIR ROBERT PEEL did not attend, I cannot discover)—and the sermon of ceremony heard (though not at St. Stephen's, Walbrook, for they do tell me that the church isn't safe), my next duty is to render thanks to you. Since WHITTINGTON'S cat was kittened, never did Lord Mayor owe so much to brass and parchment! Yes, gentlemen, I feel myself to be your debtor for life; and moreover, gentlemen, I am content to feel so.

It is now no secret that a coarse, malignant multitude—a flock of human geese—did on the 9th inst. assemble to hiss me. My dear friend, the Editor of the *Morning Herald*, who really knows what a goose can do—says there was no hissing whatever: other people—but I know their prejudice—protest there was. However, thanks to you, gentlemen, it was to me a matter of perfect indifference; for albeit every man might hiss like a steam-engine, I—praised be your brass and parchment—heard it not. Never was malice more triumphantly vanquished by blowing and beating!

And here let me digress, that I may thank two enthusiastic young men in Highland attire, who, on Ludgate Hill, played the bagpipes most tremendously. Their gratuitous devotion on the occasion must be acknowledged by all, for even my enemies cannot say that *I* would pay the piper.

To return, gentlemen, to you, who were, on the eventful ninth, the instruments of my exceeding happiness: I cannot express to you the more than placid delight that pervaded my soul, as, sunk back in a corner of the carriage, I closed my eyes to the rabble without, and was conscious of nothing but your delightful sounds. I felt that I was undergoing a great trial—I did, I confess it, as the coach lumbered along, now and then reflect upon the uneasy rides that sinners had once taken to Tyburn; but the reflection suddenly passed, and I felt my whole physical and moral being resonant and tingling with brass! My heart was stirred and glowed as the congenial metal brayed to it. I felt arrayed from head to heel in the soul-sustaining substance, and thus—to my mind, etherially clad—what knew I of the taunts, the coarseness, the hootings, the sibilations of an unreflecting mob, whose vulgar mind is tied down to this world and its small and dirty doings, by the trammels of arithmetic!

What cared I for the Rule of Three, whilst you, gentlemen, blew and beat *Rule Britannia?*

Gentlemen, you may have often blown and bled for your country but never did you obtain so great a moral victory: for what were the execrations of a mob against your matchless instruments on the immortal ninth of this November? Gentlemen, with heart-felt, pocket-felt gratitude, I remain,

Your affectionate Friend,

GIBBS, *Mayor.*

P.S.—Understand that I engage you for the next ninth, when I *GO OUT.*

STREET THOUGHTS.

BY A SURGEON.

IN perambulating Oxford-Street or Holborn, what a number of little ragamuffins I observe trundling their hoops! With what interest I contemplate their youthful sport; particularly when I regard its probable consequences! A hoop runs between a gentleman's legs. He falls. When I reflect on the wonderful construction of the skeleton, and consider to how many fractures and dislocations it is liable in such a case, my bosom expands with gratitude to a considerate police, to whose non-intervention we are indebted for such chances of practice!

The numerous bits of orange peel which diversify the pavement oft attract my attention. Never do I kick one of them out of the way. The blessings of a whole profession on the hands that scatter them! Each bit may supply a new and instructive page to the Chapter of Accidents.

Considering the damp, muddy, state of the streets at this time of the year, I am equally amazed and delighted to see the ladies, almost universally, going about in thin shoes. This elegant fashion beautifully displays the conformation of the ankle-joint; but to the surgeon it has another recommendation. I behold the delicate foot, separated scarcely by the thickness of this paper from the mire. I see the exquisite instep, undefended but by a mere web. I meditate on the influence of cold and wet upon the frame; I think of the catarrhs, coughs, pleurisies, pneumonies, consumptions, and other interesting affections, that necessarily must result from their application to the feet; and then I reckon up the number of pills, boluses, powders, draughts, mixtures, leeches, and blisters, which will consequently be sent in to the fair sufferers, calculate what they must come to, and wish I had the amount in my pocket.

SONG OF THE LONDON CORN EXCHANGE.

How markets alter by degrees
Experience makes us find:
This week the duty paid on peas
Has sensibly declined.

The holder of the foreign wheat
Not yet his price abates,
But firmly has refused to treat,
Except on the old rates.

Barley is now in fair request,
But second sorts are dull;
In every species but the best
The buyer has the pull.

Five vessels laden with the oat
(It is the Irish sort)
At present in the harbour float,
And grace the busy port.

Then hey for commerce, corn, and wine!
Where'er the ocean laves,
Our native land is sure to shine,
"BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES."

The Health of Towns Commission.

THE health of towns commission, in order to come at the diseases induced by living in cellars, have sent Professor FAIRPLAY down to Manchester to investigate the subject. The learned Professor now occupies the chair of Rheumatics in a cellar under the Royal Institution. He has been eminently successful in his labours, having already caught 15 catarrhs, 12 sore throats, 9 coughs, and 3 inflammations of the lungs. It is thought that the capture of a few more of these interesting specimens will do for him.

A CAPITAL HASH.

A NEW sauce is advertised under the title of "SIR ROBERT PEEL'S SAUCE." It has been concocted, we believe, from his promises that the Income-Tax should not last longer than three years.

Visiting Society for the Rich.

Original Subscription	£21,000
In hand (and likely to remain)	14,000

BENEVOLENT persons, in this instance more ready to mind other people's business than their own, have founded a Visiting Society for the Rich. It employs upwards of a thousand visitors, who force themselves into the houses of the wealthy, inquire into their circumstances, give them advice whether they want it or not, and distribute tracts among them. The BISHOP OF LONDON being otherwise engaged, MR. PUNCH has been made President of this Society. The nature of its operations will appear from the annexed report of one of *Punch's* lay readers, whose sphere of usefulness is St. George's, Hanover-square :—

"The results of your missionary's labours are, he regrets to say, very painful. A distressing amount of destitution, moral and intellectual, exists in the district under his inspection. Of a hundred persons interrogated by your missionary respecting their duties towards society, ninety-nine replied that they consisted in maintaining an appearance in it. Many, when asked where they expected to go to, said they really did not know; others had not quite made up their minds; some answered to CHELTENHAM or BADEN-BADEN, and several named a concert or a *soirée*. A Baronet, with ten thousand a year, understood by charity the obligation of paying the Poor's rates; and his Lady, the necessity of patronising fancy fairs. A fashionable preacher, residing not ten yards from a court whose inhabitants were starving, had no idea who lived in it. Of fifty individuals who attended a place of worship, forty-eight admitted that they went there in their carriages. Nineteen out of twenty infants had been abandoned to nurses.

"Much physical distress exists among the rich population. Languor, low spirits, fainting, and headach, are almost universal in *boudoirs* and drawing-rooms. Their cause may be traced to ill-ventilated *salons*, overwork and excitement in dancing polkas and waltzes, and to the dire necessity of tight-lacing. Both sexes are sadly troubled with imaginary complaints, which too often render them the prey of designing physicians.

"Pecuniary embarrassment, strange as it may seem, is common among the rich. Your missionary has an idea that this may be, in some measure, connected with their large house-rents, the number of carriages and servants kept, the frequent parties given, and the expense incurred in dresses and jewellery. He suspects that a box at the Opera (a necessary of fashionable existence) may sometimes be one source of difficulty. Another, perhaps, may be the number of improvident marriages almost daily solemnised at the parish church. A rash gentleman often marries a lady with three thousand a-year, who spends five: the consequence is obvious. Your missionary has visited several hundreds of first-rate houses; in some cases with an introduction, in others having introduced himself. He has walked up, unasked, to evening parties; he has intruded on families just sitting down to dinner. He has asked all sorts of questions, without regard to delicacy; he has given much advice, little of which has been taken; and he has distributed numerous tracts, whereof most have been flung in his face."

Father Thames in a Mess.

A CHARGE of partiality has been got up against the Thames, which is alleged to have been recently guilty of a series of partial overflows. We have, however, ascertained that the venerable father has distributed his exuberance along the Belvidere Road, with considerable impartiality, having turned the saucepans under all the kitchen dressers in that locality into so much floating capital. The only part of the business that really does seem to savour of partiality, is the fact that the overflow has been effected by spring tides, which is rather going out of the way at a period when autumn tides would have been far more natural.

PUNCH'S REVIEW.

The Commercial Phenomenon. Moses and Son. Small quarto.

THE Mosaic literature of the day is just now divided between GEORGE JONES, who has just published (we beg pardon, we meant to say printed) an Israel-Indian Tragedy, and Messrs. MOSES and SON, who have just produced their usual half-yearly Treatise on Cheap Clothing. The *Tecumseh* of MR. GEORGE JONES having had its turn last week in the pages of *Punch*, that work and its author must give place to the *Commercial Phenomenon* of Messrs. MOSES and SON. By the way, we cannot help calling attention to the similarity in the style of the two productions. JONES (in his preface) boasts of the favours he has received—so do MOSES and SON. JONES talks proudly of his own achievements—so do MOSES and SON. But JONES bursts the bonds of LINDLEY MURRAY—a boldness that MOSES and SON have not yet aspired to.

We must, however, confine ourselves for the present to the *Commercial Phenomenon*. On the whole, it seems more ambitious than the previous works of the same authors; there is less playfulness and more business; the poetry occupies a smaller and the lists of prices a larger space than has hitherto been assigned to them. Not that we have to complain of any dearth of fiction, for the cheapness of the goods is insisted on with the same pertinacity as heretofore. The preliminary chapter takes a retrospective glance at the names which MOSES and SON have given to their establishment, and puts forth reasons for selecting a new title every year. The practice of assuming numerous aliases is a very ancient one. If we remember rightly, IKEY SOLOMONS changed his name frequently; and whatever IKEY would do, MOSES and SON are certainly at liberty to imitate. The new title that has been chosen by these individuals is the *Commercial Phenomenon*—an appellation we look upon as particularly appropriate; for the business of MOSES and SON has always appeared to us a commercial phenomenon there is no accounting for.

AS MOSES AND SON evidently are of opinion that they deserve something, we have had a design drawn for a MOSES testimonial.

VALUABLE TESTIMONY IN FAVOUR OF THE ALLOTMENT SYSTEM.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER considers that nothing will so much tend to ameliorate the condition of the labouring classes, as the allotting to them small portions of land. The gallant officer says that some time since he, with certain others, *took an Acre*, which has been quite the making of them.

NOTICE.—If the Shirt and Stocking are not removed within ten days by the German nobleman from the British and Foreign Destitute, they will be sold to defray the amount of last year's subscription.

NOTICE
All Pettifogging Attorneys and Sheriffs Officers must be well fumigated before they can be admitted &c. &c.
Sir PETER

BATHS FOR THOSE WHO MOST REQUIRE THEM.

THE GREAT UNACCOUNTABLE;

OR, THE MAN WHO TRIES HARD TO *KEEP A BALANCE!*

SONS OF GLORY!

RECRUITING AT BIRMINGHAM.

HALF-A-CROWN obtained under false pretences commonly consigns the impostor to dreary limbo. Men, on the other hand, may be tricked from their families and *themselves*, and the sharper be rewarded for the juggle. To be sure, there is property in the half-crown piece: look at the royal countenance in its sweet complacency—listen to the metallic music of the ring: it beams and vibrates, *property*; but where is the property in human bodies moved by human breath? The cheater in goods and chattels is abominated, punished. Now the recruiting-sergeant is an allowed man-stealer, a permitted swindler, with streamers in his cap.

Within these few days, Glory has hung out her promissory wreaths at the King's Arms, Steelhouse Lane, Birmingham. Glory has hung the walls with invitations to enlist. Yes; the old harridan has put her trumpet to her lying mouth, and once more played the familiar air of "Ducky, ducky, ducky, come and be killed." Listen to the strain:—

"WANTED, 500 unmarried, *handsome*, and *gay* young fellows, from 18 to 25 years of age, for Her Majesty's 55TH REGIMENT OF FOOT."

In these days of peace, Glory has become squeamish in her tastes. Or, perhaps, the bullets are particular, and, like the fair, prefer above all, handsome and gay young fellows.

* * * *

"Those who are of a roving mind, and *wish to see the world*, a better opportunity cannot offer. The Bounty is risen to all such as are willing to enter this gallant corps, whose honourable services in every quarter of the globe have *often been so highly spoken of*, and laurels gained, TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION: therefore, all who have a good and honest heart, follow the example of those you now see enrolled in the ranks of the royal corps, *with flowing streamers* in their caps, the true emblems of valour, courage, and fidelity!"

And thus is man, the paragon of animals, led to be shot at, by flowing streamers,—by valour, courage, and fidelity, at sixpence per yard!

"Any gallant young fellow so disposed, will apply to Serjeant O'NAILL [ominous name!] King's Arms, Steelhouse Lane, *who* on entering the service of Her Majesty will be taken care of, and *invited to drink her health* in a Flowing Bumper, and No Mistake!"

Hospitable O'NAILL—invitation, most delightful! The bumpkin drinks—feels, or hardly feels, the homicidal shilling slipped into his hand, and he is enlisted—NAILLED! From such ecstatic moment he is at Her Majesty's service to cut, stab, burn and destroy, as though all human will and human conscience were suddenly stricken dead within him, and he was left no other than a machine of bone and muscle—a marching, counter-marching, cutting, stabbing, pipe-claying instrument! Great are the miracles worked by the O'NAILLS!

We once read a story of a huge ogre, who, playing upon a drum-head wrought by the devil out of witches' skin, entered a town, and drumming and drumming, led all the men away by their ears to his bone-strewed cavern. And then and there he threw aside his music, and gnashing his teeth and blaspheming the while, he took his victims and ate them one by one, as a hedger would eat spring onions. We forget the ogre's name, but we think it was something like O'NAILL.

Oh, Birmingham youth—whoever you may be—look with stony eyes upon the jovial, roystering courtesies of the Great Seducer NAILL. Though you may be an Adonis—that is, a Brummagem Adonis—do not believe yourself either "handsome" or "gay"—but ugly, and irredeemably stupid: so ugly, that your plainness would do no credit to a battle-field: so obtuse, that even the awakening cane of the drill-sergeant would be lost upon you.

Again, you have not a roving mind—you do not wish to see the world. Besides, a mind may not rove at "its own sweet will" according to army regulations—and the world is a poor thing to see, with musket in hand and rounds of ball cartridge at your back. Oh, youth, stay at home, and see Birmingham.

And then the "laurels of the 55th foot!" What, in truth, *are* laurels? Dissect, analyse them. You may—with a touch of fancy—trace in them the veins of withered hearts. Test them by true moral chemistry, and what are they? Blood and tears—tears and blood! A homicidal wreath, gilded by the world's Great Lie! And so, Birmingham lad, cultivate coleworts, chickweed if you will, but avoid laurels. They are a plant of death, manured by human hearts.

And next, the "flowing streamers"—the "true emblems of valour, courage, and fidelity."—Emblems, indeed, are they; but view them aright, young man between eighteen and twenty-five, and you will see in them the flesh-tearing, torturing cat; in reality, the "nine hard cords about twenty-one inches long, each cord having *nine* knots;" although appearing to your dazzled gaze—cheated as it is by the Father of War—as so much fluttering riband.

In the *United Service Magazine* (No. 183), there is an article devoted to the doings of the cat—the weapon with which Madame Glory rebukes her naughty children:—

"Men have declared to me," says an officer, "that the sensation experienced at each lash, was as though the talons of a HAWK were tearing their flesh off their bones."

Hear General SIR CHARLES NAPIER on the cat—the *real* streamers of the Recruiting Sergeant:—

"I have seen many hundreds of men flogged, and have always observed that when the skin is thoroughly CUT UP OR FLAYED OFF, the great pain subsides; and they bear the remainder without a groan. They will often lie as without life, and the Drummers appear to be flogging *a lump of dead raw flesh*. The faces of the spectators (soldiers) assumed a look of disgust; there was a low whispering sound, scarcely audible, issuing from the apparently stern and silent ranks;—a sound arising from lips that spoke not, but that sound was produced by hearts that felt deeply. . . . The low sound sometimes resembled what may be called *sniffing*, and may be occasioned by an increased flow of tears into the nostrils."

The heart sickens at this, and an unutterable feeling of disgust and indignation must possess the reader. We might have paused ere we committed the horror to our page, but that we utterly denounce that easy humanity which shrinks from the contemplation of wrong because of its hideousness. There are abominations—however demoniacal—that *must* be placed before the startled eyes of a too easy world, and this flogging—this blasphemy against the divine nature of man—is of them.

Young men of Birmingham—nay, of all England—take these things to your hearts, and consider well the streamers of a SERGEANT O'NAILL. They look fine and gay; but they will tear the flesh like "the talons of a hawk." They are silky and soft; yes, soft as the paw of a sleeping cat: but oh young men "from eighteen to twenty-five," be sure of it—the cat has claws! Q.

YOUNG MANCHESTER.

YOUNG ENGLANDISM is spreading in all directions, and as these things are generally pushed to the extreme, we should not be surprised at something still more infantine. Turning politics into child's play is not perhaps a new method of dealing with the subject, though it is the first time that the juvenile in statesmanship has been openly contended for. We understand that the Young Englanders intend to establish branches in all the large towns, and Young Manchester will be one of the first off-shoots from the parent society. Eventually there will be agencies everywhere; and an attempt is already being made to rally a few patriots round Pummell, the beadle, under the banners of Young Kensington. He, however, is unwilling to tarnish the parochial gold lace, or sully the crimson cape of power with the stains of sedition. Like CINCINNATUS, who rushed from the service of the state to the hand-weeding of his own garden, Pummell quits the pride, pomp, and circumstance of his staff for the humble oyster-knife with which he opens out the prospect of profit to himself and supper to his customers. However all this has little connection with Young Manchester, which is the cut above these remarks, and a cut above Young Kensington.

THE

DESTITUTE AND HOUSELESS VICE-CHANCELLORS.

It appears the legal profession is in a state of the most painful excitement in consequence of the exposed and shelterless condition of the two Vice-Chancellors. For the last three years, ever since their appointment, they have been judicial wanderers on the face of Westminster-hall—a courtless couple of ermined itinerants.

A meeting has at last been held by the Queen's Counsel and Chancery Bar to know what to do with their unhappy Honours—KNIGHT BRUCE and WIGRAM. Some are for laying them as foundlings at the door of Westminster-hall, to be taken in and accommodated in the light of the deserted offspring of judicial authority. KNIGHT BRUCE has been very energetic in trying to get a court over his head, and stuck to the Westminster Sessions so long that he had almost gained his settlement, but the laundress literally swept him out at last, by continually disturbing the proceedings with Turk's heads, pails, and scrubbing-brushes, in the midst of a sitting. Sometimes his Honour has got snugly into a little committee-room, and just sat down to do a bit of comfortable equity, when in pops somebody to say the room is wanted for parliamentary purposes, and Chancellor, counsel, suitors, ushers, everybody, have been obliged to pack up their traps and be off at a moment's notice. Occasionally WIGRAM has taken motions beneath the portico, and having once been literally turned into the street, he was seen disposing of some unopposed causes under an umbrella. KNIGHT BRUCE is so enthusiastic in the discharge of his judicial functions, that he has been heard to say to MR. BETHELL, "I will deliver judgment from the coach-box of my own carriage rather than inconvenience the suitors," and the Bar have expressed their willingness to follow him into the kitchen of the Speaker's house, in order to prevent delays in Chancery.

The meeting to which we have alluded was very numerously attended, and the following were amongst the principal resolutions :—

"That the two Vice-Chancellors are utterly destitute of any place in which they can administer justice, and that the present meeting would rather take them a couple of rooms at a guinea a week, than see them tossed about, like paupers being passed from one parish to another."

"That if it is worth while to take snuff, it is worth while to buy a box to put it in ; and by parity of reasoning, if it is worth while to have two Vice-Chancellors, it ought to be worth while to build, or rent, a Court for them to sit in."

"That their Honours are not particular, and would be content to sit in a cock-loft, so that they could have undisturbed possession of it."

Thanks having been voted to the Vice-Chancellors for their impartial conduct under the most harassing and humiliating circumstances, the meeting was dissolved.

It is an actual fact that the Trustees of the Sessions House have brought in a charge of warehouse room for stowing away WIGRAM'S second best wig, which he snatched off and left behind him on one occasion.

BIRKENHEAD BULLETIN.

SINCE the severe engagement that took place at this town to get possession of the enemy's stores, when the ball-room was basely deserted by the waiters, the following bulletin has been issued by the stewards that commanded at the *rout* :—

DESTROYED—MRS. CRANAGE'S beaver bonnet ; MISS GOOSENOUGH'S rabbit-skin boa ; LADY EVELINA SMITHE'S goloshes ; ENSIGN KITTUM'S epaulettes ; ALDERMAN SNUFFEY'S Turkish turban and wooden scimitar ; PRINCE D'ESTAMINET'S moustaches ; MR. COMPTON'S Brutus.

MISSING—One of MR. CODDLE'S Wellingtons ; DOWAGER BRALLAGHAN'S cotton umbrella ; MISS PAULINA JONES'S *bandeau ;* LIEUTENANT SANDY'S *vinaigrette ;* and the PRINCE OF DICKIES' Bluchers.

WOUNDED—MR. AUGUSTUS PHOPPS'S eye-glass, since reset ; LADY ELDER'S fan, a compound fracture ; The MAYOR'S collar, hopes of its recovery ; MASTER TUCKETT'S pasteboard nose, quite put out of joint ; MR. SMITH'S hussar-jacket, right arm pulled out of the socket.

THE STATE BED AT BURGHLEY.

WE find by the papers that the State Bed in which Her Majesty slept at Burghley, cost one thousand pounds, was made *expressly* for the visit, and has been the *labour of many years*. If the two latter statements are facts, the invitation of the QUEEN to Burghley must be one of many years' standing : those noblemen who intend to ask Her Majesty to come and see them, had better put state beds in hand a few years in advance, so that the QUEEN, on her arrival, may have a bed fit to lie upon.

Sporting Intelligence.

(FOR LADIES.)

LADY HELENA ST. CLAIR will back herself against any young lady of her standing in society at Poonah Painting for a pair of gold earrings. The Honourable Colonel GREENHORNE is ready with the cash. Inquire at Almack's.

MRS. CAPTAIN MEREDITH will work any lady of Ton, married or single, at fancy knitting, or crochet, for an Indian shawl ;—cost unlimited. May be heard of at the *Morning Post* Office.

EMMELINE VILLIERS will meet ADELIZA BLOUNT any day, and do a Turk, or a bouquet, whichever she chooses, for a dozen pair of kid gloves. A certain young clergyman, (A. B. knows who,) and a gallant ensign, will act as umpires.

MRS. ALDERMAN BUDDLEWORTH says, that she don't mind doing a bit of plain work, from a pair of stockings to a shirt, with any woman in England, high or low. Will also truss a fowl, or make a blanket pudding, with anybody—for any money. Address to the old house in the City.

ARTICLES FOR WORKHOUSE USE.

SEALED Tenders for the following articles are requested to be sent in to Somerset House, directed to the Poor Law Commissioners.

For Official Use.

Best Brutality	(Beadle's quality)	at per Scowl.
Common ditto	(Taskmaster's ditto) . . .	at per Bluster.
Common Carelessness . .	(Nurse's sort)	at per Hour.
Culpable Negligence . . .	(Surgeon's ditto)	at per Visit.
Superior Savageness . . .	(assorted for Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses . .	at per Cuff.
Wilful Blindness	(for Guardians)	at per Fact.
Hard Hearts	(for Relieving Officers) . .	at per Stone.
Stout Swearing	(for evidence in house) . .	at per Oath.
Very superior ditto . . .	(for use before Magistrates).	at per Case.
Choice Evasions	(for Master's use)	at per Statement.

Of the tenders, the toughest will be accepted. The house has already on hand a large stock of these articles, and therefore very small additional quantities will probably be required.

KENSINGTON RAILWAY.

LADIES and Gentlemen requiring lodgings in the neighbourhood of London, combining cheapness with the strictest privacy, may be accommodated with rooms at any of the stations on the Kensington Railway. This situation is particularly suitable, on account of its total freedom from interruption by strangers, to reading parties from either University, or Members studying their maiden speech. The Company will start their sole remaining engine from the terminus every morning, which will proceed down the line, stopping at all the stations to cook chops for breakfast, and deliver hot water for shaving.

The Most Wonderful Discovery Ever Made.

A BOOK has been published containing,—or its author is no true man,—the very wonder of wonders. It is entitled LADIES MADE HAPPY. Somebody, then, has at last discovered how to make ladies happy—What a discovery ! Perpetual youth, transcendent beauty, boundless wealth, everlasting amusement, all the pleasures of existence and none of its cares, with a papa, a mama, a brother, a lover, or a husband, able as well as willing to gratify her slightest whim ; are now at every lady's command. If not ; if any, the least, one of the above conditions to happiness be yet unattainable—how many of your ladyships will be miserable still ?

PAINFUL COINCIDENCE.

A POLICE report of last week says, there is a "SACK PROTECTION SOCIETY" in existence, sacks being lost every year to the amount of 20,000*l*. The *sack* which the East India Directors have given LORD ELLENBOROUGH has cost his Lordship nearly a similar sum.

GOOD NEWS FOR GREAT UNACCOUNTABLES.

WE see by an advertisement, that somebody has invented a microscope which "magnifies figures with splendid effect." Such a microscope would, no doubt, be much patronised by churchwardens who have delayed making up their accounts ; for by applying it to the side devoted to payments, the figures might be splendidly magnified, and the accounts beautifully balanced.

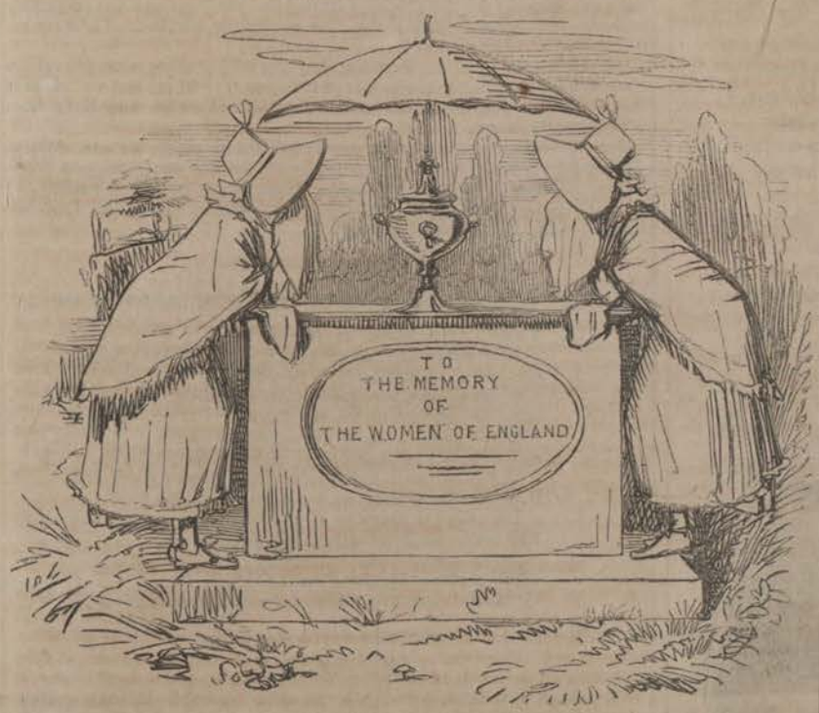
THE LITERARY CEMETERY.

OFTEN when we have looked at the publishers' "lists for the season," a feeling of sadness has come over us to think of the vanity, the brief vitality of much literary labour. Here, we have thought, are leaves that will pass away even ere the leaves of next autumn; here are titles to expire in a few short months. The silent tear has trickled down our cheek as we have read, "A new Novel, in three volumes, by ———." Alas! we have thought, here comes another to the tomb of the trunk-makers; another and another. And then we have yearned—though dreamily, as to the how—for some mode, some monumental means, whereby an ungrateful and unreflecting posterity may know what has gone before them; that they may at least be acquainted with the books that, with the gnats and butterflies of their ancestors, died years agone.

What we have thus often silently revolved is at length about to be perfected. There is to be a Literary Cemetery: so much ground set apart that monuments to books may therein be set up by their survivors. Thus, every writer may erect a tombstone (with an appropriate inscription) to his volume or volumes. Two or three with numerous dead have already put their names down for family vaults. The matter has hitherto been kept very quiet, but we are nevertheless prepared to give a few of those anxious to pay their last respects to their dear deceased. We are also enabled to give the most faithful representation of two of the intended monuments.

We understand that the Cemetery will be opened in due form, several of the principal publishers intending to solemnize the occasion, by dining on the ground. Having dined very well upon the deceased, it is perhaps but consonant that they should dine in their place of tombs. The chair has been ceded, by general consent, to MR. BENTLEY: he, perhaps, having been the greatest undertaker of volumes in the present day. Of the dinner, however, we shall give due notice; our immediate business is with the monuments.

MRS. ELLIS has, it will be seen, a very chaste design for her *Women of England*. It is



full of talent and sensibility. The bosom of that man is not a bosom, but a paving-stone, who could pass the monument insensible of the erection! The *Mothers and Daughters*, with the *Grandmothers*, *Mothers*, *Aunts*, and *Cousins*, descended from the aforesaid *Women of England*, will, in due time, be chronicled on the same cenotaph. May no rude hand disturb their memory!

MRS. TROLLOPE has ordered a monument—a very little thing—for her *Factory Boy*, but there is no doubt whatever that she will have to enlarge the record for every literary offspring bearing her unsociable name.

There has, we regret to say, been some difficulty with a MR. GEORGE JONES. He has wished to erect a decent monument to his *Ancient America*, *Tecumseh*, &c. MR. BENTLEY, however, has opposed the thing, on the principle (which the doctors of the Sorbonne would have honoured) that the books named by MR. JONES never really lived. MR. BENTLEY contends (and MESSRS. LONGMAN and Co.—conscientious men!—don't deny it) that they died in the press. We trust that this matter will be arranged; or, at least, that JONES will be allowed to give away the title-pages at the gates, if only to prove that he was once in print.

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX has applied for permission to erect a monument to the *Tuft-Hunter*, but has been refused. As the work abounds with so many things from SCOTT, HOOD, and others, that even *he* couldn't kill by his ruffianly ill usage of them, he was not allowed to purchase a morsel of the ground. He has, however, expressed his determination to set up a flower-pot to the memory of his last contribution in the *Book of Beauty*. This may be permitted him.

MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY has ordered a very fine monument of black marble — as a piece of last respect — for his *Satan*. It was his intention to enshrine the names of *Luther* and *Woman* on the same stone; but out of respect to the prejudices of MR. BENTLEY—he is of course a Life Governor of the Cemetery--they will have a monument to themselves.

MR. GRANT will commemorate the death of his *Great Metropolis*, *Paris and the Parisians*, his *Impressions of Ireland*, &c., on a simple red chimney-pot.—The unpretending character of this monumental record comes out in beautiful relief from the gloomy and imposing majesty of MONTGOMERY'S *Satan*.

A MOST USEFUL INVENTION.

AN individual has discovered a process by which wood can be so impregnated with iron, as very much to increase its *hardness*. He is preparing a considerable quantity of wood in this manner, which, with the sanction of the Poor-law Commissioners, he intends to convert into *Boards of Guardians*.

IMPORTANT RESOLUTIONS.

At a recent meeting of the waste-paper trade, it was moved by an extensive rag-merchant, and seconded by a most influential butterman :—

That the thanks of this meeting are due to Mr. George Jones, the author of *Tecumseh*, for having come forward with his tragedy at a period when the waste-paper trade was languishing, but which, by the publication of his play, has every prospect of speedily resuming its activity.

It was moved by the cook of the British and Foreign Institute, and seconded by a large cheesemonger :—

That the *côtelettes en papillote*, or cutlets done up in curl-papers, should, in compliment to the great work destined to be employed in their preparation, be henceforth called Jonesian chops, or *côtelettes à la Tecumseh*.

It was moved by a marine store dealer, and seconded by a trunk-maker :—

That the market price of waste-paper should not regulate the transactions in *Tecumseh*, the extreme weight of which would place it beyond the reach of the ordinary dealer at the customary rate *per* pound, and that twelve pounds' weight of *Tecumseh* should be paid for as one pound weight of any other printed matter.

REMARKABLE PREDICTION!

Mr. Punch,

Perhaps you can interpret the inclosed prophecy, which I met in an old edition of Nixon. It is Greek to me.

Old English.

"Whenne the Walle is shaken,
And no accompte be taken;
Whenne the Brooke it runneth drie,
And the Rock dothe loudlie crie;
Whenne agayne Sainct Stevenne fearces
The stones aboute his rarces;
Whenne Mag shalle hoppe awaie,
And his partynge worde be 'Nay;'
Thenne shall oure Tom-Catte, Gibbe,
From oute his private Cribbe
(Forre the sake of daintie food,
Sinnynge past the Wood)
Take to lyinge in the Chaire
Of London's myghtie Maior:

Thenne the more the folken greeve,
Ye shall lasten in his sleeve;
Soe must the tyme passe onne,
Till John, the son of John,
Shall shake him from the Chaire
Of London's myghtie Maior.

Whereforre, take comforte alle,
Who hyde awhile the thralle
Of this ferce Grimalkine Gibbe;
Nor hede ne threttie ne fibbe,
But smile uponne his tryckes,
Till Eyghtene fourtie syx."

An Alderman who has had too much goose.

LONDON'S LIABILITIES.

The Aldermen of London have advertised their intention to redeem certain annuities the city is at present subject to. There is one annuity, the Lord Mayor, which the city will be glad to be redeemed from as speedily as possible.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.—OF TITLE BY ALIENATION.

Alienation is the transfer of property from one to another, a process in which the law delights; "For it is hard," says Coke, "if the lawyers do not get a chance of catching the oyster while it is being passed away from one shell to the other."

Traitors and felons cannot convey their lands; and if it is felony to imitate the signature of A. Rowland and Son, it would seem that the dealers in spurious Macassar cannot aliene their property. A felon may, however, purchase anything he pleases, because *ceo qu'il achetera la couronne grabbera* (that which he shall purchase the crown will grab, or, lay its hands upon).

Infants and idiots may enter into agreements, which are not binding unless confirmed when the infancy or idiocy has ceased; but it has been said that a *non compos* cannot plead his own non-composity, because if he could, the knave might often play the fool, and write himself down an ass for the sake of getting rid of a bad bargain.

A married woman may purchase without her husband's consent; but, after his death she may decline the bargain; so that Mrs. Tomkins might buy a house, and having lived in it till the decease of Tomkins, she might then "cry off," and insist on having her money back again. This is on the principle of the boy, who, having heard an invitation "to taste 'em and try 'em, before you buy 'em," ate half a hundred walnuts and expressed himself so dissatisfied with the fruit that he declined purchasing.

A married woman may join her husband in selling her property, but she must undergo a *tête-à-tête* with a Judge or a Master in Chancery, who are empowered to pump her, with a view to ascertaining whether she sells of her own accord, or has been bamboozled or bullied into doing so. A married woman who has property settled to her separate use, may play at ducks-and-drakes with it if she pleases, and the law, instead of interfering, rather likes the fun of it.

An alien may purchase anything, but can hold nothing, except perhaps his tongue; for it is useless on his part to say a word against the claim of the sovereign, who may bone on the instant whatever may have been bought by the alien.

Having considered who may get rid of his property, we are next to discuss how it may be done, and a thousand modes instantly suggest themselves. The law, however, reduces those modes to four—namely, by deed, by record, by special custom, and by devise, which will form the subject of the four remaining chapters.

SONNET TO THE TRUSTEES OF THE KENSINGTON ROADS.

Ye sons of darkness, enemies of light,
Does conscience never haunt your troubled souls?
See you no visions on a foggy night
Of omnibuses running with their poles
Into each other with an awful crash,
While panels scream with agony of smash;
And female passengers raise high the shout:
Of "Stop, conductor, stop. Let me get out!"
Does not the rusting lamp-post, void of glass,
Like the tall skeleton of wild despair,
Point with its iron fingers as you pass
Into the vast infinity of air!
While mutely eloquent it seems to say,
"Those stars must light the wanderer on his way."

The Weather.

The wood pavement has suffered dreadfully from the late rains, having been seized with an alarming swelling in all its joints. Sir Peter Laurie has been called in, and has recommended, to keep down the swelling, an immediate application of omnibuses. Should it come to the worst, the city Solon has given directions to Sir Charles Clarke to send for the Lord Mayor's state carriage, and, filling it with a strong solution of two-thirds of the Common Council, and one-third of Sir Peter's *badinage*, to apply it instantly to the parts affected. Since this intelligence, the swelling has burst with indignation.

Separation in High Life.

It is our painful duty to record the secession of the Camera Obscura from the King's Cross. It seems that on Saturday morning last it was much affected by the fog, and, after taking one long lingering sight at the faithful partner of its bosom, it left its constant Cross in a Parcels' Delivery Company, and has not been seen in the neighbourhood since. The report on the cab-stand is, that it has retired to Waterloo Bridge for change of scenery. If so, the future look-out of this wretched Camera will be melancholy indeed.

TRAVELLING NOTES

BY OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

[The relations, friends, and creditors of the singular and erratic being who, under the title of the Fat Contributor (he is, by the way, the thinnest mortal that ever was seen), wrote some letters in August last in this periodical, have been alarmed by the sudden cessation of his correspondence; and the public, as we have reason to know from the innumerable letters we have received, has participated in this anxiety.

Yesterday, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship Tagus, we received a packet of letters in the strange handwriting of our eccentric friend; they are without date, as might be expected from the author's usual irregularity, but the first three letters appear to have been written at sea, between Southampton and Gibraltar, the last from the latter-named place. The letters contain some novel descriptions of the countries which our friend visited, some neat and apposite moral sentiments, and some animated descriptions of maritime life; we therefore hasten to lay them before the public.

He requests us to pay his laundress in Lincoln's Inn "a small forgotten account." As we have not the honour of that lady's acquaintance, and as no doubt she reads this Miscellany (in company with every lady of the land), we beg her to apply at our Office, where her claim, upon authentication, shall be settled].

HAVING been at Brussels for three whole days (during which time, I calculate, I ate no less than fifty-four dishes at that admirable *table-d'hôte* at the Hôtel de Suède); time began to hang heavily upon me. Although I am fat, I am one of the most active men in the Universe—in fact, I roll like a ball—and possess a love of locomotion which would do credit to the leanest of travellers, GEORGE BORROW, CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON, or MUNGO PARK. I therefore pursued a rapid course to Paris, and thence to Havre.

As Havre is the dullest place on earth, I quitted it the next day by the *Ariadne* steamer—the weather was balm, real balm. A myriad of twinkling stars glittered down on the deck which bore the Fat Contributor to his native shores—the crescent moon shone in a sky of the most elegant azure, and myriads of dimples decked the smiling countenance of the peaceful main. I was so excited I would not turn into bed, but paced the quarter-deck all night, singing my favourite sea songs—all the pieces out of all the operas which I had ever heard, and many more tunes which I invented on the spot, but have forgotten long since.

I never passed a more delicious night. I lay down happily to rest, folded in my cloak—the eternal stars above me, and beneath me a horse-hair mattress, which the steward brought from below. When I rose like a giant refreshed at morn, Wight was passed; the two churches of Southampton lay on my right hand; we were close to the pier.

"What is yonder steamer?" I asked of the steward, pointing to a handsome, slim, black craft that lay in the harbour, a flag of blue, red, white, and yellow, on one mast; a blue peter (signal of departure) at another.

"That," said the steward, "is the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's ship, *Lady Mary Wood*. She leaves port to-day for Gibraltar, touching on her way at Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon and Cadiz."

I quitted the *Ariadne*—JASON did the same in Lemprière's Dictionary, and she consoled herself with drinking, it is said—I quitted the ship, and went to the inn, with the most tremendous thoughts heaving, panting, boiling, in my bosom!

"Lisbon!" I said, as I cut into a cold round of beef for breakfast, (if I have been in foreign parts for a week, I always take cold beef and ale for breakfast,) "Lisbon!" I exclaimed, "the fleuve der Tage! the orange groves of Cintra! the vast towers of Mafra Belem, the Gallegos, and the Palace of Necessidades! Can I see all these in a week? Have I courage enough to go and see them?" I took another cut at the beef.

"What!" continued I, (my mouth full of muffin,) "is it possible that I, sitting here as I am, may without the least trouble, and at a trifling expense, transport myself to Cadiz, shining o'er the dark blue sea, to the land of the Sombrero and the Seguidilla—of the puchera, the muchacha, and the Abanico? If I employ my time well, I may see a bull-fight, an *auto-da-fé*, or at least a revolution. I may look at the dark eyes of the Andalusian maid flashing under the dark meshes of her veil; and listen to ALMAVIVA's guitar, as it tinkles beneath the balcony of ROSINA?—What time does the *Mary Wood* go, waiter?" I cried.

The slave replied she went at half-past three.

"And does she make Gibraltar?" I continued. "Say, JOHN, will she land me at Gibel el Altar? opposite the coasts of Afric, whence whilom swarmed the galleys of the Moor, and landed on the European shores the dusky squadrons of the Moslemah? Do you mean to say, THOMAS, that if I took my passage in yon boat, a few days would transport me to the scene renowned in British story—the fortress seized by ROOK, and guarded by ELLIOT? Shall I be able to see the smoking ruins of Tangiers, which the savage bully of Gaul burned down in braggadocio pride?"

"Would you like anything for dinner before you go?" WILLIAM here rather sulkily interrupted me, "I can't be a listening to you all day—there 's the bell of 24 ringing like mad."

My repast was by this time concluded—the last slice of boiled beef made up my mind completely. I went forth to the busy town—I sought a ready-made linen warehouse—and in the twinkling of an eye I purchased all that was necessary for a two months' voyage.

From that moment I let my mustachios grow. At a quarter-past three,

OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR,

a mariner of a stout but weather-beaten appearance, with a quantity of new carpet-bags and portmanteaus, containing twenty-four new shirts (six terrifically striped), two dozen ditto stockings—in brief, everything necessary for travel, tripped lightly up the ladder of the *Lady Mary Wood*.

I made a bow as I have seen T. P. COOKE do it on the stage. "Avast there, my hearty," I said, "can you tell me which is the skipper of this here craft, and can a seaman get a stowage in her?"

"I am the captain," said the gentleman, rather surprised.

"Tip us your daddle then, my old sea-dog, and give us change for this here Henry Hase."

'Twas a bank note for 100*l*. and the number was 33769.

Royal Destitution.

WE beg to call the attention of Her Majesty to the dreadful state of her royal ancestor in Leicester-Square. His poor Majesty is nearly smothered in grass; and though he and his horse probably lived all their lives in clover, still it must have been of a far different quality to the weeds which are actually forcing themselves into their mouths. We have waited in vain for the scythe of Time to be applied to it, and we sincerely hope Her Majesty will feel for the destitution of her nearly invisible relation, and not allow him and his horse to be turned out to grass (and such grass!) during the severity of the approaching winter. Perhaps the Poor Law Commissioners will, out of sympathy for the statue, since it is made of stone, give it an order for the Middlesex Union!

Irish Feathers.

LORD CASTLEREAGH promises to be worthy of that father who has given to the world *A Voyage to Constantinople*; for at a recent dinner to the Londonderry tenantry, he said, "the proudest *feather* in LORD LONDONDERRY's *cap* was not *the laurels* he had won in the field, but the *tenantry* over whom he presided." Truly, *Mrs. Malaprop* could not have made a prettier jumble of feathers and laurels. As for *Punch*, whenever he thinks of LONDONDERRY's cap, he never dreams of feathers, but of *bells*.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.—OF ALIENATION BY DEED.

HAVING to plunge into the depths of this subject, we will first take breath on the margin to consider what we are about, and having asked ourselves the question, what is a deed? we shall proceed in our own peculiar way to answer it.

A deed is said by COKE to be a writing sealed and delivered by the parties, but a letter sealed by the postman and delivered by himself is not a deed — and we defy COKE to make it one. It is called in Latin *factum*, meaning something done, but we are of opinion that the word *factum* in law proceedings should have a wider sense, and imply *somebody* done as well as something. There is no doubt that SHAKSPERE when he made the witch in *Macbeth* exclaim "I 'll do, I 'll do, I 'll do," had some legal craftsman in his eye, and the subsequent expression "a deed without a name" proves that he intended an enormous doo and a deed to be synonymous. An indenture is a deed cut at the top to resemble the teeth of a saw, which is emblematical of sharp work according to some, but others attribute it to the two parts of a deed having been cut from the same parchment. A deed made by one party is called a deed poll from its being polled or closely shaven, "and this" says Fleta, "is typical of the client, who is generally pretty closely shaven."

The requisites of a deed are :—1st, persons to contract and a thing to be contracted for ; there must be something to give, somebody to give it, and somebody to take, but if there were any difficulty about the latter, there is the lawyer at hand who is ready to take anything.

2nd. There must be a consideration—but it is to be feared many deeds are executed without any consideration at all—and there is a case in the American books of a man without consideration having, on leaving his chambers, hung his hat on the candle and put the extinguisher on his head, a deed which if he had considered for a moment, he would not have been a party to.

3rd. A deed must be on paper or parchment, for it has been decided to be no deed if it be written on stone, board, linen, or leather. So that an indenture cannot be made with the sole of a man's foot, though it has been done on the sands at Ramsgate. Such an indenture is not however binding, and it is liable to be quashed or squashed, when NEPTUNE enters upon his usual roll, which he does about breakfast time. A deed is not good on linen, but we have seen a cotton conveyance, when property, such as a pound of cherries, has been passed from one boy to another in a pocket-handkerchief.

4th. A deed must consist of the usual parts—the premises, which have nothing to do with any premises in the bricks-and-mortar meaning of the word, but simply include the names of the parties and other preliminary matter,—the *habendum* and *tenendum* or having and holding, which the law being of a grabbing disposition is extremely jealous of. The *reddendum*, which means the rent and is something to be rendered to the granter, from an immense yearly sum downwards to a peppercorn. The condition, which provides for forfeiture in case of the rent not being forthcoming. The covenants or clauses of agreement some of which run with the land, which has nothing to do with the case of a tenant running with the goods ; and the conclusion which mentions the execution and date of the document—though a wrong date does not signify, and a deed dated the 30th of February, showing it had been executed in no time, has been held valid provided there is proof of its having been actually delivered.

Reading is requisite to a deed, but as hearing it read generally has the effect of confusing the parties and preventing them from knowing what they are about, the ceremony of reading is seldom insisted on. A deed must be signed and sealed, but a deficiency of penmanship and sealing-wax may be got over by a cross and a wafer, which are sufficient for legal purposes. Delivery is also an essential to a deed, but it is not a delivery in the sense of the London Parcels Company that is here alluded to.

Every deed must be witnessed, which is the greatest safeguard the subject enjoys ; for it is horrible to contemplate what deeds the law might do if not controlled by the presence of witnesses.

We must now explain the several species of deeds, a subject well worthy the poetic muse, which has been successfully wooed by Mr. JOHN CRISP, who in the *Conveyancer's Guide** has shed a halo of imaginative light over the sombre darkness of Feoffment and its dreary fellows.

1st. Comes feoffment, which is derived from *infeudare*, to give a feud, and a feud meaning a row, it must be inferred that a feoffment, being the conveyance of a fee, is a thing that it is worth one's while to quarrel and fight about. 2nd. We come to gifts ; but gifts very seldom come to us, for they are almost obsolete ; and gift being conveyance number two, we are not surprised that regard to number one has almost superseded it. In the 3rd place are grants, which speak for themselves, and we therefore plunge at once into the 4th mode of conveyance, which is a lease, a style of deed that every one must be familiar with. Exchange and partition, which are the fifth and sixth kinds of conveyance, are also self-evident in their meaning, and we are therefore surprised at their forming a part of our fine old inexplicable legal system.

Releases, confirmations, surrenders, and assignments, afford various opportunities for getting rid of property ; but the technicalities attendant on describing them would be too abstruse for the comprehension of the purely elementary student whom these learned pages are designed to edify. Suffice it to say, that a release has nothing to do with a rescue, though it prevents property from being locked up by showing you how to get rid of it. The other modes may easily be learned by those who have any estate of which they are desirous of being legally disencumbered.

A Covenant to stand seised is an agreement to hold property for the use of another, which must be rather a tantalising position. It is sometimes called an innocent conveyance, and perhaps a man may be said to enter into a covenant to stand seised, if he gets into a row and allows the policeman to walk him off quietly to the station house.

These are the principal modes of conveyance, by which property may be carried off, at a rate surprising to those who have heard only of the law's delays, though the law, when anything valuable is to be disposed of, displays remarkable quickness.

SKETCH OF A REMARKABLE COBWEB,

FOUND IN THE CHURCH OF ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.

Literary Intelligence.

* WE understand that MR. GEORGE JONES has resolved on cancelling those pages of *Tecumseh* in which there are any ungrammatical or nonsensical passages. The suppression of the entire work would perhaps be the shortest and safest method of concealing its errors.

* "The Conveyancer's Guide, or Law Student's Recreation," a Poem, by JOHN CRISP, Esq. Published by A. MAXWELL.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XLIV.

TO AN USHER FOR A BOARDING SCHOOL.

SIR,

I FEEL glad with myself to believe that I am enabled to place you in a comfortable home. My friend, MR. JACOB AWL, of Crichton House, has at this moment a vacancy for an usher. I have taken it upon myself—and I trust that this confidence on my part will not be abused by any bad conduct on yours—to recommend you. MR. AWL, like myself, has a great respect for learning; and—as I have assured him of your proficiency in Greek and mathematics—he has come to the determination of offering you twenty pounds a-year, without your washing. There are altogether about three months' holidays in the twelvemonth, which time, let it be understood, you are expected to board and lodge yourself. As, however,—*non semper tendit arcum Apollo* (you remember the adage, MR. MAPLE),—you will be enabled in the summer vacation to relax those energies which, as an honest man, you will be called upon to string to the utmost at Crichton House. There is Brighton, or Worthing, or Ramsgate, open to you. So much for pleasure.

As to business; you will remember twenty pounds per annum is the sum—a remarkably handsome stipend for any young man, who, having decorated his mind, is consequently careless of the finery of dress. Nothing so befits the true scholar as a well-worn coat: it is to my mind the only proper badge of the man of real learning. Hence, you will be expected to dress cleanly, decently; but with not the least approach to foppery. My friend MR. AWL is very particular on this point. He parted with one usher, only because he would insist upon wearing straps to his trousers.

MR. AWL has upwards of seventy boys, and he will place sufficient confidence in you—that is, upon my recommendation—to hand them over to your keeping. Hence, you will be expected to see them all safe in bed; to have an eye upon them whilst dressing and washing; to take your meals with them; to never leave the school-room; and, above all, when the young gentlemen recreate themselves in the playground, or take a walk, or go to church, you are to accompany them, giving your most vigilant attention, your every thought to their doings, and indeed at all times and in every respect studying the interest of your employer as if 'twere doubly your own. For you will remember that the salary is twenty pounds per annum! There are positively many footmen who do not get so much.

But the money, to a man of enlarged and truly scholastic mind, is as nothing. It is, if you rightly consider it, the dignity of the calling that makes it really valuable. You are to remember that you are, in fact, making future citizens; that you are, if I may so express myself, creating a part of the future mind of the country, and ought therefore to look upon salary as the mere inevitable dross—the something that the dealings of the world make necessary—but as altogether dust in comparison with the golden satisfaction that, whatever in old age may be your fate, you may probably have taught the youthful mind those noble lessons which have obtained for it station, wealth, and honours.

It is a great satisfaction to me that I am able to place you so happily as at Crichton House. I have every belief that you will not disgrace my recommendation, and am,

Your well-wisher,

MATTHEW WILKINS.

P.S.—Whatever they may be, let me advise you not to depreciate the suet-dumplings.

LETTER XLV.

THE ANSWER.

SIR,

THANK you for your kind intentions. Happily, I am otherwise provided for. Having served five years as usher, I am fully able to appreciate the blissful liberty I now enjoy. Sir, I remember where I have been, and so remembering, think myself at this present time in Paradise.

It may be true enough that a threadbare coat is the proper livery of the scholastic drudge of a school; but alas! sir, I had not sufficient philosophy to bear rags and darnings with complacency; and moreover to endure the wit of the young gentlemen—levelled as it often was—at the poverty of their teacher. For five miserable winters, trying to look very genteel for the respectability of your establishment, did I shiver in one thin coat. A comforter—there was a mockery, I always thought, in the word—about my neck, vainly essayed the service of a surtout. And now, sir, I am warmly, cosily clothed, and can put on a bluff countenance at the elements.

Judge you, sir, of the happiness of my present state. It is true, I am sometimes up early and late; but then, sir, I am abroad in the world. I am looking upon life in its every aspect. I am not nailed to a desk eight hours a day, with little dunderhead boys droning their lessons in my ears till they sing again. I may now and then have my little disputes with folks; but I am not doomed to the practical tricks of a set of young rascals, who think it a prime piece of mischief to quiz a "beggarly usher." I may have to send certain folks home to their beds, but I have not to rouse them up in the morning, and be answerable for their washed faces and combed hair at breakfast.

Beneath your roof, I had I remember one hour a day—yes, one whole hour, as you would say, to myself: the hour before bed-time: now, sir, I have hour upon hour in which I can reflect upon life and death; in which I can again and again call to my memory the glory of the poets, which glory I make a sort of armour to my soul, that with invincible serenity it may bear the buffets of the world about me. I am now in the country; and at solitary midnight, I can conjure up old HOMER, and ÆSCHYLUS, and SOPHOCLES, and THUCYDIDES, and so make them walk and talk with me, and thus enjoy immortal company. Now and then, it is true, some squalid thing,—some harsh noise—will for a time scare them away; but, with little effort, I can manage to bring them back again, and make them familiar to me as before.

Happy liberty! Above all things, I am not expected to look after half a hundred boys while they play. I am not accountable for every rent in their nether corduroys—for every button violated from their jackets—for the black eye that JONES gave to ROBINSON, returned with a sanguinary *naus* by BROWN. True it is, that I am still a sort of overlooker of juveniles—but let them quiz me if they dare.

No, sir! it is in vain that you seek to tempt me back to Academic groves. I am too much enchanted with my present liberty to—but, sir, when you know what I am, you will at once acknowledge the superiority, the abounding comforts of my place, compared to that of usher at a boarding-school.

Know, then, sir, that for the last three months, I have enjoyed the appointment of full private in the New Police. Have I not said enough? Could you, would you, after this have the heart to lure me to Crichton House and questionable suet-dumplings?

Yours, with thanks,

MARTIN MAPLE.

ASSURANCE DOUBLY SURE.

OUR last accounts from Ireland assure us that MR. O'CONNELL will be a Federalist again, or something worse, next Monday. We feel convinced of this, as he was a Repealer every day last week.

EXPENSES OF PUNCH.

A HAMBURGH newspaper lately gave an account, partly true and partly erroneous, of the enormous expenses of the *Times*. The German periodical, *Der Swingin Norwidgin*, has been busy in calculating the expenses of *Punch*. The calculation is almost as full of blunders as though the Statistical Section of the British Association had had a hand in it. Nevertheless, there is a good sprinkling of truth, sufficient at all events to warrant our inserting it.

"The British periodical, The *Punch*, has fifteen hundred first-rate writers constantly employed upon it. They are paid at an enormous rate, and are kept in stalls or cages near the printing-office in the day-time; but at night they are driven out into the suburbs. Each of the principal contributors has forty pounds a week (2000*l*. a year), and as much ink as he can consume, gratis. The chief artists are on the same footing. There is an enormous corps of small jokers, at salaries averaging about three hundred a year each; but they are obliged to act as a sort of joke police, constantly on the look-out to take up any facetious subject they may meet with, and bring it to be dealt with by one or other of the principal contributors.

"The merely mechanical part of the arrangements is also exceedingly costly. There are several hundred compositors, who relieve one another constantly, as they successively boil over with indignation or are convulsed

with laughter at the manuscript they are putting into type. There are several boys at the engine ready to prevent the *chases*, in which the type is placed, from splitting their sides, which they have been known to do with the pressure of an unusually rich caricature or article. But the hardest work of all is performed by the Publisher, who sometimes sinks down in a state of exhaustion, and is always wrapped up in blankets, and carried away from the office, after the exertion of having taken the money on the day of publishing."

THE ADVANCE OF BEADLEDOM.

IT is not without a feeling of fine old constitutional alarm, that we contemplate the slow but certain, the insidious but unmistakeable growth of Metropolitan Beadledom. We do not allude to that pure race of patriarchs who have worn the parochial purple with becoming mildness towards the great, mingled with unspeakable dignity towards the small; but we *do* allude to that alarming hydra which seems starting up with a bit of gold lace on its interminable array of heads in every quarter of the Metropolis. The Quadrant, which formerly owned the paternal sway of a private watchman, is now—a Beadledom, and we are threatened with having the peaceful flag-stones of Trafalgar Square trodden down by the iron-heeled highlows of a staffed and hatbanded functionary belonging to this most dangerous of despotisms. If we turn our eyes eastward, and peep through the new arcade in Catherine Street, what do we see? Does not everything bespeak the probability that a pretext for indulging the spirit of beadleization will be found in this locality also? We know that we may be told the British Beadle is not formidable. We may be perhaps informed that there are moments of alarm when even the burly and bludgeoned Beadle of the Burlington Arcade may be knocked down with a feather. But we will reply, it is not what the Beadles now are, but what the system is progressing to. As lovers of the Constitution, as friends of the people, ay, as protectors of those wretched and infatuated instruments of despotism, the Beadles themselves, we deem it our duty to keep our eye on the great and growing grievance.

THE ROYAL ALBUM.

When QUEEN VICTORIA visited LOUIS-PHILIPPE, he had an Album prepared in honour of Her Majesty's sojourn at Eu, the incidents of which formed the subject of the pictorial and literary matter. As it is probable that the QUEEN will wish to pay a similar compliment to her friend and ally, by making his visit the subject of an Album, we have taken the liberty of furnishing a few hints for it. Some pictorial illustrations will be found on another page, and the following are quite at the service of our beloved QUEEN, as scraps for the proposed Album.

LINES ADDRESSED TO LOUIS-PHILIPPE BY QUEEN VICTORIA, ON HIS ARRIVING AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

So you have ventured here, in spite
Of all that little THIERS could write?
Come, take my hand, with honest clutch,
Nor fear "perfidious" Albion's touch.
'Twas only perfidy, of course,
That made them cheer till they were hoarse,
I mean the folks who hours did wait,
To greet you at the entrance gate.
Perfidious, are they? Well, my friend,
I wish you only could depend
Upon your safety 'cross the brine,
As I can safely trust to mine.

EPIGRAM BY PRINCE ALBERT.

They ask, vy do you come
Avay from your French home,
A visit—d'oder day,
To QUEEN and me to pay:
You owe us dat, 'tis true,
Because we vent to *Eu* (*you*).

As it will be desirable to have as much as possible in the Album from the pens of the Royal Family themselves, we should suggest that the heir-apparent's little hand should be guided while he signs his little name in a little bit of French:

EDOUARD ALBERT, LE PRINCE DES BALEINES.
(*The Prince of Wales.*)

THE WORKHOUSE AND THE GAOL.

WHAT a wicked set are the poor! Under the frivolous pretence of hunger, like animals ignorant of the rights of property, they rush into bakers' shops, and, without one penny in their pockets, seize and devour a twist worth twice the amount! Therefore, of course, they are sent to gaol. But this is their very object. Instead of meekly kissing the rod of SIR JAMES GRAHAM, and submitting, with resignation, to the just reward of their poverty, they craftily manage to exchange the workhouse for the milder horrors of the prison. With this unprincipled view, they actually go and break windows. The daily police reports prove the fact. Now destitution must be punished. The law, backed by a BISHOP, has said so; still, respectable people must not have their windows broken. The good man's twopenny twist must be protected. We see but one course to pursue. Justice must be sometimes sacrificed to expediency; and infinitely lower on the scale of morality as the pauper must be allowed to be than the convict; still theft must be put down. This can only be done by increased severity, and, accordingly, we recommend that the prisons and unions should respectively change their inmates; the POOR being at once sent to GAOL, and the FELONS consigned to the WORKHOUSE. The alteration may bear rather hard upon the thief; but that cannot be helped.

Two Epigrams.

"America claims me and my honours."—*Vide George Jones on the doubtful question of George Jones's origin.*

YOU say America your honours claims—
Speak, JONES! on what more worthless could it fix?
If with success you carry on your games,
You never win by honours but by tricks.

HARK to Columbia's question of despair,
"Where are his honours?" Echo answers, "Where?"

DESIGNS FOR AN ALBUM TO BE PRESENTED TO LOUIS-PHILIPPE BY HER MAJESTY.

FINE OR IMPRISONMENT.

LAW FOR THE RICH.—The Fine was immediately paid.

LAW FOR THE POOR.—The Prisoner, not being able to pay, was removed in the Van to Prison.

POLICE JUSTICE.—THE LUXURY OF WEALTH.

YESTERDAY, the HON. AUGUSTUS TOPPINGHAM, a person of gentlemanly exterior, was brought before MR. HONEYCOMBE, charged with a very gross and violent assault on GRACE MITTENS, a most respectable and meek-looking young woman, whose face, however, retained marks of a severe blow, she having lost four of her front teeth by the violence of the accused.

Police Constable LYNX deposed that he was, on Monday night, on his beat in Coventry Street, when he heard the screams of a woman. He ran, and discovered the complainant lying on the pavement, and the accused at the bar shouting and hallooing, and swearing he was a gentleman, and no mistake. Whereupon, after much difficulty, the Constable took the prisoner into custody.

GRACE MITTENS (the complainant) deposed that she was employed in a dress-maker's establishment. She had been kept late at work on Monday night, and was returning home, when the person at the bar accosted her, placing his arm round her waist. She told him to go about his business, when, with his clenched fist, he struck her so violently on the mouth, that he dislodged four of her front teeth.

MR. HONEYCOMBE asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself.

The prisoner said he had been out dining.

MR. HONEYCOMBE observed that that could be no excuse for such unmanly atrocity. It was a most shameful and cowardly assault upon a defenceless, virtuous girl, and he certainly would fine the prisoner in the sum of five pounds, or—two months' imprisonment.

THE FINE WAS IMMEDIATELY PAID, and the *gentleman* drove from the office in his cab.

JOHN BRIGGS was charged before Mr. HONEYCOMBE with having committed an assault upon Mr. JESSAMY BLOOM, a person of somewhat genteel appearance.

It appeared that the prisoner and his wife were proceeding home on Thursday night. They had had a few words; in fact, the prisoner was a little the worse for liquor, and his wife was walking a few paces in advance of him. The complainant meeting the woman, addressed her in a very rude and unseemly way, at the same time throwing his arms round her. Whereupon the prisoner, rushing forward, struck the complainant, and knocked him into the road.

CHARLOTTE BRIGGS deposed to the above facts. She had been very grossly assaulted by the complainant before he was struck by her husband.

MR. HONEYCOMBE said he had no doubt that an assault had been committed; a very gross assault: nevertheless, people must not take the law in their own hands: there would be an end to all things, if people took the law in their own hands. He wished to know what the prisoner had to say for himself?

The prisoner said that, seeing his wife assaulted, he could not help doing what he had done; he was not sure that he should not do the like again under the like circumstances.

MR. HONEYCOMBE observed, that he had no doubt that the complainant had very grossly misconducted himself; nevertheless, the prisoner had committed an assault, and the sentence was that he must pay a fine of 2*l.*, or undergo six weeks' imprisonment.

The prisoner had not a farthing, and was—REMOVED IN THE PRISON VAN.

THE MOON AT THE FULL!

(BY EXPRESS.)

MOON has dined with LOUIS-PHILIPPE at St. Cloud!!!!

He behaved very decently at the dinner, considering everything. The King (bless him, he is a good-natured man after all), introduced MOON to the party as "the Promoter of the Fine Arts." MOON has got the new title engraved on his cards. Thus—

F. G. MOON,
Promoter of the Fine Arts
TO
HIS MAJESTY LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

Not content with the dinner at St. Cloud, MOON asked himself to the palace the following Saturday. LOUIS-PHILIPPE good-naturedly said, "Certainly," when MOON intimated his intention of dropping in, in a

"COME, PHIL., GIVE US A LIGHT!"

friendly way, for a cigar. Of course he took his subscription-book to the Palace, and pressed all manner of signatures, from the DUC D'AUMALE to MONSIEUR PIPOTTE, the *concièrge*. MOON wears the grand cross of the Legion of Honour at his button-hole, and has been twice mistaken for the English Ambassador. He often refers to the mistake with pleasure. There is only one fear to be entertained—that his mind may give way, like the lady's in the ballad—

"With the burden of an honour,
Unto which he was not born."

THE LAW OF DEODAND.

A CURIOUS question arose the other day in the Bail Court, as to what could or could not be the subject of a deodand. An enlightened puisne and a sagacious junior got chatting over the subject very cosily, putting all sorts of absurd cases, in which the judge and the junior kept trumping each other's wild suppositions and funny associations with considerable cleverness. We give a specimen of the sort of game they were playing at:—

Judge. It might have been a bit of the boiler.

Junior. Then the deodand should have been on the bit of the boiler.

Judge. And on some particular bit of course—but which bit?

Junior. The bit that struck him. If a man is killed by a cannon-ball, the deodand must be on the cannon ball.

Judge. But how could the Coroner sit upon it?

Junior. Or he might have been scalded by the water.

Judge. Then the deodand must be upon the water?

Junior. Truly.

Judge. How if he was frightened to death by the noise? Where would you put the deodand?

Junior. On the *noise*, of course.

Judge. I think that would be a *sound* decision.

After all this we find the two words RULE GRANTED, but what rule, or why, or what about, we defy anybody to collect from the sort of conversation they—the puisne and the junior—had previously been indulging in.

Police Regulations for the Distribution of that great national Annual Boon, on December 28, 1844,

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1845,

RESPLENDENT WITH BRILLIANT JOKES AND INNUMERABLE ILLUSTRATIONS.

ALL Persons to take up an ALMANACK with one hand, and set down Threepence with the other.

All Persons attempting to get out of their line, by cracking jokes with the publisher, will be removed immediately.

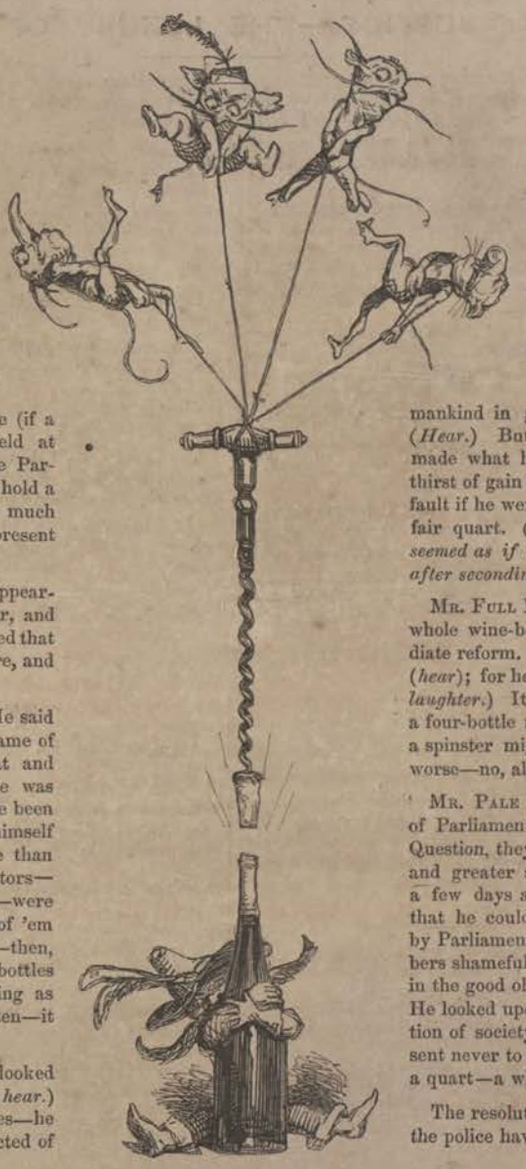
Heads to be turned towards the counter, and trade ambassadors are to wear their orders in their button-holes, so that they may be at once recognised.

"PUNCH."

One Trial will prove the Fact.

THE town of Kœnigsberg, in Germany, is without a censor of the press, as no one can be found to accept that inquisitorial office. Why don't they make a tempting offer to SIR ROBERT PEEL for the services of SIR JAMES GRAHAM? We are positive he would be found, on trial, to have quite a genius for that sort of thing.

GREAT MEETING OF THE BOTTLES.



Last night a very numerous and respectable (if a little noisy) meeting of Wine Bottles was held at Exeter Hall, for the purpose of petitioning the Parliament for an Act to make all Wine Bottles hold a certain quantity, and thereby to put an end to much duplicity and public disaffection created by the present order of things.

Mr. Magnum (a bottle of very respectable appearance and dimensions) was called to the chair, and briefly opened the proceedings; he said, he hoped that all assembled would remember where they were, and behave themselves accordingly.

Mr. Beeswing moved the first resolution. He said things had come to such a state, that the name of Wine-Bottle was now synonymous with cheat and swindler. Let the meeting look at him. He was called a Quart Bottle; again and again had he been sold as such, and how often had he heard himself upbraided and sworn at for not running more than [illegible] glasses! (*Cries of shame.*) Their ancestors—the great bottles that had gone before them—were incapable of this. (*Hear, hear.*) Every one of 'em held twelve glasses, that was, a fair wine-quart—then, indeed, it was merry England: but with wine-bottles of uncertain measure—with none of 'em giving as much as seventeen to the old respectable dozen—it was no wonder that we had the income-tax!

Mr. Thin Tawny seconded the resolution. He looked upon a Bottle as the fountain of truth. (*Hear, hear.*) If, then, the bottle was a cheat, a hypocrite; yes—he would say it—a humbug, what was to be expected of mankind in general? He himself was a humbug. (*Hear.*) But could he help it? No; he had been made what he was by the falsehood, by the unholy thirst of gain in the world about him. It was not his fault if he were only a pint and a quarter, instead of a fair quart. (*The speaker, who from his excitement seemed as if he had been drinking himself, sat down after seconding the resolution.*)

Mr. Full Fruity moved the next resolution. The whole wine-bottle question required full and immediate reform. He cared not from what side it came (*hear*); for he was not for men, but *measures*. (*Loud laughter.*) It was once held a great thing to be called a four-bottle man. Why, as bottles were made now, a spinster might carry four of 'em, and be never the worse—no, all the better for it.

Mr. Pale seconded the resolution. If members of Parliament would honestly attend to the Bottle Question, they would do more honour to themselves, and greater service to their country. It was only a few days ago that Mr. Justice Patteson declared that he could not understand half the Acts passed by Parliament; and why?—doubtless, because members shamefully neglected the Bottle. It was not so in the good old times of Fox and Sheridan. (*Hear.*) He looked upon the question as vital to the preservation of society, and he called upon every Bottle present never to desist from its efforts, until it was made a quart—a whole quart—and nothing but a quart.

The resolutions were all passed; and the meeting—the police having gathered strong—quietly separated.

REBELLIOUS JERSEY.

Knowing that England is in danger of being dragged into a war of conquest by the impertinence of the shabby little island of Jersey, where the Supreme Court is treating the authority of British law with supreme contempt, endeavouring to cheat the Great Charter, and playing all sorts of tricks with the Habeas Corpus Act, we boldly say the disaffection of Jersey must be promptly put down, and we strongly recommend a summary smash being applied to the officials of that dismal islet. Somebody proposed the other day to send a small party of grenadiers into the place to frighten the turbulent Jerseyites into submission, but we don't wish to see any spilling of powder or loss of lead, (we calculate, of course, that a few harmless discharges over their heads would soon bring them to their senses,) and we should prefer despatching Inspector Mallalieu at the head of a few of the valiant letter E's, who have already distinguished themselves by the capture of sundry fruit-baskets and the routing of numerous apple-women.

Jersey, however, must be quelled; for, paltry as the place is, it must not pull off its allegiance as if it were an old pinafore. We shall have Sark next talking about its independence of the British crown; and the Legs of Man may begin kicking against Her Majesty's authority.

We should as soon have expected our old friends, neighbours, and fellow-subjects of the Eel-pies to have commenced talking about declaring their independence, or the Isle of Dogs to have insisted on sending ambassadors to the court of St. James's.

Sir Frederick Thesiger has been giving indirect encouragement to the rebels, by talking about Jersey being governed by a *Grand Coûtumier* before or since (it don't matter which) the Norman Conquest. If there is any fellow going about Jersey, calling himself the *Grand Coûtumier*, and denying the authority of British law, there can be only one opinion as to his proper place being a London station-house. He ought to be at once bound over to keep the peace between England and Jersey.

Old Bailey Justice.

It appears that Sir James Graham, recommending the discontinuing the evening sittings of the Central Criminal Courts, the experiment is about to be tried. We are, however, told that "on account of the shortness of the notice, it will not be possible to discontinue the evening sittings on the days appointed for the next session." Nevertheless, on the recommendation of *Punch*, the judges and aldermen will, during and after dinner, restrict themselves to cold water.

SHAKESPEAR AN EMIGRANT TO FRANCE.

PUNCH. *(hysterically.)*—"Bless you BILL! you shall never want a friend, or a good word, as long as I live."

To that spirit of courtesy which is always shown to *Punch* at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and every other Royal residence, does he owe a copy—an exclusive copy—of QUEEN VICTORIA'S letter to LOUIS-PHILIPPE, touching SHAKESPEAR in France. MR. MACREADY had the honour of receiving the epistle from Her Majesty's own hand, and ere our sheet can be printed, will have delivered it to the King of the French.

Windsor Castle, Nov. 27th, 1844.

MY DEAR BROTHER OF FRANCE,

Health and greeting! The bearer of this is MACREADY. You doubtless remember on your late visit to our Court, that, among other things, I expressed my regret at the absence of MACREADY—he was then on his way from America—by which you were denied what I conceive to be one of the highest of all intellectual enjoyments, namely, SHAKESPEAR finely acted. However, MACREADY is now with you, and I know you will cherish him.

I assure you, my dear brother of France, that, in consenting to your wish that SHAKESPEAR should be played in Paris by some of my best English actors, I have made a sacrifice to my friendship. You read the English papers, and must know how dearly I love a play; how, night after night, I visited Drury Lane when managed by MACREADY; how, indeed, in twenty different ways, I showed my admiration of the drama, believing it, as I truly do, worthy of the best encouragement of an enlightened monarch. All I envy ELIZABETH is her SHAKESPEAR. What a subject to have glorified a sceptre! What a jewel in a crown! However, as I can't have SHAKESPEAR himself at Court, I am continually listening to some of his plays, and continually thinking how best may be honoured the divine art of which he is the Divinest Magician. You will recollect, very shortly after BULWER wrote a play, I made him a baronet. I have wanted to do something of the sort for MACREADY, but PEEL—he *is* such a strange, cold person—declares that it would not "be correct." Aldermen, and so forth, may be dignified, but not mere men of genius. PEEL declares that the world can get on very well without genius; and, really, one has only to listen to him for a short time to believe it.

In France, however, these things are differently thought of. Hence, if you choose to give the Legion of Honour to MACREADY—nay, if you like to make him a French peer, you may. I shall be only too well pleased by any distinction you may confer upon him. Let me also recommend MISS FAUCIT—a great favourite of mine—to the good graces of the Queen and the Princesses.

Write me over what you think of my actors; and, above all, when they have gone their round of plays, let them not linger in Paris; but cause them to return immediately to London—for I assure you I don't well know how I shall get over the time without them. To be sure the Opera will be opening; but, compared to SHAKESPEAR, what is the Opera?

Your affectionate Sister of England,

VICTORIA, R.

PHILADELPHIAN REVELS.

ANOTHER journal has been informed, by its American correspondent, that the 200th anniversary of the birth-day of WILLIAM PENN, and the 160th of his landing on the shores of the New World, was celebrated at Philadelphia on the 25th ult. with appropriate exercises. Our own, has told us what these appropriate exercises were:—

One very appropriate exercise was the exercise of the Thimble-Rig by a company of the chief Merchants and Bankers, wherein was displayed great adroitness.

Another was the exciting and national sport of "Beggar my Neighbour."

A great many exercised themselves at a species of Back-gammon, played between a Philadelphian and an European, in which the latter was invariably gammoned.

The abilities of sundry were likewise exercised in round games of Commerce and Speculation; the chief fun, as is usual in those amusements, consisting in the cheating.

"Forfeits" were also largely played by men in drab and aliens, the latter forfeiting whatever they intrusted to the former.

The populace, in the meanwhile, loudly exercised their lungs, bawling continually—"Non-Payment!" "Repudiation for Ever!" "No Surrender!" One Quaker, amid much applause, propounded the following sentiment: "Philadelphia! herself independent, can never be depended on."

FASHIONS FOR PUBLIC STATUES.

IN head dresses we have seen nothing new, the prevailing mode partaking of the cocked hat and the pig-tail. Sheets and table-cloths are much in favour as wrappers, and an anchor hanging out of the coat-pocket, *à la* NELSON, gives a novel finish off to a naval uniform.

THE DUKE'S STATUE, AS SEEN FROM THE POULTRY.

THE

WINDSOR WARNINGS.

WE should like to know who is the Editor of the boards stuck up in Windsor Park, to warn people off the grass, for there is a decided roughness in the style, which would be the better for a little polishing. On entering the Park from the Castle, there is a board on the left, intimating that "Gentlemen are required, and servants are desired, to keep upon the gravel, and not to break out upon the turf." The difference of the tone adopted towards "gentlemen" and "servants" is very remarkable. To the former it is evidently intended to say, literally, "be good enough to keep to the gravel;" while to the latter it is clearly designed to convey such a sentence as "Hollo! you fellow, come off the turf, or I 'll pretty soon make you." What is meant by "breaking out" upon the turf we do not exactly comprehend. Does it mean that horses are not to be "broken in" on the spot that is prohibited?

ANOTHER AND ANOTHER STILL SUCCEEDS.

ANOTHER revolution has been discovered at Madrid within the last week. We wonder the papers have taken the trouble to mention this, since it is only *one*.

OLD ENGLAND AND YOUNG ENGLAND.

Who can fail to be struck with the alterations in the fashions since the days of chivalry? Then, steel turned up with leather was the prevailing material, and a delicate trimming of spikes gave a finish and fulness to the shoulder. Gloves, instead of being formed of the flimsy kid, were regularly Birmingham manufacture; and a grasp of the hand from a friendly knight was not a thing to joke about. The falchion has been superseded by the cane; the crested saucepan for the head by the velvet-lined gossamer.

We can fancy a tailor's window in the olden time, with its Froissart-like "stock," and good old English labels. We think we see a placard thus inscribed—"Lookke hearre! Yese fynne coattes of maille fytte for ye stouteste knyghte, onlie 4 and 6." Yes, imagination paints to our heated vision a lot of greaves, with a ticket announcing, "Fyve thousandde paires" of them. But this is all over now, and the highlow has trodden down the knightly what-do-ye-call-it.

SITTINGS IN THE COURT OF REVIEW.

The Trial of "Old Heads and Young Hearts," for Wilful Obscurity.

Mr. Punch for the Prosecution.

Q. What are you, sir?

A. A dramatic author.

Q. Do you remember the night of Monday, the 18th of November?

A. I should think I did.

Q. State to the Court what occurred that night.

A. A new comedy, called "Old Heads and Young Hearts," was produced on that night at the Haymarket Theatre.

Q. Who was the author of that comedy?

A. Am I obliged to criminate myself?

Q. Is that your name? (*Producing a play-bill.*)

A. It is.

Q. You are there stated to be the author.

A. I confess it.

Q. Now, sir, on your oath, had you any distinct notion of a plot in writing that comedy?

A. I think so; but I am not quite sure.

Q. Could you describe to the Court the plot of that comedy?

A. (*looking very confused.*) Describe the plot?

Q. Yes, sir.

A. I would rather not attempt it.

Q. In the comedy, Lord Charles Roebuck runs away with one lady, and Mr. Littleton Coke with another. Now, sir, which gentleman runs away with which lady?

A. Lord Charles runs away with Lady Hawthorn—no, with Mr. Littleton Coke—no, no, Coke runs away with Lady Alice, and Miss Rocket runs away—no, Lady Alice runs away—no; really, sir, I can't exactly say——

Q. How does Mr. Rural bring about the blunders with which he is charged?

A. Why, sir, he tells the Earl of Pompion that Lady Hawthorn is in love with Lord Charles Roebuck; and then Mr. Littleton Coke, who is in love with Miss Rocket—no, with Lady Alice—is very angry; and somehow the Earl thinks that Lord Charles is somebody else, and—really, sir, I can't say——

Q. I thought as much. Now, sir, tell the Court why Mr. Littleton Coke quarrels with his brother.

A. It was necessary for the piece, sir.

Q. You had no other reason?

A. No.

Q. Can you explain how the Earl of Pompion is deceived about the election?

A. (*after a pause.*) I cannot.

Q. In the first scene, you state that Mr. Coke's fortune left him by his father was 700*l.* per annum; in the last scene it is stated as 2000*l.* per annum. How do you account for this?

A. Why, I relied upon the interest that should have been produced during the four acts.

Q. What is the object of making Bob assume the character of an electioneering agent?

A. It was necessary to create some fun for Mr. Buckstone, who played the part.

Q. Had you no other reason?

A. I had not.

Q. You may stand down.

"THE DEADLY URN."

Mr. Punch,

In your review of Mr. George Jones's book, you quote an extract from that gentleman's speech at Stratford, in which he details all the horrors of starvation at sea: in which he talks of "the deadly urn," wherein his shrivelled hand was placed to draw his lot—of a beloved sister, "famine's victim," &c. Well, sir, after reading this terrible paragraph, you ask, with an incredulous sneer not to be misunderstood, for the name of the ship, of the captain, and of the owners. After some trouble I have discovered what you seek, and to shame you in your scepticism, send it you. Know then, sir, that the name of the ship was the *Bouncer*, the name of the captain Flam, and the owners were no others than Munchausen and Company.

Your obedient servant,
Nauticus.

P.S. However you may sneer at Mr. Jones's story, I assure you it is one of those narrations that are often recommended to be told to the marines.

THE YANKEE BOATSWAIN'S SONG

TO THE AMERICAN SLAVE-NAVY.

Heave away, my tight niggers, my jolly brisk blacks,—
Ain't there Tar in your very complexion?—
Here 's a hearty good lash, boys, around, for your backs,
You 'll be smarter, I guess, for correction.
To your swabs and your Britishers patter, d'ye see,
Of Oppression and Wrong and all that,
Where 's the true Yankee nigger who 'd wish to be free,
Or would make a wry face at the Cat?

Don't you serve a Republic that 's glorious and great?
Don't it flog universal creation?
Ain't you wallop'd, you dogs! for the good of the State—
The enlighten'd American nation?
Go a-head then, like lightning, my sooty-faced tars,
With "Yoho!" at the top of your pipes;
Stick like wax to your colours, the stripes and the stars,
And give thanks to your stars for your stripes.

Military Intelligence.

It is rumoured at the War-office that the Lumber-troop will be called out on active service, and that the skeleton of the Lancaster militia will be grafted on to it. In this case the coal-shed hitherto used as the *depôt* of the latter noble corps, will be restored to its former use, and the banners of the regiment will be sold as pocket-handkerchiefs.

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF MINISTERS.

WANTED—Any Place in the present Cabinet, for an active young man who has travelled in Egypt, Jerusalem, Syria, &c. &c. His Father is convinced that "he never will bring disgrace on the high and influential name which he bears, and that he will be found a useful and efficient servant." Anybody treated with. Address, the Marquess of Londonderry, Holdernesse House.—N.B. The young man has no objection to go abroad for the benefit of his country.

Moon's Court Circular.

On Monday Mr. Alderman Moon visited Versailles, and chose the particular spot where his portrait should hang. It is between David and Le Gros, and a little above Napoleon.

On Tuesday the Promoter gave an audience to Mr. Horace Vernet, who wished to consult him about his portrait. It was decided that Mr. Moon should be taken in the right side of the face, as it gives the artist a better opportunity of painting Mr. Moon's favourite cheek.

On Wednesday Mr. Moon received M. Janet, the celebrated engraver, to listen to a proposition for engraving his portrait. In the evening Mr. Moon went to the theatre at St. Cloud, attended by Louis-Philippe.

On Thursday Mr. Moon received an address from the artists of France, with a vote of thanks for his disinterested patronage of the fine arts—caricature in particular. The deputation was headed by Messrs. Philipon, Gavarni, and Daumier.

On Friday Mr. Moon attended a Cabinet Council. All the Ministers were present. M. Biard was in attendance behind a curtain, to take a sketch of this historical event, which His Majesty intends presenting as a picture to Mr. Moon.

On Saturday the Promoter was busy all the day in getting subscriptions for an engraving of the above picture, which he intends dedicating to Louis-Philippe. The Comte de Paris and the young Princes waited on Mr. Moon, to take their leave of him. Prince Joinville was in tears. After dinner, the Queen sang a duet with Mr. Moon, and the Duchesse de Nemours heard him his French lesson in "*Au clair de la Lune.*" About seven, Madame Adelaide helped Mr. Moon on with his great-coat, and a *citadine* being called to the door, the Promoter left the palace, with his carpet-bag, charged with autograph letters to all the poor artists in France.

TWO WORDS TO M. DE LAMARTINE.

Sir,

You are what is rare in France—a Poet—and, what (we fear) is still rarer, a Christian! When you speak, Young France takes his hat off, though you do believe in something older than the Revolution. Your words have weight even here in England; and *Punch* began to read your letter to M. Thiers with highly-wrought expectations. He laid it down with a long-drawn "Phe—e—ew!" You deliver M. Thiers a lecture on the absurdity of exciting his peppery countrymen about a petty question of religious differences, and kindling the torch of war with the dispatches of M. Bruat D'Aubigny, for a miserable rock in Oceania. Significantly, you add, "there are richer fields of glory to be reaped on the banks of the Rhine, and the shores of the Mediterranean." You remind me of the old thief, who when his son exhibited with pride his maiden trophy, a brass tobacco-box, extracted, without detection, from the parental small-clothes, boxed the boy's ears. "Not, my son," he added, "because you have picked my pocket—but because you have not picked it of something more valuable." Did you ever hear the story of the gourmand, who, at table was seen stealthily, but bitterly weeping; "They are the first tears I ever shed!" he replied, on being asked the reason; "I weep to see that man" (and he pointed to a hungry poor relation, who was walking into a joint at the foot of the table), "throwing away that blessed appetite upon a leg of mutton!"

So, M. de Lamartine, you weep to think that M. Thiers, and Young France with him, should be throwing away their appetite for glory on the "leg of mutton" of Tahiti, when the "*pâté de foie gras*" of the Rhine, and the "*macaroni au jus*" of the Mediterranean, lie temptingly, crying, "Come eat me."

Somehow, I didn't expect to hear the author of the "Méditations Poétiques et Religieuses" measuring the sin of an injustice by the amount of the product. Puzzled, I took down that volume of your works, and these lines met my eye:—

"Chrétiens, souvenons-nous que le Chrétien suprême
N'a légué qu'un seul mot pour prix d'un long blasphème
A cette arche vivante où dorment ses leçons;
Et que l'homme, outrageant ce que notre âme adore,
Dans notre cœur brisé ne doit trouver encore
Que ce seul mot: Aimons!"

Think on the import of these lines, M. de Lamartine, and cancel, if you can, your letter to M. Thiers.

Punch.

MILITARY MESSING.

Several meritorious officers having complained of the expense of the wine drunk at the mess, Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, the Commander-in-Chief, hereby sends forth the following regulations:—

That it shall be permitted to every officer who cannot afford port or sherry, to try Masdeu or Marsala; but it must be distinctly understood, that any officer drinking these inferior wines, be expected to leave the table directly his allowance is exhausted. His Grace also desires that some intimation should be given when the allowance has been drunk out, and his Grace suggests a wink, or a kick of the shins under the table, as being, perhaps, the more delicate, because the less generally perceptible.

His Grace desires that in poor regiments, where, in consequence of the expense, the quantity of wine is limited, the officers should make out with beer.

His Grace desires that if any officer is unable to stand the cost of wine, he shall be protected by his superior officer in the economical expedient of having at his side a decanter of toast-and-water; and any one insulting the said officer on that account, or in any way throwing the toast-and-water in his face, should be severely reprimanded.

His Grace also desires a general revision of mess expenses, so as to bring them to something like conformity to the expense of getting into a mess before a magistrate, which is usually about five shillings.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XLVI.

FROM A PEASANT, FOR AN ALLOTMENT OF LAND, TO A LANDOWNER.

Honoured Sir,

Hoping that you will be pleased to pardon the boldness of a poor man who wants to keep his wife and children, I take up my pen to write. And, honoured sir, I hope you will forgive me, if I say that I feel a little happy that I am able to put a few words to paper,—it being a sort of comfort to a man, howsoever poor he may be.

My boldness, honoured sir, is this. It is, under your favour and consideration, to ask of your kindness, to let me have an acre of land: or if I am too bold in asking a whole acre, half or a quarter of the same. I know that it may be thought a little high and daring in me, to ask for such a favour, seeing that your estates are let out in large farms. It is, perhaps, a presumption, and—as I've been told—a sort of flying in the face of property, for a man who isn't rich enough to farm a thousand acres; who has n't money for cattle and bone-dust, and all that,—to think of having a little slice of land, just to grow a few things on for himself and children, land only being for them who can have a lot of it, or none. Nevertheless, sir, I hope for your kindness. I've been all along used to go to church, though I hope I may be forgiven for it, I haven't been these two months, seeing that my clothes are all in such rags that, as one of the churchwardens told me, they were quite a disgrace to a respectable congregation. Well, sir, I say I used to go to church, but I never heard there whether the Garden of Eden was twenty thousand acres or not—perhaps the gentlemen who set their faces against small allotments, know it to have been a very large farm indeed, and so think they have religion upon their side, when they refuse a poor man a little patch for his own spade. I know that it was made a part of the punishment of sin—a part of the curse of heaven—that

man should eat his bread in the sweat of his face. That, however wicked he may have been, he should not on his own account be suffered to eat his bread at all, does seem to me—and my heart is so full, I can't help saying it—very like a curse coming from the other place. I suppose, too, they who eat their bread from the sweat of other people, have never sinned at all. I hope, honoured sir, you will forgive these words; but my pen runs away with me like.

When I ask, honoured sir, for this bit of land, I mean, of course, to pay the very highest price you can get for it. I know that land let out in little bits is always made to fetch more than when let by the lump. This, of course, the poor must expect. It is so in all things. My wife gives more for her bit of soap and candle (when she can buy it), more for my bit of 'bacco, than if we could buy such things by the pound, like respectable people. And it isn't then to be expected that a great landlord, even though he may be a Duke to boot, will do otherwise than the keeper of a chandler's-shop. No, sir, though my neighbours say I'm a bold fellow, and have strange nonsense running in my head, I don't expect *that*.

If people wern't so foolish as to think otherwise, there would never have been such a noise about a gentleman who said, "If he let a lug of land for fivepence when he could get eightpence for it, he should be giving away threepence to the tenant." The gentleman only said what was true: the gentleman only said what nearly all the world do with one another every day of their lives. I was reading in a London newspaper that was lent me a day or two ago, where all sorts of things were advertised to be sold one under the other; coats, and waistcoats, and trousers for almost no money at all. Well, the people who buy 'em say it 's no business of theirs how the things are made; that 's not their concern,—all they want, as a duty to themselves and families, is to get a cheap penn'orth; as it were to wrap themselves comfortably up in a bargain and then go with their prayer-books to church to show it. If we could ever think that the time would come when folks wouldn't bargain with folks, as though because they 'd money to buy, they 'd eat their fellow-creatures up—if it isn't, indeed, bold in me to say fellow-creatures—if we could ever hope for such a time, why, sir, then this world would be indeed much nearer heaven than, perhaps, poor men have any right to expect. And yet, sir, church has puzzled me now and then. When the parson has told us that we are all made of earth, I have, I own it, now and then looked into a fine pew or two, and—if it 's a sin, I hope I may be pardoned for it—and I have sometimes doubted it. To be sure, soil is so different; the better sort of folks may be the rich and loamy; and the poor, the cold stiff clay, only fit for draining.

Still, sir, folks say that things are brightening up for the poor. There are a good many signs of it. Only last autumn, I 'm told, three real lords played at cricket somewhere with some shopkeepers. A man in our village—who 's reckoned to know something—has said it isn't unlikely that in less than twenty years a squire may now and then join in quoits or foot-ball with day-labourers. If ever this should come to pass, it must lead to good things. For of course the matter won't stop there. The squire, after making so familiar, will look in at the men's houses; will talk with their wives and little ones about their food, and their clothes, and such like—giving them a kind word and a helping hand when they want it. This, of course, will come of the matter; otherwise, for my part, I can't see such very great good in it. Politeness is a nice thing, and sometimes warms a poor man's heart more than he can tell it: but politeness itself won't put a 'tato on the plate when there isn't one. Folks can't eat quoits and foot-balls.

And now, sir, I hope you will be so good as to let me have this bit of land. It will, I feel, make quite a man of me. Yes, sir, I mean that word and no other. As it is, sir—I don't know how it can be—but somehow at times I don't feel a man at all. I seem as if I 'd no business in the world; as if I was a sort of toad or slug upon the soil; an interloper on the land, having no right even to make a foot-mark in it. The sun doesn't seem to shine for me—nor the wheat to shoot—nor the hedge-flowers to blow. I feel sometimes as if poverty in this world was made the mark of CAIN, and was upon me; with this hard difference, too, that any man might smite me for it.

And then, sir, the temptations that fly and run about one! I mean the game, sir. Many a time, when I 've heard the pheasant crow, it has somehow sounded—though not a bit like it—like one of my children crying for food, and then for a minute my brain has been in a blaze, and I 'd have done anything. When things are at the worst, and starvation is for days in my cupboard, the devil—or something like him—has sent the hares running about me, as though on purpose to be knocked down with a stick. It 's a hard matter, sir, to keep one's hands off a dinner running at one's feet—a dinner that it 's hard to think belongs to anybody in particular.

And therefore, honoured sir, I do hope for a bit of land. If it 's no bigger, one may say, than a lark's turf, like the lark I know I can whistle upon it and be happy. And so, honoured sir, asking your pardon for my boldness, as a poor man, in thinking of such a thing,

I remain,
Yours humbly to command,
ABEL WEED.

LETTER XLVII.

THE LANDLORD'S ANSWER.

ABEL WEED,

HAD you known anything of the true principles of political economy, you would never have written such a letter to me, a landowner. Know, that it is much better for you that you should not have even a quarter of an acre—that it is for the social good of all that you should remain as you are.

THEOPHILUS CANAAN, Bart.

THE HOUNSLOW MAIL.

WE of course feel much satisfaction at anything like cordiality among the servants of the public; but we think private friendship ought not to be allowed to interfere with the discharge of the duties belonging to any department of the Government. We have observed for some time past a growing intimacy, which seems ripening into esteem, between the two drivers of the Hounslow Mail Carts; and the result is, that when they meet at Kensington Gore, one going out of London and the other coming in, a chat takes place between them. This interchange of civilities began with a mere nod; it then budded into a pull up of both horses in the middle of the road, and it has at length blossomed into a long chat of some minutes' duration. This is a very delightful sight to the mere philosopher; but to the citizen and man of business it suggests a delay of letters, which may cause much inconvenience to the Londoners, as well as the Hounslowites.

We should be sorry to check the gushes of cordiality, the "How are you, my heartys?" and other gratulatory expressions that mutually burst from the lips of the two mail drivers; but we think they should arrange their meetings to take place after the delivery of the letters, and then private friendship would not clash with the public interest.

Harmless Enthusiasm.

THE *Globe* tells us that some ladies at Fonthill, Wilts, have been at work *for two years* on pieces of cushion lace which they intend as a present to the Queen. Our "own correspondent" from Fonthill gives us the further gratifying intelligence, that the over-hours of the same enlightened and benevolent women have been given to the making of gowns and petticoats for the necessitous in the neighbourhood. This is, indeed, to combine the elegant with the useful.

DE MINIMIS CURAT LEX.

How true it is, that the law of England protects the humblest as well as the highest species of property, throwing over the poor man's turnip and the rich man's pine-apple an equal shield! Nothing is so insignificant or comparatively valueless, that it cannot be rendered safe in the hands of its owner; and we know of no stronger illustration of this than the fact, that at the bottom of the title-page of GEORGE JONES'S *Tecumseh* appear the words, "COPYRIGHT SECURED!!!"

AFTER-DINNER SESSIONS.

THE following report of the trial of a prisoner "after dinner," will serve to show the expediency of discontinuing evening sittings recommended by SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

Judge (*taking his seat*). Ha, ha, ha! very good, excellent, a capital joke, ha, ha!

Counsel (*coming in*). Ha, ha, ha! The wine's better than they gave us last session, ha, ha!

Jury (*entering the box*). A very good house that! and the brandy-and-water prime, wasn't it?

Officer of the Court. JOHN THOMSON!—oh, that's the prisoner—(*to the jailer*) JOHN THOMSON, you stand charged—

Jailer. My name's not JOHN THOMSON, I don't stand charged—you mean the prisoner.

Officer of the Court. Well, it's all the same. What does the prisoner say,—Guilty or Not guilty?

Prisoner. Not guilty.

1*st Counsel.* Gentlemen of the jury, it is my painful duty to appear for the prosecutor—

Prisoner. That's the gentleman who was paid to defend me.

2*nd Counsel.* Oh, then it's a mistake. You're for the defence, I am for the prosecution, ha, ha, ha!

Judge. That's a good joke—ahem!—ahem! I mean to say, the gravity of justice requires that we should sift—I say sift—every case that comes before us. Prisoner at the bar, you have been convicted of having—

1*st Counsel.* Your Lordship mistakes, the man is not tried.

Judge. These interruptions from the bar are very unbecoming. It is impossible I can sit here to be interrupted by counsel.

2*nd Counsel.* Call the first witness, what's his name?

Usher (*calls*). "What's-his-name!" (*A general laugh, in which the bench, bar, and jury join.*)

Judge. I must commit, if this sort of conduct is repeated. Prisoner at the bar, what have you to say to the charge?

1*st Counsel.* My friend has not made out any case; I submit there is nothing to go to a jury.

Judge. Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard such of the facts of this distressing case as are capable of being conveyed to your knowledge. Gentlemen, the criminal law of this country draws a happy distinction between assumed guilt, and guilt actually proved. In HAWKINS's "Pleas of the Crown" you will find all this laid down much better than I can explain it to you. Gentlemen, I shall not detain you with any further observations, but I leave the case in your hands, with this simple observation, that if you have any doubt you must give the benefit of that doubt to the prisoner.

The jury (*laughing among themselves*). Of course we must let him off. We 've heard nothing against him.

Foreman of the jury. We find the prisoner, Not guilty.

Clerk of the Court. Both of them?

1*st Counsel.* Both of them! There is but one. Really, Mr. Associate, this is very annoying.

Judge. Prisoner at the bar, you have had a very narrow escape. If we see you here again, you will certainly be transported. You belong to a bad lot. I'm quite convinced of that. Hollo! where's the prisoner?

Jailer. He's gone, my Lord.

Judge. Gone! I wanted to warn him (*smiling at the bar*). These fellows are rather too quick for us.

Counsel (*tying up their papers*). Yes, my Lord. 'Ha! ha! ha! ha! Are you going towards the Temple? I've got a cab waiting.

Jury (*going*). Well, that's the way to get through the Calendar anyhow.

Usher (*putting out the candles*). I believe you.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. PUNCH,

I have heard on good authority the enclosed will be published on the date here given.

NOTICE.

Trin. Coll., April 1*st*, 1845.

Notice is hereby Given, That any undergraduate, or person *in statu pupillari*, who shall be seen at any hour of the day in any of the courts of this college, whether it be the Great Court, Neville's Court, the New Court, or the Fourth Court, without his academical dress; whether he be seen or not seen by any porter, tutor, or master of the college, shall be fined the sum of two shillings and sixpence, which shall go to the benefit of sound learning and religion, by being applied to the college library.

And Moreover, Let notice be taken, that any cap of which more than three of the four corners be broken, or otherwise dilapidated, or if more than two corners together with the tassel shall be wanting, it shall not be considered as academical, and shall be liable to the said fine of two shillings and sixpence.

Also, If any gown be worn, of which more than half the skirt together with one sleeve be torn off, or if the skirt be whole and the two sleeves be gone, or the gown itself be in ribands, then shall it not be considered as academical; and any person, *in statu pupillari*, wearing such a cap or such a gown, shall be liable to the said fine of two shillings and sixpence.

Also, if any person, *in statu pupillari*, be known to sleep without his gown over his night-shirt, or at any rate lying on the bed, or without his cap on, over or under his night-cap, as the case may be, contrary to the good order and discipline of the University, he shall for the first offence be fined the sum of two shillings and sixpence; and if he persist, for the second time he shall be fined the sum of five shillings; for the third seven shillings and sixpence, and so on. But if he persist obstinately, he shall then be brought before the master and senior, and shall suffer such punishment as they shall think fit to inflict.

(Signed) *W. Whewell.*

Now, *Mr. Punch*, I ask you, if it is not a hard case, that after the first of April next I shall be obliged to purchase a new cap, or be fined two shillings and sixpence? I consider this a breach of our privileges as undergraduates—we, who are accustomed to pride ourselves on the badness of our caps. Shall all our honest pride be overturned—the pride of all the rows we have been engaged in—of all the lamps we have smashed—all the heads we have broken—is this to be taken from us by ——? But I find I am getting personal, and hoping you will make our case known, I am proud to be

THE OWNER OF A BAD CAP.

Alarming Failure.

THE eclipse of the moon on Sunday week last was, as the *Post* would say, a "*fiasco*." In London it was regularly hissed at an early part of the evening. In Liverpool, where it shone to a little better advantage, it was slightly applauded, but in no instance was it called before the curtain after the performance, though this might have been partly owing to a strong *cabal* formed against it by the fog. One thing is certain, that the eclipse must have been a failure, or else why was it withdrawn the following evening, and has not been announced for repetition again this year?

DO OBLIGE US FOR ONCE.

PARLIAMENT is announced to open on the 4th of February. Really, it would be a favour, SIR ROBERT, if you would put it off to the 29th.

WIDDICOMB THE FOX-HUNTER.

We have seen Widdicomb under almost every phase. We have watched him charging the Lambeth cohorts on the deal platforms of Waterloo. We have seen him leading on the Stangate Russians, and urging them to feats of patriotism over the planks of Moscow. We have observed him dictating terms to Astleian India from the back of Batty's elephant. We have marked him marshalling the Mamelukes in the avenue leading from the stable, prior to his bursting out into the circle in all the pride of white stockings, tights, a green baize coat fringed with door-leather, and highlows converted into hessians by the tops of a pair of Wellingtons. But never until the present season have we seen him as Widdicomb, the English Fox-hunter, the British sportsman chasing the real fox through the O. P. Wing, and round the sawdust circle. The air with which he salutes the hounds, the urbanity with which he winks at the property man to let the fox out of the canvas bag, the *bonhommie* with which he capers about among the gentlemen riders at the Meet, must be seen to be described; and having been described, must still be witnessed.

HUSBANDRY OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

The *Aylesbury News* continues to give new accounts of the benevolence of the Duke of Marlborough, who is fast making for himself an enduring reputation in the hearts of the poor at Waddesdon. It appears that the Noble Duke at Lady-day last let out some allotments of stiff land at 48*s*. per acre, for spade husbandry. The land was very unproductive; it was doubtful whether it could be made to yield even a single sprig of laurel for his Grace. However, tenants took the land at Lady-day last, and at Michaelmas the over-punctual Duke sent his steward for twelve months' rent; that is, his Grace required of the spade-labourer six months' rent *in advance!* Dull people have thought such demand a little unusual. Why, so it is; but then, as the Duke of Marlborough —he is notorious for it—pays always in advance for what he has himself, he merely wishes that his tenants should conform to his own practice. Besides, allotment tenants have always a superfluity of money; and the worthy Duke, by demanding his rent before it is due, does so upon the benevolent principle that none of the cash shall go to public-house or beer-shop. Excellent nobleman! Great-hearted landlord! A few more such landowners, and what a Garden of Eden would England be!

C. W. You are earnestly implored to leave the British and Foreign Institute; and no allusions shall ever be made by your disconsolate parents, to remind you of your past folly.

PETER THE GREAT ON WEIGHTS!

It was thought an irreparable loss to the world of fun when the immortal Grimaldi ceased to sing *Hot Codlins!* Nevertheless, the world has been somewhat solaced for a pleasure gone, by the frequent self-exhibitions of Sir Peter Laurie. May he live until the miniver on his gown grows grey as time!

Sir Peter has lately expended his wisdom on weights. A cheesemonger of Silver-street was charged for trading with illegal weights in his shop!

"Sir P. Laurie directed the weights to be produced, which were earthenware ones, plugged with lead at the bottom. Sir Peter observed that they *were no weights at all*; they were *not allowed by law*, and therefore *they could not be called illegal weights.*"

Now, short weight is not allowed by law; and so, according to Sir Peter, short weight is not illegal weight. And this is the logical brain that decides upon the imprisonment of men and women—this, the intellect that is to put down suicide!

But, to proceed with Alderman Grimaldi:—

"Sir P. Laurie. These new-fashioned earthenware weights are not weights at all. They are dreadfully cheating weights, and my mind *is almost good enough to break them myself* at this very moment."

"Almost good enough!" Why, Sir Peter, were weights made of stones, your mind would be quite good enough to break them: quite; and not a bit too good.

"A gentleman in the Court observed that Alderman Copeland had recommended the tradesmen in the City to use porcelain weights, or better known as Alderman Copeland's weights.

"Sir Peter Laurie. I know nothing of Alderman Copeland's weights; *he may have an eye to business.* I have not, and am therefore better able to decide on their merits. They are grossly illegal—no doubt of it, *but not illegal enough. The defendant is discharged; his weights will be broken up.*"

Why should the man's weights be broken up, if the man is discharged? Why, says Sir Peter, the weights are grossly illegal, but not illegal enough. In the like way, we presume that a candidate for an Alderman's gown may be grossly asinine, but not asinine "enough."

THE WOODEN WALLS OF ENGLAND.

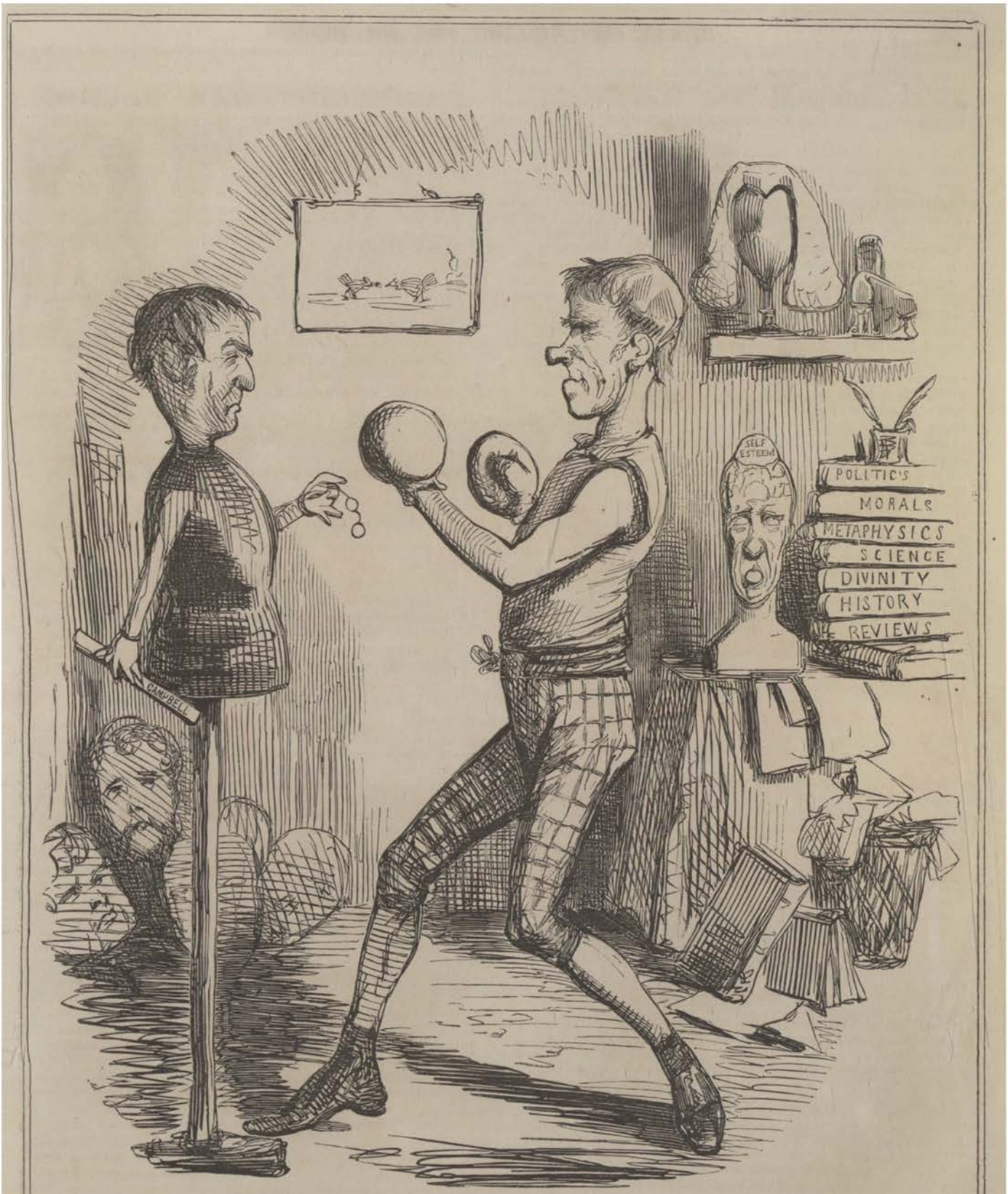
A newspaper paragraph informs us that "if an acorn be left for some weeks suspended by a string over the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth-glass, it will throw down long roots, whilst its stem will rise upwards, and become decorated with leaves." This is cheering to know, as the British navy need never be in want of timber as long as there is a hyacinth-glass and a bit of twine left in the kingdom. The idea of growing oaks in a second-pair-back is so rich to us, that we intend to-morrow to plant four-and-twenty acorns on all our mantel-pieces, and have no doubt that in less than a year we shall have a perfect Windsor Forest in every room in the house. Let us hope that the Oaks will not be of such a nature as eventually to take us in.

A Few Questions on Cricket.

Q. What is a "long stop?"
A. Alderman Gibbs's accounts.
Q. What do you call a "good run?"
A. At the Victoria Theatre, a piece that goes twelve nights.
Q. What is "fielding?"
A. The author of *Tom Jones.*
Q. How do you stop a ball?
A. By putting out the lights.
Q. When does a party change sides?
A. When he's in bed, and got the fidgets.
Q. What do you call "a long slip?"
A. A hundred songs for a halfpenny.
Q. How much is game?
A. It depends whether it 's in season.

FRIENDLY WARNING TO REBELLIOUS JERSEY.

The Duke of Wellington is in a terrible passion with the Jerseyans. He declares if they do not keep quiet, he will send them a dozen pioneers with orders to dig the island out of the ocean, and bring the earth up to London to fill flower-pots.



LORD BROUGHAM IN TRAINING

FOR THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

APPLES—AND THEIR SINS.

OTH apples and men have their good qualities; and apples, like men, are denounced as of questionable reputation, if found in bad company. Beautiful is the fruit piled in the centre walk of Covent Garden market; tempting the fairest and the richest daughters of EVE to touch, and then to make it their own. Very beautiful, too, are apples with their golden skins and rosy cheeks beaming through the plate-glass window of the West-end fruiterer. They are a wholesome luxury; by no means forbidden fruit to either dealer or purchaser. They have blossomed and ripened for worshipful society, and are pleasant to the eye, delicious to the taste of the delicate, the comfortable feeder. Yes; strange as it may seem to the sons of ADAM, there is an Aristocracy of Apples!

Who shall deny it? Here is a basket of plebeian pippins; it may be, poor, crude windfalls. It is not their fate to be ticketed in Covent Garden at eight a shilling. They are not to be gently handled by the kidded palm of lady huswives, afterwards to play their part in a dessert, and be ceremoniously cut in pieces with a silver blade. No: they are doomed to a wicker basket, to be exposed in the common highway for sale by creatures, who having scarcely a roof to cover them, do, nevertheless, assume to themselves the part of fruit-sellers, to the manifest scandal of the law, and the virtuous disgust of the shopkeeper.

Several criminals of this sort have lately been cited before MR. TRAILL, of Union Hall, and their delinquencies proved by solemn testimony of policeman 178 P, who, it is doubtless a satisfaction to learn, "has been very active in looking after offenders of the above description." They had absolutely sold fruit in the Walworth-road! The iniquity was so glaring—was perpetrated in such noon-day light—that human patience, nay the very meekest and most tolerant Christian charity, could not wink at it; and thus we are told, in the police report, "some of the shopkeepers had written to the station-house complaining of the nuisance!"

It is of course a nuisance to the sympathies of shopkeepers that people who have not the respectability of a shop, and the comforts of a back parlour, should, tempting the wrathful visitation of a wintry sky, stand with *their* shops about their necks, to waylay school-boys for the halfpence that, by every respectable rule of trade, ought to be paid over a counter. It is the misery, the pauperism of the traders, that makes the offence. Could they now and then sit themselves down in an arm-chair before a sea-coal fire—only to be thence disturbed by the advent of a customer, there would be no nuisance whatever in the traffic. But that the audacious vendors should in biting, frosty days, stand roofless upon the stones until their flesh is almost bloodless as the granite they tread upon,—it is this that stirs the sensibilities of shopkeepers: it is this that makes them write, with pens of flame, complaining missives to the station-house!

Many of these shopkeepers are, doubtless, admirable people: pattern husbands and wives, fathers and mothers. They make their very trading only subservient to their domestic affections—their household duties. And they are to be disturbed, ruffled past Christian patience, by people not at all respectable! To be sure, it might by special pleading be urged, that the offenders too have husbands and children, albeit—miserable wretches!—they have no shops. They stand wretchedly clad in the cold, dreary street, to earn uncertain bread for mouths at what they call a home. Nevertheless, they are a nuisance—poor people always are—and the abomination should be put down. And how? Great hope! we see a way.

Let vigilant Policeman 178 P do his duty sternly as fate. Let the magistrate fine every offender—he can do so—forty shillings, or commit to gaol; and in a short time the law-breakers must inevitably be hunted to the Union. This step will, of course, add no trifle to the poor's-rate of Walworth; but then, respectable shopkeepers will bear the extra burden resignedly, gaily, for a great "nuisance" will be abated. They, the shopkeepers, husbands and wives, will not be separated; they may hug their children still; and, like good Christians, teach their little ones the Lord's Prayer night and morning.

Still, the Walworth apple-sellers are not the worst of the wicked. However annoying and unlawful their vocation, they do not put a very brazen face upon the matter. No; they have a sort of latent respect for the shopkeeper, for on MR. TRAILL asking, if they walked on the footpath "so as to prevent passengers from going along about their business," it was admitted by Policeman 178 P that "the defendants stationed themselves *at the edge* or curb of the footpath!"

There is, it must be confessed, a seeming modesty in this; though there is a sort of respectability that walks about the world with his arms so very much a-kimbo, that patient, striving poverty, at the very "edge" of his footpath, is an obstruction, a nuisance; a thing to be thrust into its kindred mud. What, indeed, to such respectability would be the possession of the Garden of the Hesperides, so long as paupers vended shrivelled apples at the "edge!"

However, there is no doubt that the audacious spirit of the times has manifested itself in even the doings of street fruit-sellers. They no longer know their place, but by all sorts of blandishments tempt unwary children to lay out their holiday halfpence. It was only last summer that these offenders absolutely sold slices of melons and pine-apples! The exclusive luxuries of the rich and respectable were positively vulgarized, being bartered in the common street for copper penny-pieces. Melons and pine-apples made familiar as gooseberries to the palates of the mob! Alas, and alas! for the institutions of the country!

We really hope that the authorities will act with vigour in this apple question. Let them be assured of it, there is more in the matter than meets the eye. The apples may, indeed, look rosy and wholesome, but—unless strong measures be adopted—they may, like the Dead Sea apples, be nought but cinders to the public mouth. Walworth respectability already knows as much, and spits at them.

Q.

SONG OF THE CHEAP CUSTOMER.

HURRAH for cheap clothing! I want not to know
How the work or material was got;
If the article 's good, and the figure is low,
For the *wherefore* I care not a jot.
Make me out to encourage oppression and vice,
On my beggarly meanness enlarge;—
Ha! I get a whole suit at one half of the price
A respectable tailor would charge.

Hurrah for the Saxony coat superfine,
Which I buy for about two pounds ten!
If Theft furnished the cloth, 'tis no business of mine,
If Starvation the stitching,—what then?
Hurrah for the trousers of best kerseymere,
And the gay satin vest at thirteen!
To employ any tradesman, although he is dear,
All because he is honest,—how green!

And hurrah for the shirt for whose purchase I pay
From a couple of shillings to three,
Wrought by famishing Need at a farthing a day;
What on earth can that matter to me?
All I want is to dress at the smallest expense,
In as stylish a way as I can,
Like a practical, straightforward, plain, common sense,
Economical, provident man.

That to clothe me the skinflint and swindler combine,
Is a fact I don't ponder about,
And that thousands in hunger and wretchedness pine,
I regard their employers' look-out.
To procure all my goods at the lowest of shops
Is the course that I mean to pursue;
Then hurrah for low tailors and sellers of slops!
Be they Heathen, or Christian, or Jew!

ADVICE GRATIS.

A DR. GRANDISON, we observe, advertises a new specific under the title of CHARITY PILLS. In the hope that GRANDISON may not be an impostor, we recommend a trial of them to SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

TRAVELLING NOTES

BY OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

II.—THE SHIP AT SEA.—DOLORES!

THE first thing that a narrow-minded individual does on ship-board is to make his own berth comfortable at the expense of his neighbours. The next is to criticise the passengers round about him.

Do you remark, when Britons meet, with what a scowl they salute each other, as much as to say, "Bless your eyes, what the angel do you do here?" *Young* travellers, that is to say, adopt this fascinating mode of introduction—I am old in voyaging—I go up with a bland smile to one and every passenger. I originate some clever observation about the fineness of the weather—if there are ladies, I manage to make some side appeal to *them*, which is sure of a tender appreciation: above all, if there are old ladies, fat ladies, very dropsical, very sea-sick, or ugly ladies, I pay them some delicate attention—I go up and insinuate a pillow under their poor feet. In the intervals of sickness I whisper, "a leetle hot sherry and water!" All these little kindnesses act upon their delicate hearts, and I know that they say to themselves, "How exceedingly polite and well-bred that stout young man is."

"It 's a pity he 's so fat," says one.

"Yes, but then he 's so active," ejaculates another.

And thus you, my dear and ingenuous youth who read this, and whom I recommend to lay to heart every single word of it—I am adored by all my fellow passengers. When they go ashore they feel a pang at parting with their amiable companion. I am only surprised that I have not been voted several pieces of plate upon these occasions—perhaps, dear youth, if you follow my example you may be more lucky.

Acting upon this benevolent plan, I shall not begin satirically to describe the social passengers that tread with me the deck of the *Lady Mary Wood*. I shall not, like that haughty and supercilious wretch with the yellow whiskers, yonder, cut short the gentle efforts at good fellowship which human beings around me may make—or grumble at the dinner, or the head-wind, or the narrowness of the berths, or the jarring of the engines—but shall make light of all these—nay, by ingenuity, turn them to a facetious and moral purpose. Here, for instance, is a picture of the ship, taken under circumstances of great difficulty—over the engine-room—the funnel snorting, the ship's sides throbbing, as if in a fit of ague.

There! I flatter myself that is a master-piece of perspective. If the Royal Academy would exhibit, or MR. MOON would publish a large five guinea plate of the "main-deck of a steamer," how the public would admire and purchase! With a little imagination, you may fancy yourself on shipboard. Before you is the iron grating, up to which you see peeping every minute the pumping head of the engine; on the right is the galley, where the cook prepares the victuals that we eat or not, as weather permits, near which stands a living likeness of MR. JONES, the third engineer; to the left and running along the side of the paddle-boxes are all sorts of mysterious little houses painted green, from which mates, mops, cabin-boys, black-engineers, and oily cook's-assistants emerge; above is the deck between the two paddle-boxes, on which the captain walks in his white trousers and telescope (you may catch a glimpse of the former), and from which in bad weather he, speaking-trumpet in hand, rides the whirlwind and directs the storm. Those are the buckets in case of fire; see how they are dancing about! because they have nothing else to do—I trust they will always remain idle. A ship on fire is a conveyance by which I have no mind to travel.

Farther away, by the quarter-deck ladder, you see accurate portraits of MESSRS. MAC WHIRTER and MAC MURDO, of Oporto and St. Mary's, wine-merchants; and far, far away, on the quarter-deck, close by the dark helmsman, with the binnacle shining before his steadfast eyes, and the English flag streaming behind him (it is a confounded head-wind)—you see—O my wildly beating, my too susceptible heart!—you see DOLORES!

I write her name with a sort of despair. I think it is four hours ago since I wrote that word on the paper. They were at dinner, but (for a particular reason,) I cared not to eat, and sat at my desk apart. The dinner went away, either down the throats of the eager passengers, or to the black caboose whence it came—dessert passed—the sun set—tea came—the moon rose—she is now high in heaven, and the steward is laying the supper things, and all this while I have been thinking of DOLORES, DOLORES, DOLORES!

She is a little far off in the picture; but by the aid of a microscope, my dear sir, you may see every lineament of her delicious countenance—every fold of the drapery which adorns her fair form, and falls down to the loveliest foot in the world! Did you ever see anything like that ankle?—those thin, open-worked stockings make my heart thump in an indescribable rapture. I would drink her health out of that shoe; but I swear it would not hold more than a liqueur glass of wine. Before she left us—ah me! that I should have to write the words *left us*—I tried to make her likeness; but the abominable brute of a steam-engine shook so, that—would you believe it?—this is all I could make of the loveliest face in the world!

DOLORES—A SKETCH TAKEN IN ROUGH WEATHER.

I look even at that with a melancholy pleasure. It is not very like her, certainly; but it was drawn from her—it is not the rose, but it has been near it. Her complexion is a sort of gold colour—her eyes of a melting, deep, unfathomably deep, brown—and as for her hair, the varnish of my best boots for evening parties is nothing compared to it for blackness and polish.

She used to sit on the quarter-deck of sunny afternoons, and smoke paper cigars—oh if you could have seen how sweetly she smiled and how prettily she puffed out the smoke! I have got a bit of one of them which has been at her sweet lips. I shall get a gold box to keep it in some day when I am in cash. There she sat smoking, and the young rogues of the ship used to come crowding round her. MAC WHIRTER was sorry she didn't stop at Oporto, MAC MURDO was glad because she was going to Cadiz—I warrant he was—my heart was burst asunder with a twang and a snap, and she carried away half of it in the Malta boat, which bore her away from me for ever.

DOLORES was not like your common mincing English girls—she had always a repartee and a joke upon her red lips which made every one around her laugh—some of these jokes I would repeat were it not a breach of confidence; and had they not been uttered in the Spanish language, of which I don't understand a word. So I used to sit quite silent and look at her full in the face for hours and hours, and offer her my homage that way.

You should have seen how DOLORES ate too! Our table was

served four times a-day—at breakfast, with such delicacies as beef-steaks, bubble and squeak, fried ham and eggs, hashed goose, twice-laid, &c.,—of all which trifles little DOLORES would have her share—the same at dinner when she was well: and—when beneath the influence of angry Neptune the poor soul was stretched in the berth of sickness, the stewards would nevertheless bear away plates upon plates of victuals to the dear suffering girl; and it would be "Irish stew for a lady, if you please, sir?"—"rabbit and onions for the ladies' cabin"—"Duck, if you please, and plenty of stuffing, for the Spanish lady." And such is our blind partiality when the heart is concerned, that I admired that conduct in my DOLORES which I should have detested in other people. For instance, if I had seen MISS JONES or MISS SMITH making peculiar play with her knife, or pulling out a toothpick after dinner, what would have been my feelings?

But I only saw perfection in DOLORES.

THE DOINGS OF NICHOLAS!

THE noble ladies of England, who smiled so sunnily upon the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, will doubtless feel interested to know that that mighty Potentate—so tall, and such a handsome man!—has issued an order prohibiting all natives of Poland *from marrying*, till they have completed their thirtieth year! NICHOLAS by certain sycophants has been called the "father of his people;" the lawful title of "grandfather" he is evidently not inclined to. NICHOLAS has also ordered the suppression of all Temperance Societies throughout Poland. Thus the Emperor hopes to choose for his Polish Ministers two most diabolic agents—Lust and Drunkenness!

Legal Sporting Intelligence.

THE Hilary Battue has just concluded, and the result has been on the whole favourable to the legal sportsman. The Solicitor-General brought down a large quantity of pretty fair game, and several of the Queen's Counsel in shooting over the Westminster Hall preserves played considerable havoc amongst the numerous coveys of plaintiffs and defendants. Our friend BRIEFLESS bagged a brace of computes; and on the whole it does not seem that powder and shot have been wasted.

A SCENE FROM AN OJIBBEWAY TRAGEDY.

RECENTLY the following scene was found twisted round a species of lollipop commonly termed a squib. We have been unable entirely to detach the stuff inside from the outside—and this will account for some marks of the squib still adhering to the paper.

From the style, we should suppose the scene to be taken from *Tecumseh*; but as that great work has hardly had time yet to get into its natural channel, the lollipop shops, we must presume that some precursor of GEORGE JONES is the literary delinquent in the present instance.

SCENE.—*A remote Wigwam on the eastern margin of the Susquehannah. All the stars are seen to rise, one at a time, and join in an inaudible Chorus. Enter* LILLYBULLOO *and* GENERAL WASHINGTON.

LILLYBULLOO.

Well, pale-face, bearer of the white man's curse,
Thou hast the cold-nosed snake-grass in thine eye.

WASHINGTON. I'll tell you what it is, my friend. I have the honour to enjoy the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and I see the voice of Freedom extending his hand to me. You have suffered injuries, I know, and where is the avalanche—ay, the mighty avalanche, that has not, at some time or other, fallen? But come, let us smoke together the Penny Pickwickian of peace, the Cheroot of charity, the Havannah of happiness.

LILLYBULLOO.

No, pale-face, never! with mad ANTHONY,
Rather let vultures, or the fierce sky-bird
That clutches venom from the river's bed,
Strike me to atoms!
Whow, whow, whow, whow, whow!
[*Giving the War-whoop.*

WASHINGTON (*aside*). That is his war-whoop; if I suffered myself to be torn to pieces, I never could have the face to meet my brave compatriots again. (*Aloud*) Listen, Great LILLYBULLOO! for the white man readily allows greatness to the red man's chief. I come to offer you amity and peace. Let the tomahawk return to its scabbard; and bury the scalping-knife and animosity in the same grave. America is destined to take a high rank in the scale of nations.

LILLYBULLOO.

Whow, whow—her, her—ugh, ugh—whoo, whoo!

WASHINGTON.

I see it is useless: they will not be civilised.

[*Indians rush in on one side.* WASHINGTON *whistles, and a regiment of the Kentucky Militia runs in on the other side.* LILLYBULLOO *gives a whoop at* WASHINGTON, *and exit.* WASHINGTON *assumes a look expressive of his conviction that the time has come for*

America to assert her own dignity, and runs precipitately away over the Mountains. The Kentucky Militia form a TABLEAU *by standing on the necks, heads, and shoulders of the red men (in the style of the Indian-rubber Unbelievables), and the curtain falls, the band playing "Yankee Doodle."*]

Punch's City Article.

WE do not profess to be in the secrets of the Bank Parlour, but having seen the Governor sitting on one chair with his legs on another, we should say that the addition to the "rest" will be very considerable. There is an unhealthy buoyancy in *coupons* for the Old Account; and money is still so abundant, that nobody knows what to do with it. We have offered anybody any amount at anything per cent., but we can find nobody ready to avail himself of our proposition.

A SWIMMING MATCH.

THE *Great Britain* has taken a couple of sea-baths since her release from the dock of Bristol. At the first plunge, her timbers shivered very much; but she soon struck out, smoking all the time, in a style that proved her to be up to a rig or two in swimming. The *Great Britain* has since undertaken, for several hundreds, to swim to New York and back again in less than a month.

Royal Sportsmanship.

PRINCE ALBERT and his party started off after a hare, but in the middle of the run returned to the Castle to attend a Privy Council. This having been disposed of, the run was resumed, the hare having sat itself quietly down on a mile-stone while the Prince went to Windsor to pay attention to his duties. The feeling entertained by the hare, was evidently that of "business first and pleasure afterwards."

TRUTH ON BOTH SIDES.

ALDERMAN HUGHES delivered himself last week at the Mansion-House of the sage observation that "children and fools always speak the truth." For the future, then, we shall always *believe* ALDERMAN HUGHES.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.—OF ALIENATION BY MATTER OF RECORD.

ANCIENTLY this subject embraced four divisions, two of which, fines and recoveries, having been recently abolished, we are happily saved from the penalty of having to describe a fine, and being made quite ill by explaining the mysteries of a recovery. Two branches of the subject still, however, remain, namely, Private Acts of Parliament, and Royal Grants, which, after stropping the penknife of acuteness on the hone of industry, and nibbing the pen of perseverance, we proceed to plunge into.

Private Acts of Parliament are frequently used to disentangle an estate from the confusion into which the law has contrived to get it by surrounding it with contingent remainders—springing uses—which are generally useless—resulting trusts—it is doubtful if a turnpike-gate is a trust of this description—and other artificial contrivances.

To attempt to put an end to confusion by an Act of Parliament, seems to savour of rendering the said confusion worse confounded. Such acts are very cautiously granted, and are declared to be void if contrary to law and reason; though this is a very nice point, for if it is contrary to law, it may be perfectly conformable to reason; and if consistent with reason, the chances are that law has been lost sight of.

Royal grants, whether of lands or honours, are conferred by *literæ patentes*. Grants or letters patent must always begin with a bill. "Ay," says Spelman, "and end with a bill too; for, marry come up! there is no getting letters patent without paying a pretty long bill for them." The sovereign signs them at the top with his own hand. "Whyche," says COKE, who must claim the merit of having invented the now venerable joke, "*whyche sygne* is a *sine quâ non* in alle letterres patente." COKE, however, with all his waggery was wrong, for the sovereign is not compelled to sign every new patent for life pills, infallible mixtures for the hair, and other articles which are continually being made the subject of royal letters patent. Royal grants are always to be construed most beneficially for the sovereign and against the party; while a grant from a subject is construed on exactly the opposite principle. Thus, if a sovereign grants the trees on certain land without the right of coming to take them, the subject can have no other enjoyment of them but such as he can derive from looking at them at a distance. If, however, a subject should grant the sovereign a pint of new milk, it seems that the cow would follow as a matter of course, because there can be no new milk without a cow; and *à fortiori*, the cow must be fed—so that it is a nice point whether the land in which the cow was turned out would not run with the milk, instead of the milk running with the land, as it certainly would do if the land were granted to the sovereign.

If the sovereign grants anything by mistake, he has the subject of the grant back again; so that a royal exclamation of "Hallo! what have I been about! I didn't mean to do that," will revoke the strongest grant in existence. If the property granted is worth more than the king or queen thought it was, he or she may take it back again. And, in fact, under almost any circumstances, a thing given by a sovereign to a subject is subject to be made the subject of recapture.

Fines have been happily discontinued since the 31st of December, 1833, which, according to a pun in pencil on the 989th page of the fifteenth volume of PETERSDORFF'S Abridgment, is "the *finest* thing that could have happened for the simplicity of the legal system." The quaint old *jeu* on the *mot* fines is neatly pointed out by a strong italicising of the word *finest*.

Though fines and recoveries were abolished by the 3rd and 4th of WILLIAM IV. ch. 74, the benefit of them was preserved; but as this benefit chiefly benefited the lawyers, the advantage does not appear particularly obvious. Thus a tenant in tail may cut off his own tail by means of a pair of scissors, with which the law has provided him, in the shape of the protector of the settlement. If there is any estate in lands prior to the estate tail, the owner of the prior estate shall be the protector of the settlement. Where the protector of a settlement is an idiot, the LORD CHANCELLOR, as stock representative of all idiots, comes in to supply his place; and if a traitor or felon is the protector, the Court of Chancery generally undertakes the arduous character.

A GOOD CHARACTER FROM HIS LAST PLACE.

WE would recommend to the attention of LORD ELLENBOROUGH, as he is out of a situation, this from the *Times* of Monday week:—

WANTED, a Person with a thorough knowledge of *fustian*. Unexceptionable references required.

THE RAILWAY MONITOR.

To Travellers.

THE existing railway arrangements render it imperative that you should provide yourselves with a large stock of philosophy, to enable you to put up with certain inconveniences, which you will be sure, to a greater or less extent, to encounter on most lines, and whereof a classification is hereby appended for your benefit.

FIRST CLASS.

THE chief inconvenience peculiar to this class, is, that your fare will be about twice as much as you ought in fairness to pay. You run, perhaps, rather less risk in this class than in the others, of having your neck broken; but you must not be unprepared for such a contingency.

SECOND CLASS.

IN travelling by the second class, you will do well to wear a respirator, unless you wish to be choked with dust and ashes from the engine close in front of you. Also, if you are going far, you are recommended to put on a diving-dress, like that used at the Polytechnic; because, if it should rain much during your journey, the sides of the carriage being open, you will have to ride in a pool of water. Your dignity must not be hurt, should you have for next neighbour a ragamuffin in handcuffs, with a policeman next him. The hardness of your seat is a mere trifle; that is the least of the annoyances to which you are judiciously subjected, with the view of driving you into the first class train.

THIRD CLASS.

Make up your mind for unmitigated hail, rain, sleet, snow, thunder and lightning! Look out for a double allowance of smoke, dust, dirt, and everything that is disagreeable. Be content to run a twofold risk of loss of life and limb. Do not expect the luxury of a seat. As an individual and a traveller, you are one of the lower classes; a poor, beggarly, contemptible person, and your comfort and convenience are not to be attended to.

ALL THREE CLASSES.

Punctuality may be the soul of business, but suppose not that it is the spirit of railways. If you do not care whether you keep an appointment or not, make it on the faith of the Company, by all means; but otherwise, by none. Regard starting, or arriving at your destination, only half an hour too late, as luck. You pay nothing extra to attendants for civility, so you must not hope for it. Remember that you are at the mercy of the Company as to where you may stop for refreshments; for which, accordingly, be not surprised if you have to pay through the nose. Beware, if you quit the train for an instant, lest it move on; you have paid your money, the rest is your own look-out, and, you may depend will be no one else's. For loss and damage of luggage, and the like little mishaps, prepare yourself as a matter of course; and if at the end of your journey you find yourself in a whole skin—thank your stars.

Punch's Almanack will be ready for Publication at Christmas!

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THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

(By the Observer's Own Correspondent.)

SINCE last month the testimonial received by MR. BALFE has been the subject of conversation in theatrical circles, and the opinion seems to be that he is a clever man, which there can be no doubt of, at least we have never questioned it to a certain extent, though some have their opinions, as they have a perfect right to have, upon this as well as any other subject. Whether a breakfast service was the most appropriate mode of rewarding merit, it is not for us to say, but at all events MR. BALFE was justified in taking it, indeed no man more so, because it was intended for him; and though there are many very clever men, yet altogether we hardly think any one else had a right on the present occasion to expect it. GARRICK never took a breakfast service on the stage of the theatre, it is true; but then it must be remembered that the Roscius never had one offered to him, at least that we know of, though we can't be expected to know some things, or indeed, sometimes anything. As we have said before, and will say again and again if we think it right, but even if we do there may be no occasion to repeat it, that if the public will pay certain compliments, nobody ought to find fault, and especially MR. BALFE, who would be very ungrateful if he were to turn round and complain, which we never charged him with.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER XLVIII.

FROM A BACHELOR TO A HUSBAND ON THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF HIS WIFE.

MY DEAR SIMPSON,

As an old, old friend, I feel no hesitation in addressing you upon a subject, which the weakness of most people makes a very nice and delicate one. Married men are, I know, ridiculously sensitive to opinions passed by their friends upon their wives. You, my dear fellow, are not of these. No: you remain unchanged by matrimony; you are the same transcendent philosopher you ever were. Hence, I feel that I can talk to you about your wife as upon any other subject that tests a man's better taste. I can criticise your helpmate with the same free judgment that I would pass upon your horses or your wines. Feeling this, I the more readily respond to your request, and tell you at once freely and frankly "what I think" of the lady whom the complaisance of the world denominates your better half.

I had prepared myself, from what you had said, to see a full-blown, radiant beauty. Now, my dear boy, your wife is not brilliantly handsome, certainly not. She has, however, a very pleasing face—very nice, expressive eyes; very nice. And when she has seen a little more of the world—when, too, she can have benefited more by your counsel—so that she may achieve a little more self-control, she will, I have no doubt, be a very charming, comfortable sort of little body. At present—now what I say, SIMPSON, accept as the surest proof of my friendship for you—at present, there is now and then an air of constraint, and then, again, an air of forced vivacity about her, that is hardly natural to good society. This little defect, however, time and your good judgment will remedy.

Her conversation is sprightly; certainly sprightly. I did not however—and I assure you I watched most vigilantly—I did not detect in it those flashes of wit, that radiant fancy, of which, ere you made the lady your wife, you wrote to me so much. Matrimony, however, may be fatal to these good gifts; wit and fancy may not submit to the small circle of a wedding-ring. For myself, there is nothing I admire so much in a woman as a discreet silence; nothing that so much annoys me as her vain attempts to shine. If anything can take the beauty from beautiful lips, it is when they evidently try to drop pearls and diamonds, and let fall nothing worth the picking up. I will not say that MRS. SIMPSON does this; certainly not; nevertheless, my dear friend, you may teach her with great advantage that now and then the best adornment of a wife is taciturnity.

You were wont to praise your wife's temper. I have so much respect for your judgment, that I am sure no artifices of courtship could blind you to a defect. And yet, my dear fellow, the whole education of woman from the cradle to the altar is one long course of—no, hang it! I will not say deceit. Bachelor as I am, and intend for ever to be, I will not put down that ugly word. Nevertheless, it is extraordinary how women can hide their real temper until the parson, as they think, gives them a legal right to show it. It is really wonderful to know how very long talons may sleep in the velvet paw of courtship before the "amen" of the clerk calls them out. I cannot think it is thus with MRS. SIMPSON: oh, no. Still I watched her—and my heart had a slight misgiving when I saw her frown at your ventured opinion, that the sweet sauce was a little burnt. However, perhaps it may have been only her peculiar mode of look, and *not* a frown. You, my dear boy, know best; for who, indeed, ought to judge between man and wife?

Touching your wife's music, I do not think her ear very good, but it may be improved. Her voice—to be sure it may have altered since you wrote so much about it—is thin as wire; and by the way, *not* silver wire. Her execution is a little too hurried; as though she would hide defects under an assumed brilliancy of fingering. All this, however, time and practice may remedy. Apropos, who taught her Italian? Her pronunciation—in a word, my dear fellow, your wife's Italian—Lancashire witch as she is—is Lancashire Italian.

However, who in a wife—as wives are made by present education—is to expect perfection? You, my dear friend, were ever too philosophic, too wise, to look for excellence, and therefore will, I have no doubt, be very comfortable with your present little helpmate. Doubtless, you might have done better—but then, again, you might have done worse, and so, all things considered, it is as well as it is.

You asked me, "what I thought of your wife—candidly?" I have endeavoured to illustrate my old friendship for you by giving you an honest, ingenuous answer. All husbands are, I know, not to be so openly dealt with. But the experience of twenty years tells me that you are a friend and a philosopher.

Ever, my dear SIMPSON, yours truly,

FRANK DAVIS.

P.S.—Remember: we dine at the Club on Thursday.

LETTER XLIX.

THE HUSBAND'S ANSWER.

DEAR DAVIS,

Your frankness is charming—delightful! How few friends would have had the fine moral courage to write such a letter! How well, too, have you judged of my philosophy. I assure you, I have laughed—laughed heartily at your epistle: it has amused me mightily.

As for MRS. SIMPSON's beauty, why in a wife, I take it, that is a particular which has peculiar reference to her husband. To be sure, beauty may exist, and some eyes never see it. I wonder now, what the mole or the owl really and truly thinks of the sun? But doubtless, *you* can tell.

It is quite true, that MRS. SIMPSON has some feminine diffidence. She was not, unfortunately you may think, brought up in a garrison; and has never yet headed the conversation in a mess-room. I believe the age of silver preceded the age of brass.

As for her wit and fancy,—you know, my dear sir, how difficult it

is to define those qualities: how much more difficult with some people to appreciate them. How very much they are wasted upon them. I know, in some countries, it is the fashion to hang the heads of mules with melodious, semi-toned bells; but whoever could hope that the brutes should understand their beautiful modulation?

The temper of MRS. SIMPSON is—but it is not for a husband to expatiate on the household excellences of his wife. No; they are too sacred in their nature to be defiled by ink: they are to be respected, worshipped, in the innermost core of the conjugal heart. I may merely observe this—MRS. SIMPSON *never* frowns. My wine is, I know, potent, and—dear sir—you were evidently very thirsty. Hence, you may not be accountable for the then haziness of your vision.

Your exceeding thirst, too—seeing how industriously you tried to sate it—may have rendered you a little unfit to criticise music. We all know what PAN thought of APOLLO.

With respect to my appointment to dine at the Club, I have this morning—at the request of MRS. SIMPSON—withdrawn my name as a member. Hence, I cannot have the pleasure of meeting you. Nevertheless, I am,

Yours obliged,

JOHN SIMPSON.

Turtle for the Million.

LAST summer the metropolis was inundated with fourpenny pine-apples, and though ship-load after ship-load arrived in the Docks, "the cry was still, they come." This cheap luxury having retired for the season, we are promised real turtle for sixteen people out of a 2 lb. tin, being, by-the-by, about a gravy-spoon *per* head, or rather *per* mouth, of this most salacious relish. It seems that there was a good deal of mockery in the alleged real turtle of olden times, which has been nearly as delusive as the actual mock in vogue at the pastrycooks'. The cheap turtle is made from the fish seized while sporting in their native waters, caught in the first gush of confidence and "preserved under patent at Honduras," before they have time to feel the terrors of their situation, and lose any of their liveliness.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE RICH.

HEREBY *Punch* presents his compliments to illustrious personages, the nobility and gentry, and respectfully begs to condole with them, on account of a sad calamity which they labour under. He has learned, with the greatest pain, that thousands of the higher orders are almost perishing for want of employment. It is a long time to go between breakfast and dinner, when the latter is at seven, even though the former should be at twelve, with an empty head. That this is very generally the case among them, is too plain to *Punch*, from the character of fashionable mornings' amusements. Sitting over and over again for a wretched portrait, under the vain idea of encouraging art, and inspecting china and poodles, pony-driving, coursing, otter-hunting, destroying game, and duelling, show a lamentable want of resources.

During a large portion of the year there are no concerts, or *fêtes* of any sort. Evening parties and fancy dress balls soon become monotonous. Theatres (Her Majesty's excepted) are out of the question; and happy are those whom want of occupation does not drive to the gaming-table. This state of things ought not to last. The minds of the better orders must be employed, or they will very soon be the worse. Might *Punch* suggest, for a frolic, the idea of making business a pleasure? There are various useful offices and pursuits which might be undertaken gratuitously. The *elite* of *ton* might become amateur tailors and milliners, taking, for amusement, part of the labour of the working classes off their shoulders. They might occasionally officiate as linen-drapers' assistants, giving the shopmen a holiday. They might now and then guide the spindle and direct the loom, or take a turn at the plough, or the mangle, for fun.

Some of our younger gentry might volunteer, for a short change, as policemen, instead of giving occasion for their services. But these are mere hints. The matter ought to be taken up. The Rich require amusement equally with the Poor; they are dying for want of it; and that useful body, the aristocracy, is bidding fair to become extinct. *Punch* expects that England—that is to say, Young England—will do its duty.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.—OF ALIENATION BY SPECIAL CUSTOM.

ASSURANCES by special custom are confined to copyholders and their tenants, whom the law regards as very special customers. A copyholder is strictly speaking a villain, and those holding under him are, *à fortiori*, more villanous; for copyholds all have their origin in pure villenage. A surrender is an assurance by special custom; and it is managed by A., the copyholder or villain, coming to B., the lord or his steward, and giving up a rod or a glove to B., who gives it to C., the copyholder elect or villain that is to be, and who swears to perform all the conditions to which A., the ex-villain, was subjected. The last public case of this kind was when that honest fellow, but pure villain, the late square-keeper of Golden-square, resigned the cane to the present worthy villain, who has ever since wielded it. He swore fealty to the trustees, and took an oath of extermination to little boys at the foot of the statue—which was all according to the custom of the manor.

When an estate is once surrendered the lord of the fee must admit the surrenderee, and writing up the words "No admittance" will not cut off the right of the surrenderee, who may insist on being let in; and he may continue knocking and ringing, or kicking up a row till he is let in, for the law will assist him.

The same rule applies to heirs, married women, infants, and lunatics, who must all be admitted on an estate being surrendered to them; but an infant must be let in through his guardian, as infants often are, and a married woman must be let in, through her attorney, as occasionally happens; a lunatic must have a committee to represent him, but it does not seem that the committee need have a chairman, or any of the usual requisites. In lunatics' committees, one is a *quorum*, but there is always an appeal to the Lord Chancellor, who is, by virtue of his office, the representative of all monied idiots.

COMIC SONGS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

YOUNG gentlemen of England,
That only mind your ease,
Ah, little do you think how hard
Young ladies try to please!
Give ear unto the Milliners,
And they will plainly show
How the waist must be laced,
By the Fashion-books to go.

She who'd attract attention
Must laugh at common sense,
For when one goes to choose a dress,
One mustn't mind expense;
Nor think how Pa will scold one,
Whene'er he comes to know
How he's let into debt,
By the Fashion-books to go.

What terrible privations
Young ladies must endure,
A lovely face and form of grace
From damage to secure!
Their appetites they must control,
Lest they too stout should grow,
And in vain strive and strain,
By the Fashion-books to go.

In days of bitter weather,
Which winter doth enforce,
One cannot think of such a thing
As good thick boots, of course;
With instep undefended,
In rain, and hail, and snow,
All so bold one gets cold,
By the Fashion-books to go.

INDISPOSITION OF THE THAMES.

WE regret to state that Father Thames has been in a very low state during the past week. Excessive dryness and other feverish symptoms have been painfully evident.

THE LANDLORD'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

EARLY in the present week, this body—newly-constituted in imitation of the Labourer's Friend Society—held its first meeting; though, strangely enough, no report of the proceedings has as yet appeared in the papers.

The chair (a three-legged stool) was taken by JACOB THATCH, a gaunt, sallow-faced labourer, looking sixty, though in reality but thirty-two. He briefly stated the objects of the society. He said, it was very kindly meant of many gentlemen to meet and talk so much—for they never spared talk—about the condition of the labourer. He himself had been at a good many of such meetings; but somehow or the other, he always came away hungrier than he went. He now thought it was the duty of the labourers to return the kindness of landlords; and by meeting and talking over *their* destitute condition—moral condition he believed was the word—to see what could be done for them. (*Cheers.*) There could be no doubt that many of the landlords were in a desperate forlorn state, not knowing right from wrong; and it was the duty of labourers as Christians—if he wasn't going too far in calling them Christians—to teach them the proper path. It was only due to their peace in this world, and their happiness in the world to come. (*Cheers.*)

GILES ACORN proposed the first resolution. He said he didn't wish to brag, but he believed he was rather a goodish player at *put* and checkers. (*Hear.*) Well, he believed a good deal might be done among landlords by mixing oftener with them, and making more free like. To prove that he was in earnest, he had no objection to play a few games at *put* with the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, or any other such landlord: he thought it would do the Duke good. There was no knowing how his heart might be opened at *put*, just as the gentlefolks did so much for the wants of the poor when they played at cricket with 'em.

HODGE SOWTHISTLE seconded the resolution. He didn't know much about dice; that is, he didn't know the rigs of 'em; he had raffled once in better days for a goose, and won it. He wouldn't at all mind, however, playing at hap-hazard, that 's what he believed gentlefolks called it—with any landlord in a destitute state of feeling for the labourer. He had heard a goodish deal of late of a little gentleman called Young England. Well, he wouldn't mind playing a game at ring-taw with the child, if he'd fairly knuckle down. The knuckling-down, however, was what they wanted to catch the landlords at (*cheers*); whereas, with all their fine words, he believed there was a great deal of *funking*.

SIMON CLOD moved the second resolution. He said the whole of the fact was, they had too long neglected landlords as their fellow-creatures: they never went among 'em. Whereas—as having their good at heart, and showing 'em that they thought 'em only men, like themselves—they ought to go into their houses, to see what sorts of beds they slept upon—to see 'em at their dinners, and to teach 'em, what it 's plain they didn't well understand, the blessings of a good appetite, and the curse of hunger with nothing to satisfy it. It was plain that many landlords believed the labourer couldn't eat at all. Now they had only to undeceive 'em in their own larders to bring about a great blessing. Certain gentlefolks often came to the labourer's dwelling, and never seeing nothing in the cupboard, in course believed that the labourers and their wives and children never wanted food. They had only to dine at the landlords' houses to teach 'em the contrary. Although he 'd rather have his bit of bacon at his own fireside—that is, where there ought to be a fire—he would, nevertheless, to assist the society, dine with as many landlords as was thought fit. Moreover, he had six children, and they should all go and dine along with him. (*Cheers.*)

ZACHARY CHAFF seconded the resolution. He said the last speaker had hit the nail upon the very head. It was as plain as the Union, that most of the landlords believed that labourers never wanted to eat at all. That they were like the threshing-machines, that might go on beating out the corn without ever wanting to taste it. They ought—poor souls!—to be taught the truth. He was sure all they wanted to learn was that the labourer was flesh and blood—and, indeed, how few of 'em present at that meeting looked anything like it—to treat 'em as such. For himself, he didn't know what a dinner was; nevertheless, for the souls' sake of the landlords—and he feared a lot of 'em was very dark indeed—he 'd dine with twenty of 'em if the Society thought it right. (*Cheers.*)

These and other resolutions were unanimously passed, when the Chairman rose and said—The best part of the business was to come. They had to give out the prizes to certain landlords for their noble and feeling conduct towards the labourer.

Hereupon LORD FITZWHEEDLE was introduced, when the Chairman addressed him as follows:—

"LORD FITZWHEEDLE, you have shown yourself to be the labourer's friend. You play at cricket capital. For a lord, your bowling is special good. You have this season in the handsomest manner played three games with nothing better than as you call 'em the sons of the soil; and for this noble conduct, the Society presents you with this piece of stick, upon which may be notched your future runs. We hope, my Lord, that you will show this bit of stick to all the Club folks in London. We hope that you will let this bit of stick go down, so that your sons' sons may have it—every one of 'em; and that the world may for ever know that LORD FITZWHEEDLE was a good cricket-player, and therefore the labourer's friend." (*Cheers.*)

His Lordship endeavoured to address the meeting. His feelings were too much for him: he merely said, "Bless—bless—bless the labourer!" then burst into tears, and pressed the stick to his heart.

The DUKE OF SMALLBOROUGH was next introduced, and received a bunch of dried dandelions for being—of all landlords—the very best to *stop*. The Duke returned thanks in an affecting speech.

After certain minor formalities, the meeting separated.

THE BUSS-DRIVER'S LAMENT OVER BYGONE DAYS.

I 've known the time, alas 'tis past!
When I might drive my buss
Through thick and thin, go slow or fast,
And no one make a fuss.

When we,—that is, myself and cad,—
Could o'er our pewters slumber;
But, stop an instant now, and, 'gad!
The p'liceman 's got your number.

I 've known the time when I might race
With CLOUD or SHILLIBEER,
Down Cheapside, at a furious pace,
Without a moment's fear;

When if I spilt an apple-stall,
Or overran a few,
I only got a fine, that 's all,
And went to work anew.

But times and beaks are sadly changed!
I can't abide that BROUGHTON;
Lord Mayors among my foes are ranged,
With MALTBY and with NORTON.

But, O, there 's *one! he* likes his task,
(And we 're the class he 's foe to,)
Whose persecutions make me ask,
"Where HARDWICK thinks he 'll go to!"

NATIONAL LUNACY.

WE seriously advise the Great Powers of Europe to hold a commission "*De Lunatico Inquirendo*" on Spain: her distracted state proving that she is incapable of managing her own affairs.

Seasonable Benevolence; or, Winter Clothing for the London Statues.

CHARITY is said to begin at home, but it has lately been going out, and we are happy to announce that certain miserable objects, who have long been suffered to remain in a state of destitution in the public streets of the metropolis, are about to have something done for them. The public must, for some time past, have noticed a miserable object standing in St. Paul's Churchyard, who seems from her destitute condition to be sadly in want of Queen Anne's, or anybody else's bounty; the poor creature has had nothing on her hitherto but a low-necked dress, with short sleeves, and even to say nothing of the indelicacy of the costume for such a public place as the centre of St. Paul's Churchyard, the sight is enough, at this season of the year, to chill the hearts of husbands and fathers, who could not bear to see a wife or child of their own in such a pitiable position. The bell-rope round the waist, it is true, always looked winterly, but it gave no warmth; and we are glad to hear that the poor creature is henceforth to be indebted to private benevolence for a Polka pelisse, a boa, and a close bonnet.

The shelterless condition of the DUKE OF YORK has also been taken into consideration, for he stands like patience on a thermometer, smiling at freezing-point. Why should he be worse off than the common sentinel at his feet! Such is the question some humane persons have asked themselves, and the result is that before the frost sets thoroughly in, he will be provided with a sentry-box.

CHARLES THE FIRST, who not only suffered during his own reign, but during every shower that has fallen since, will be provided with a capacious gingham umbrella; but the horse will be left to his fate, the presumption being that the brute is by this time used to it.

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S representative at the Royal Exchange will be encased in a military cloak: and here charity goes hand in hand with correctness of costume, for it is very desirable to have the DUKE before us in "his habit as he lives," a design that is completely carried out by the short military cloak with which he is so much identified. The horse being of a lighter and more delicate breed than that of the unfortunate CHARLES, is to be provided with the requisite clothing.

The melancholy statue which has been so long doing penance in a sheet opposite the Houses of Parliament, or assuming the appearance, as some suppose, of a ghost expressly to haunt PEEL and WELLINGTON, and a few others who are said to have worried him in or rather out of his life. The statue of CANNING is to be provided with a pilot coat to keep him warm, and distinguish him from PITT, the other pilot, who succeeded in weathering the storm raised by his enemies.

PEEL'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.

THE public is respectfully informed, that the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's, will open for a series of

Promenade Concerts,

early in February next. The instruments will comprise the usual amount of wind and brass, while the music selected will embrace a variety of different tunes, uniting numerous extraordinary changes of notes and a curious collection of measures.

Among the solo performers will be LORD BROUGHAM, whose eccentric performances on one string, introducing the grand theme of his treatment by the Whigs, will be repeated occasionally throughout the season.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM will preside at the big drum, or *grosse caisse*, and will introduce the well-known letter duet, which is peculiarly adapted for the big drum, being one of the grossest cases that ever happened.

SIR ROBERT PEEL will have the honour to attempt a concerted peace with MONS. GUIZOT; and an engagement will be offered to MR. FERRAND to act as second or third fiddle, introducing some of his celebrated feats with the long-bow, in the use of which he is quite unrivalled. Further particulars will be announced in future bills, which will be brought for the purpose of being read as soon as possible.

A TRIFLE FOR JONES.

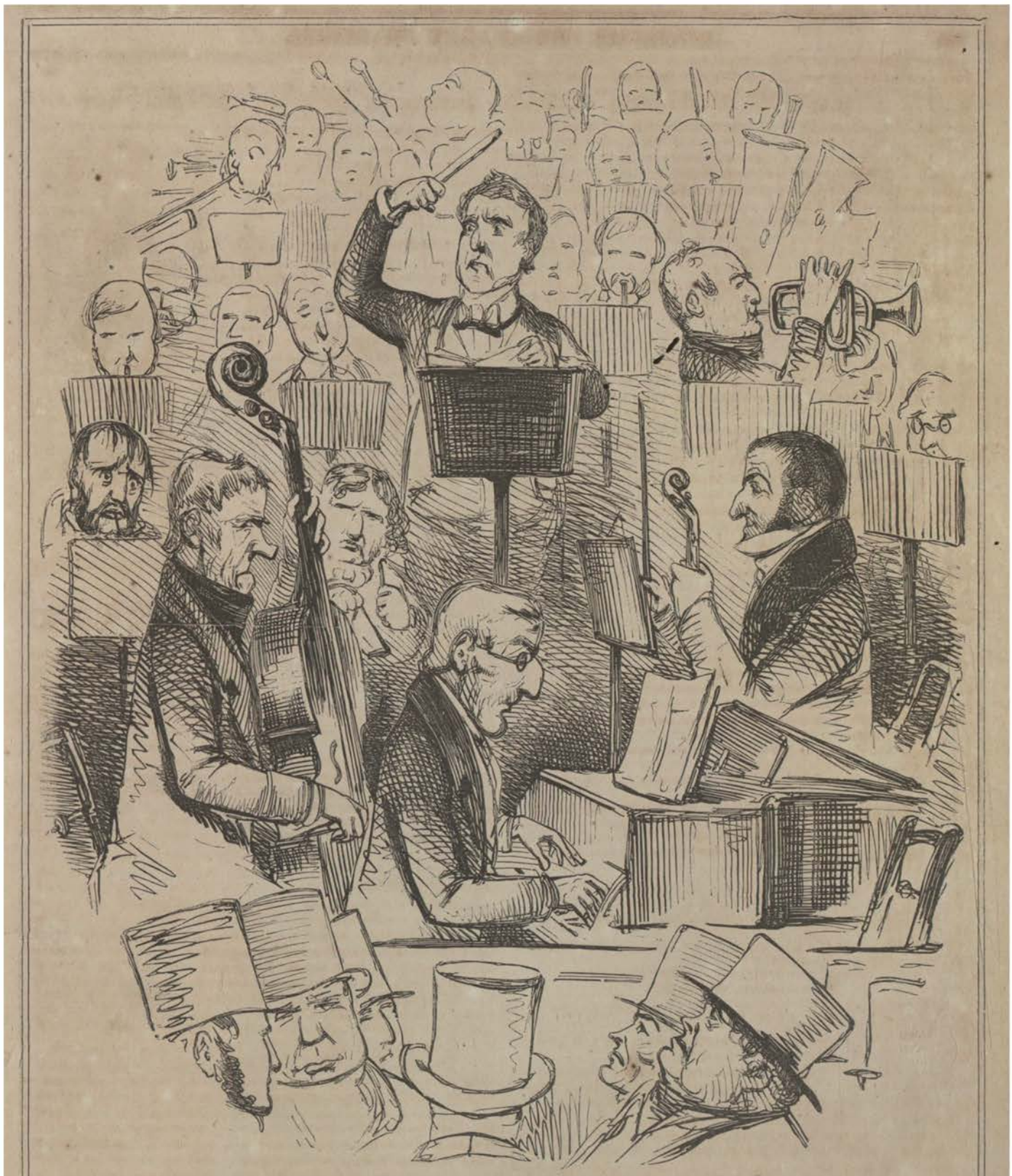
GEORGE JONES complains of our accusing him of having "scarcely any punctuation." He certainly does not know where to stop.

WATERLOO BRIDGE REPORT.

THIS document is more than usually encouraging. It states that there has been a distribution of three-and-twopence amongst the annuitants, and a division as usual among the proprietors—as to the mode of managing the affairs of the company—being the only division of which they have yet had the benefit. An allusion was made to the Hungerford concern, and it was suggested they should now buckle on their armour; upon which a proprietor wished to know whether it was meant by buckling on their armour to put the man at the toll-gate in a helmet and breastplate, in order to attract passengers. A proposition was also brought forward on the subject of touting; and it was under discussion for some time, whether men should be employed to hoot all persons going over Hungerford Bridge, and "chaff" the tollkeeper of the rival concern. It was, however, agreed, that the Suspension affair would only be brought into notice by this sort of thing, and it would therefore be better to leave it alone, so that it might "hang itself in its own chains," as a mortgagee of ten shares in Waterloo prettily expressed it.

Legal Intelligence.

OUR learned friend MR. BRIEFLESS has paired off with SIR WILLIAM FOLLETT for the sittings after Hilary. No arrangement to this effect was specially entered into, but it is an understood thing that MR. BRIEFLESS will not hold a brief until after the return of Mr. Attorney from the Continent. Should SIR WILLIAM go to the Privy Council as presiding Judge, MR. BRIEFLESS will, of course, feel himself at liberty to assume whatever attitude he may think advisable.



PEEL'S PROMENADE CONCERTS;

OR, "THE POWER OF SOUND."

TRAVELLING NOTES

BY OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

III. FROM MY LOG-BOOK AT SEA.

ARE at sea—yonder is Finisterre.

The only tempest I have to describe during the voyage is that raging in my own stormy interior. It is most provokingly uncomfortably fine weather. As we pass Ushant there is not a cloud on the sky, there scarcely seems a ripple on the water—and yet—oh yet! it is not a calm *within*. Passion and sea-sickness are raging there tumultuously.

Why is it I cannot eat my victuals? Why is it that when Steward brought to my couch a plateful of Sea-Pie, (I called wildly for it, having read of the dish in maritime novels) why is it that the onions of which that delectable condiment seems to be mainly composed, caused a convulsive shudder to pass from my nose through my whole agonised frame, obliging me to sink back gasping in the crib, and to forego all food for many, many hours?

I think it must be my love for DOLORES that causes this desperate disinclination for food, and yet I have been in love many times before, and I don't recollect ever having lost my desire for my regular four meals a day. I believe I must be very far gone this time.

I ask FRANK, the Steward, how is the Señora? She suffers, the dear, dear Soul! She is in the ladies' cabin—she has just had a plate of roast-pork carried in to her.

She always chooses the dishes with onions—she comes from the sunny South, where both onions and garlic are plentifully used—and yet somehow, in the depression of my spirits—I wish, I wish she hadn't a partiality for that particular vegetable.

It is the next day. I have lost almost all count of time; and only know how to trace it faintly, by remembering the Champagne days—Thursday and Sunday.

I am abominably hungry. And yet when I tried at breakfast!—O horror!—I was obliged to plunge back to the little cabin again, and have not been heard of since. Since then I have been lying on my back, sadly munching biscuit and looking at the glimmer of the sun through the deadlight over-head.

I *was* on the sofa, enjoying (if a wretch so miserable can be said to enjoy anything) the fresh sea-breeze which came through the open port-hole, and played upon my dewy brow. But a confounded great wave came flouncing in at the orifice, blinded me, wet me through, wet all my linen in the carpet-bag, rusted all my razors, made water-buckets of my boots, and played the deuce with a tin of sweet biscuits which have formed my only solace.

Ha! ha! What do I want with boots and razors? I could not put on a boot now if you were to give me a thousand guineas. I could not shave if my life depended on it. I think I could cut my head off—but the razors are rusty and would not cut clean. O DOLORES, DOLORES!

The hunger grows worse and worse. It seems to me an age since butchers' meat passed these lips: and, to add to my misery, I can hear every word the callous wretches are saying in the cabin; the clatter of the plates, the popping of the soda-water corks—or, can it be Champagne day, and I a miserable groveller on my mattress? The following is the conversation:—

Captain. MR. JONES, may I have the honour of a glass of wine? FRANK, some Champagne to MR. JONES.

Colonel Condy (of the Spanish Service). That's a mighty delicate ham, Mr. Carver, may I thrubble ye for another slice?

Mr. MacMurdo (of St. Mary's, sherry-merchant). Where does the Providore get this sherry? If he would send to my cellars in St. Mary's, I would put him in a couple of butts of wine that shouldn't cost him half the money he pays for this.

Mr. MacWhirter (of Oporto). The sherry's good enough for sherry, which is never worth the drinking; but the port is ab ominable. Why doesn't he come to our house for it?

Captain. There is nothing like leather, gentlemen.—More Champagne, FRANK—MR. BUNG, try the maccaroni. MR. PERKINS, this plum-pudding is capital.

Steward. Some pudding for MRS. BIGBODY in the cabin, and another slice of duck for the Señora.

And so goes on the horrid talk. They are eating—*she* is eating; they laugh, they jest. MR. SMITH jocularly inquires, How is the fat gentleman that was so gay on board the first day? Meaning *me*, of course; and I am lying supine in my berth, without even strength enough to pull the rascal's nose. I detest SMITH.

Friday.—Vigo; its bay; beauty of its environs.—Nelson.

Things look more briskly; the swell has gone down. We are upon deck again. We have breakfasted. We have made up for the time lost in abstinence during the two former days. DOLORES is on deck; and when the spring sun is out, where should the butterfly be but on the wing? DOLORES is the sun, I am the remainder of the simile.

It is astonishing how a few hours' calm can make one forget the long hours of weary bad weather. I can't fancy I have been ill at all, but for those melancholy observations scrawled feebly down in pencil in my journal yesterday. I am in clean shining white-ducks, my blue shirt-collars falling elegantly over a yellow bandanna. My moustachios have come on wonderfully; they are a little red or so. But the Spanish, they say, like fair faces. I would do anything for DOLORES but smoke with her; *that* I confess I dare not attempt.

It appears it was THE BAY OF BISCAY that made me so ill. We were in Vigo yesterday (a plague take it! I have missed what is said to be one of the most beautiful bays in the world); but I was ill, and getting a little sleep; and when it is known as a fact that a NELSON was always ill on first going to sea, need a Fat Contributor be ashamed of a manly and natural weakness?

Saturday.—Description of Oporto.

We were off the bar at an exceedingly early hour—so early, that although a gun fired and waked me out of a sound sleep, I did not rise to examine the town.

It is three miles inland, and therefore cannot be seen. It is famous for the generous wine which bears the name of port, and is, drunk by some after dinner; by other, and I think wiser persons, simply after cheese.

As about ten times as much of this liquor is drunk in England as is made in Portugal, it is needless to institute any statistical inquiries into the growth and consumption of the wine.

Oporto was besieged by DON MIGUEL, the rightful king, who, although he had MARSHAL BOURMONT and justice on his side, was defeated by DON PEDRO and British Valour. Thus may our arms ever triumph! These are the only facts I was enabled to gather regarding Oporto.

New Passengers.—On coming on deck, I was made aware that we had touched land by the presence on the boat of at least a hundred passengers, who had not before appeared among us. They had come from Vigo, and it appears were no more disposed to rouse at the morning gun than I was; for they lay asleep on the fore-deck for the most part, in the very attitudes here depicted by me.

They were Gallegos going to Lisbon for service; and I wished that a better hand than mine—viz., one of those immortal pencils which decorate the columns of our dear *Punch*—had been there to take cognizance of these strange children of the South—in their scarfs and their tufted hats, with their brown faces shining as they lay under the sun.

Nor were these the only new passengers; with them came on board a half-dozen of Hungarian cloth-sellers, of one of whom here

is the accurate portrait as he lay upon two barrels, and slept the sleep of innocence *sub Jove*.

Here is the same individual, but ah how changed! He is suffering from the pangs of sea-sickness, and I have no doubt yearning for fatherland, or land of some sort. But I am interrupted. Hark! 'tis the bell for lunch!*

A GUIDE TO SINGLE LADIES.

I. Beware how you accept an invitation from an industrious widow or an indefatigable old maid "to spend the day," especially if she should add, "Come early, love, and bring your work." Be assured that very soon after you arrive, a heap of linen-drapery will be piled on the table, and you will be asked "just to run up a seam or two," and then to "fit on the boddice, like a dear." When that is done, she will apologise for not having anything to amuse you. If you are obliged to accept such an invitation, be sure to ask your mama if you may ask Charles to fetch you home at night—"about nine." Write to him immediately, telling him not to be a minute later than six.

II. Should a similar invitation come from a young lady who is in your confidence, by all means take every one of Charles's love-letters; you will find them very pleasant reading after your friend has shown you all *her* lover's presents, and told you all his secrets.

III. When you are invited to a *dîner de prétention*, be sure to dine very heartily before you start. As, however, merely looking on is dull work, take a huge bouquet. This should emit an odour strong enough to spoil the appetites of the men who sit next to you, so that they may have the more time to flirt and talk. Be perfectly ignorant of the name of every dish; for to be suspected of the smallest cognizance of cookery is disgustingly vulgar. Should any old-fashioned man ask you to take wine, give him a glance of unconsciousness, and turn to one of your neighbours to ask what is meant! That explained, you may take up an empty glass, and set it down again, bowing at the same time to the *épergne*.

IV. When you are going out to a grand quadrille party, you will, of course, be obliged to wear a very expensive and very extensive dress; stipulate, therefore, for the whole of one side of the coach, that the skirt may be spread over it and not be tumbled. Never mind getting your poor and unattractive cousin squeezed up on the other seat between your two fat uncles. If, when you arrive, Charles should bore you, tell him you have made up your mind not to dance that night; but the moment he has engaged another partner, waltz away with the handsomest man you can get. Be handed down to supper if possible by a title, if it is only a Captain. The next morning, when Charles calls, ask him how he dares show his face "after his cruel neglect of you last evening."

* Though our fat friend's log has been in the present instance a little tedious, the observant reader may nevertheless draw from it a complete and agreeable notion of the rise, progress, and conclusion of the malady of sea-sickness. He is exhausted; he is melancholy; he is desperate; he rejects his victuals; he grows hungry, but dares not eat; he mends; his spirits rise; all his faculties are restored to him; and he eats with redoubled vigour. This fine diagnosis of the maritime complaint, we pronounce from experience may be perfectly relied upon.

Flowers of Recitative Picked up at Drury Lane.

The following scraps, being quoted from memory, and caught in the confusion of a "Blaze of Triumph," may not be strictly accurate, but they will serve to convey some idea of the poet's manner.

"Shall shame my cheek, shall crime my conscience charge?
And make me hated by the world at large?"

* * * *

"Shall I transfix the traitor to the heart?
And wound the villain in a vital part?"

* * * *

"It thrills my nerves, it burns my heart and brain!
And really causes me a deal of pain."

* * * *

"How fares the lady? Did she land securely?"
"Yes, sir. But she complains of being poorly."

* * * *

"How are you?" "Very well. And you?" "But queer."
"It 's a fine day." "Yes, for the time of year."

THE CROWN OF SCOTLAND.

Be it premised that we write not of Caledonia's diadem, exhibited for testers in Edinburgh Castle; but of the five shillings—the crown "received from Scotland" for the benefit of a Scottish heroine. The subjoined advertisement, however, briefly narrates the history of the matter. It is from the *Times* of the 30th ult.:—

SCOTLAND and her Heroine of Matagorda.—On the 30th and 31st of October, Appeals, couched in terms as strong as they were sincere, were addressed to "The Sons and Daughters of Scotland," through the papers of Edinburgh and Glasgow, calling on them to contribute to a Fund that has been in course of subscription in this metropolis to purchase an Annuity or Pension of something like 1s. 6d. a-day for a poor old woman, Agnes Reston, a native of Scotland, who, 30 years ago, won for herself from the Peninsular armies the name of Heroine of Matagorda, but who has, since then, been grievously neglected, *until now, in her 72d year, she toils for her bread in the office of a nurse in the Town's Hospital of Glasgow*. It was promised in those appeals that an acknowledgment should be inserted in the *Times* of November 30, of the sums that, in answer to them, should be generously forwarded to the office of Messrs. Cox, of Craig's Court: to redeem that promise, *it is here acknowledged that the amount received from Scotland has been 5s.*, forwarded by Mr. David Croll, of Glasgow. N.B. During the same period (one month) £34 has been contributed in England.

We are afraid that we recognise a little malice in the above. True, it may be, that Scotland has only sent five shillings to England; but who shall say what amount of money Scotland may have contributed that England knows nothing of? Scotland, with a noble jealousy, may have refused to mingle her large subscriptions with Southron mites. No; she may have reasoned—and acted upon the thought—"Agnes Reston belongs to us: she is our own heroine; a native of enthusiastic, impulsive Scotland; and we want no English aid; we will do the goodly work alone and unassisted."

There can be little doubt that it is owing to this laudable and patriotic feeling that Messrs. Cox, of Craig's Court, London, have received five shillings only from Scotland. Money has of course been subscribed throughout that country; a committee has doubtless been formed at Glasgow; and—although we have yet seen no report of the matter in the papers—the eighteen-pence per day has been assured to Agnes Reston; and the Heroine of Matagorda is no longer a worn-out drudge in the Town's Hospital, but, for her few remaining days, she has secured to her an easy competence by the gratitude and admiration of applauding Scotland. Glasgow, that has so recently subscribed for a statue to Wellington, the hero of the Peninsula, would scarcely grudge its half-farthings to the courageous Agnes Reston, the noble-hearted woman who, with the hell of battle raging about her, assuaged the agonies of the dying soldier.

And, therefore, will any of our Glasgow correspondents—and we know how intensely *Punch* is admired in that excellent city—inform us *when* Agnes Reston quitted the Town's Hospital—*what* amount of money Scotland subscribed for her—and *where* the heroine is at present living? These are easy questions, and, we doubt it not, will be most satisfactorily answered.

SERVANTS' HALL.

The Livery of London—we do not mean the Freemen, but the Footmen—have got up, among themselves, an Institution with the above title. At this Hall young candidates for service are examined—if they please; so that it is such another Hall as Apothecaries' Hall will be if Sir James Graham's bill passes. The Examiners are six footmen, and as many coachmen, with an experienced butler for President. They meet at a certain public-house; and though their society, like their master's, is exclusive, our reporter got admitted to one of their meetings by pretending to be a valet out of place. We subjoin the examination of a Footman.

Q. What is your views?—*A.* A nobleman or gentleman's family.

Q. How would you set about brushing a coat?—*A.* I'd begin by searching the pockets. (*"Wery good."*)

Q. What is wales?—*A.* All fish as comes to net; more 'specially tips.

Q. What would be your duty to my Lord?—*A.* To attend upon him.

Q. What would be your duty to your profession?—*A.* Not to attend on my Lady.

Q. Suppose her bell rung, and there was nobody but you to answer it?—*A.* I should stop where I was.

Q. What ought you to mind?—*A.* My own business.

Q. What ought you not to mind?—*A.* Anybody else's.

Q. Suppose you was told to roll the lawn?——*A.* I should say it was the gardener's place.

Q. If the coachman was took ill suddenly, would you consent for to mount the box?—*A.* Not by no means. (*"Quite right, young man."*)

Q. What would you expect to have to do?—*A.* To attend at table, brush my Lord's hat and clothes, answer his bell, and deliver messages for his Lordship; but not for nobody else.

Q. Would you clean plate?—*A.* I might condescend to do that.

Q. What would you expect?—*A.* Not less than thirty pounds a year, wages. (*"Salary, Sir; salary, if you please."*) I beg your parding; salary.

Q. What else?—*A.* Three suits of uniform; cast off wardrobe; and four meals reg'lar a day.

This candidate passed at once; and was highly complimented by the Examiners on his attainments. Others were not so fortunate. One was asked "Suppose, in a family where a boy was kept, you were called upon, on a pinch, to clean boots and shoes; what would you do? He replied "Clean them," and was "plucked" immediately.

Another who wished to be a butler, was rejected on a catch question, "How do you make a bottle of wine?" The answer expected was, "In decanting a dozen."

Some housekeepers displayed a very creditable knowledge of the percentages to be insisted on from different tradesmen. A lady's maid was asked, *Q.* What is your chief business?—*A.* To dress my mistress.

Q. What next?—*A.* To dress myself.

Q. What would you do when your mistress was out?—*A.* Go and put on her clothes.

These answers were much applauded; as was also those of a valet, who, to the question, "What coat ought a gentleman to wear at a swarrey?" responded, "His master's best." The examinations concluded, the whole party regaled themselves upon beer and gin, provided by the examination fees, which came to sixpence a head.

MR. COMBE AGAIN.

Will any of our readers kindly inform us if there be at this moment a Home Minister? If so, is he in a mesmeric condition, or really awake? If awake, does he ever read those vulgar compositions, the daily papers? And if not, why not?

We have looked in our own *Pocket-Book*, and find that Sir James Graham is really Home Secretary. May we then call the attention of Sir James to the manifold merits of Mr. Combe, the magistrate of Clerkenwell? That man is a blighted Lord-Chief-Justice. He was born to be wrapt in ermine—to sit upon the Queen's Bench. He wears plain black, and is confined to an arm-chair. Such is life!

Again and again have we marvelled at the judgments of Combe. They have at length convinced us that *Apuleius* is not wholly a fable. No; sure we are that the spirit of a philosopher—albeit nobody shall suspect it—may animate an ass.

We subjoin a brief police narrative, showing the wisdom of Mr. Combe.

"John Stevens was charged with assaulting Mr. Thomas Banting, dairyman, John Street, Bedford Row. Complainant owed the assailant a sporting bet of 15*l.* Whereupon, Stevens entered complainant's shop, and demanding the money, aimed a violent blow with a large stick at his head. Witness put up his arm to ward it off, and received the blow on it. The blow caused a swelling as large as a half-pint pot on the elbow, and he has not had since then the use of the limb."

Now, listen to Mr. Combe:

"Mr. Combe. Why don't you pay Mr. Stevens the 15*l.*?—Complainant. I was unable to do so, sir—other parties had not paid me.

"Mr. Combe. Nonsense! how is he to know whether they have or not? You had better pay him the 15*l.* You are a long time in his debt."

After more talk, Mr. Combe hints at "a bill."

"Mr. Combe. The defendant asks for a bill. Why don't you give him your bill for the 15*l.*, which you acknowledge you owe?

"The complainant said that after having received such treatment, he should be less inclined to do so than ever.

"Mr. Combe. *If you pay him the 15l., I'll fine him for the assault.*

"The complainant said he had been brutally treated, and declined the offer.

"The defendant, who admitted that he was 'a betting man,' was merely bound over in his own recognizance to answer any charge at the sessions."

Is there not sweet comfort in this for creditors—for all betting men with money owed them? Gentlemen creditors, provide yourselves with large sticks—enter the houses of your debtors—drub them soundly; and if brought before Mr. Combe he will use his gentle offices to get you "a bill" from the man you have thrashed; and if failing, will let you off upon your own recognisance!

And then again, how courteous to attempt to make a bargain with the stiff-necked complainant! "If you pay him, I'll fine him." But the ruffian was not paid, and—equitable Mr. Combe!—he was not fined.

ATROCITIES OF THE HAIR-CUTTERS.

Now *Mr. Punch*, I am a man with a very bad head of hair. There was, one time, at the fairs, a Porcupine Man: now it is, indeed, no vanity for me to say it, but I might in my infancy have been shown as the Hedgehog Babe. I have, however, philosophy, and what I have suffered at the hands of Hair-cutters is a secret to be buried with me. Nevertheless, it is impossible for me to be silent on a growing abuse, seeing that it aims at all men alike for its victims. It is no matter whether a man has "hyacinthine locks," as Mr. Milton says, or is doomed to a shock of hair familiarly known as a pound of candles: he is alike doomed to the importunities, the crushing civilities, the touting, the chaffering of the Hair-dresser's man, who has evidently taken a private oath that he *will* put off oil, pomatum, elixir, essence, or whatever name the quackery may lie under, upon any and every unfortunate creature who may place his head in his hands. I have just rushed from a barber's in the neighbourhood to solace myself with rump-steak and stout at the Cock. Whilst my frugal meal is preparing, I will jot down a dialogue that is now ringing in my ears.

Scene.—*A Hair-Dresser's Room in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar. Gentleman in chair; Hair-Dresser cutting.*

Hair-Dresser. Hair 's very dry, sir!

Gent. Humph!

H. D. Very dry, sir. Let me recommend our *Oil of Canaan*, sir.

Gent. Humph!

H. D. Wants a little strengthening, too, sir. Our *Essence of Crow-bar* is very much admired.

Gent. Ha!

H. D. Hair 's coming off, too, sir. You 'd find great relief in our *Lion's Marrow*: half-a-crown a pot, sir.

Gent. Oh!

H. D. Bless me! Hair 's getting a little grey, sir. Let me earnestly recommend our *Milk of Ravens*: only three shillings a bottle.

Gent. Humph!

H. D. You 're not aware of it, sir, perhaps; but just a *leetle* bald: might put a five-shilling piece on the crown of your head. Baldness, if not taken in time, spreads, sir. Couldn't do better, sir, than try our *Ursa Major Mixture*—quite a new thing, sir, and has a great run. Expected to ruin the wig-trade, sir.

(*The hair-cutting is concluded. The Gentleman rises to wash himself. When about to depart, he is again assailed by the Hair Dresser.*)

Hair-Dresser (*with packets*). Here they are, sir. *Oil of Canaan*, sir—*Essence of Crow-bar—Lion's Marrow—Milk of Ravens*, and *Ursa Major Mixture*. In all, sir, one pound fourteen, with shilling for cutting. Pay below, sir, if you please. Good morning, sir.

(*The Gentleman shakes his head at the Oil of Canaan, &c., descends, pays his shilling in the shop, and makes a private memorandum never to visit it again.*)

And for myself, *Mr. Punch*, after what I have suffered in the same place, such is the determination of

Your constant reader,

Narcissus Quills.

P.S.—Could you recommend me to any decent hair-dresser's, where the cutters don't bait their customers! otherwise I am determined to let my hair grow from this moment.

THE NEW PATENT NOVEL WRITER.

To Mr. Punch.

Sir,

I have to apologise for some delay in answering your obliging favour, in which you did me the honour of suggesting to me the manufacture of a Lawyer's Clerk. After much consideration, I regret that I have found it impossible to produce an article which should be satisfactory to myself, and to the profession. I have, however, been completely successful in the production of a New Patent Mechanical Novel Writer—adapted to all styles, and all subjects; pointed, pathetic, historic, silver-fork, and Minerva. I do not hesitate to lay before you a few of the flattering testimonials to its efficacy, which I have already received from those most competent to judge.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. Babbage.

Testimonial from G. P. R. James, Esq., *Author of "Darnley," and of 300 other equally celebrated works.*

Sir,—It is with much pleasure I bear testimony to the great usefulness of your New Patent Novel Writer. By its assistance, I am now enabled to complete a novel in 3 vols. 8vo., of the usual size, in the short space of 48 hours; whereas before, at least a fortnight's labour was requisite for that purpose. To give an idea of its application to persons who may be desirous of trying it, I may mention that some days since I

placed my hero and heroine, peasants of Normandy, in the surprising-adventure-department of the engine; set the machinery in motion, and, on letting off the steam a few hours after, found the one a Duke, and the other a Sovereign Princess; they having become so by the most natural and interesting process in the world.

I am, Sir, your truly obliged servant,

J. Babbage, Esq. G. P. R. James.

Testimonial from Sir E. L. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.

I am much pleased with Mr. Babbage's Patent Novel-Writer, which produces capital situations, ornate descriptions, a good tone, sufficiently unexceptionable ties, and a fund of excellent, yet accommodating morality. I have suggested, and have therefore little doubt that Mr. Babbage will undertake, what appears to me to be still more a desideratum, the manufacture of a Patent Poet on the same plan.

E. L. Bulwer Lytton.

Testimonial from Lord William Lennox, *Author of Waverley.*

Lord W. Lennox presents his compliments to Mr. Babbage, and has pleasure in stating that he finds the operation of the Patent Novel-Writer considerably more expeditious than the laborious system of cutting by hand. Lord W. has now nothing more to do than to throw in some dozen of the most popular works of the day, and in a comparatively short space of time draw forth a spick-and-span new and original Novel. Lord W. would suggest the preparation, on a similar plan, of a Patent Thinker, to suggest ideas; in which he finds himself singularly deficient.

CONTINENTAL INTELLIGENCE.

Cannes has become an English colony, and some of the settlers have adopted the manners and costume of the natives with singular facility. Lord Brougham has cultivated the long hair peculiar to Young France, assumed the Parisian swagger, and wants nothing but the war-whoop to enable him to exhibit, on his return, as a perfect specimen of the natives amongst whom he has located himself.

State of the Assault Market at the Police Courts.

The past week has been somewhat dull. A few broken heads (low people) went off at five shillings each, and found purchasers in gentlemen who afterwards went away in their cabs. Ruffianly assaults upon married women have been rather languid; but one—of a very fine sort—by a gentleman "who had dined," was bought in at forty shillings; the purchaser evidently thinking he had a great bargain. Two black eyes, and a contused nose, were offered by poor policemen. Although they might have been bought at thirty shillings each, they were suffered to remain on hand; those who had the option of being the purchasers having no money, and—for such delinquency—being sent to the House of Correction in the prison-van.

POLICE REPORT.—CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Two individuals, who gave their names respectively as Rock and Flight, were brought up on the serious charge of ill-treating a *mare*.

It appeared from the evidence that the animal, who answered to the name of Michael, had been very roughly treated. The poor creature had been seen to wince under it very frequently, but Rock replied that "galled jades" always would "wince," and he could not help it if Michael was in the predicament alluded to. It was proved that the poor thing had been driven from St. Stephen's, Walbrook, to the Court of Chancery, very much against its will. The prisoners said that Michael had the habit of getting into a-rear, and it was necessary to check the animal.

The magistrate asked whether the mare had any tricks.

Rock. Oh, several, your worship. I don't know whether I ought to call it vice, but the mare is certainly very tricky.

Magistrate. But you ought not to ill-use the poor animal. Where is the creature now? Does anybody own it?

Rock. I believe not, your worship. The mare is generally considered not worth the expense of the keep.

The magistrate expressed a wish to see the animal, who said nothing but "Neigh! neigh!" and appeared very restive.

The prisoners were admonished and discharged.

RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

In Kensington the speculations for the closing have been fully realised, for the railway has closed. A stoker and a kitchen-poker are thrown out of employ by this catastrophe. The place of money-taker having been always a sinecure, will, it is supposed, be continued as heretofore.

Punch's Almanack will be ready for Publication at Christmas!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London; and published by Joseph Smith, Publisher, of No. 53, St. John's Wood Terrace, St. John's Wood Road, Regent's Park, in the County of Middlesex, at the Office, No. 194, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, December 14, 1844.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

To Church betimes! The Christmas chimes
Are calling high and low in;
To Church then all, both great and small!
Chorus of many voices.
We've not a coat to go in!

Like our old sires, with roaring fires,
The fangs of winter braving,
Huge logs pile high, to sit thereby.
Chorus.
We've not a single shaving!

Good Christmas fare is physic rare
To warm the regions inner;
Plum-pudding join to stout sirloin.
Chorus.
We've not a crust for dinner!

Fill glass and bowl, each jovial soul,
As round the hearth we close in;
Our wine is bright in its ruddy light.
Chorus.
Our very water's frozen!

Right late we'll sup, and keep it up
Till time to morn shall creep on;
Then sink to rest in downy nest.
Chorus.
We've not a bed to sleep on!

Loud be the song, the laughter long;
Our joy no care shall leaven;
Christmas is here but once a-year.
Chorus.
For that, at least, thank Heaven!

BOTTLED PUNCH.

NOTICE!

THE extensive preparations for the publication of

PUNCH'S ALMANACK

FOR 1845,

being now completed, it will be INTRODUCED TO THE WORLD on the 24th inst.

One of the prominent features of the Almanack will be a

Pictorial Chronology for 1844,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE IRISH STATE TRIALS.
THE PROGRESS OF THE DOG BILL.
THE INTRODUCTION OF THE POLKA.
ART UNION AND FINE ART DISTRIBUTION.
THE RUNNING REIN FRAUD.
VISIT OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.
THE WAR IN MOROCCO.
MEETING OF THE AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.
THE WRIT OF ERROR.
THE VISIT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.
THE COMPLETION OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.
THE TRIUMPHS OF PUNCH.

In addition to the preceding artistic wonders, *Punch* has also depicted the following

Bubbles of the Year.

THE O'CONNELL RENT.
"SHAVING THE LADIES."
CHEAP CLOTHING.
TOM THUMB AT THE PALACE.
TESTIMONIALS TO MANAGERS.
PATENT LIFE PILLS.
CHEAP FURNITURE.
THE AGRICULTURAL PRIZE LABOURER.
THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN DESTITUTE.
YOUNG ENGLAND'S SOIRÉE.
THE GREAT UNACCOUNTABLE.
FASHIONABLE PROPRIETARY CHAPELS.

This arrangement will ensure merriment to everybody's Christmas, for something less than the cost of an ordinary mince-pie.

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN GLASGOW.

THE flourishing city of Glasgow is blessed with a population of nearly 300,000; it is further blessed with a yearly revenue of 17,000*l.* and the city of Glasgow supports *one* public school. Possibly bigoted to the foolish saw, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," the Glasgow authorities, with characteristic prudence, do all they can to lessen the evil. One BAILIE WHITEHEAD has, it appears, very original opinions touching the dignity of learning; and has therefore proposed to cut the schoolmaster to the quick; to make him a kind of day-labourer—a respectable sort of stone-breaker.

There are seven masters in the *one* public school of Glasgow. Five of these have 50*l.* per annum each, with certain fees; the other two must live on fees alone. Besides these, there is an old, retired schoolmaster—a worn-out man—who has taught arithmetic and the humanities to the present merchant princes of Glasgow. This man receives a pension of 100*l.* a year for his past hard labours. Altogether there is a yearly total of 500*l.* expended by Glasgow for public education!

Now, BAILIE WHITEHEAD, in the breadth of his mind and the depth of his heart, sees in all this a reckless, sinful extravagance. The tree of learning is all very well, but it may be too richly manured; its apples, golden as they are, may cost too much. Whereupon, the BAILIE proposes—with a benevolence that all men must acknowledge—that the superannuated schoolmaster be, in his old age, deprived of his pension! He might starve, to be sure; no, not starve: for has not Scotland the beneficence of her peculiar poor laws? After this, the BAILIE would take the 50*l.* salary from each of the five teachers, reducing them to fees alone!

Many—very many other propositions, the valuable fruit of the BAILIE'S thrift, have been set forth for the future regulation of the *one* school of Glasgow. So that it may reasonably be hoped, if the BAILIE succeed in his reforms, that the free school will, in due season, be a hall for cobwebs, the schoolmaster giving place to the spider.

Is it not intended to institute public baths in Glasgow? If so, we would advise BAILIE WHITEHEAD to take an early dip; and, if possible, cleanse himself of his present intentions.

STATISTICS OF DRUNKENNESS.

A VERY curious document has been lately drawn up on *the origin causes, results, metaphysics, philosophy, and physiology of drunkenness* One of the most curious chapters is that which contains a table of the various circumstances to which inebriety may be attributed. The Report divides intoxication into several heads, including the muzzy, which is a sort of minor branch. Among the muzzy, six cases out of ten may be traced to spasms, and that one-nineteenth arises from birth-days; that among confidential clerks inebriety is rare, but when it occurs, pickled salmon, or the arrival of a friend from the country, are found to be the most usual causes of the malady.

Drunkenness has also been known to arise in some instances from taking up a bill; but as the latter is an operation which persons given to intoxication seldom perform, the number of cases to be attributed to this source is very insignificant. A wife's birth-day has often been known to lead to a total prostration of the husband; but it is a remarkable fact, that the day is frequently mistaken in these instances, and such is the power of imagination, that a man has been known to drop down into the gutter eight or nine times in a year, through having fancied that the birth-day of his wife occurred repeatedly in the course of a twelvemonth.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.—OF ALIENATION BY DEVISE.

HAVING run through nearly every species of alienation, we now come to mental alienation, which is often the accompaniment of law, or, at least, the characteristic of those who rush blindly into it.

Alienation by devise is leaving property by will, which could not formerly be done; for, in feudal times, it was not permitted to a man to have a will of his own—at least as regarded his real property. By statutes of Henry the Eighth and of Charles the Second—who was commonly called the Merry Monarch, because, as COKE says, "he was a sadde dogge,"—real property was made devisable.

The law of wills was, however, altered by the 1st Victoria, cap. 26, which facilitated the transfer of property, personal, real, and perhaps sham; for the law loves to encourage the transmission of property from hand to hand, because, as valuables are never moved without risk of breakage, so, in the transfer of property, bits may fall to the lawyers.

A will to pass real or any other kind of property need now be signed only by the testator and two witnesses, who need not be credible, for the law will recognise a very bad man as a very good witness.

We shall conclude this Chapter with a few rules for interpreting wills which have been laid down by the judges, and picked up by those who heard them.

1st. Wills will be construed to mean what they say, unless they do not say what they mean, and then the lawyers will go to work to render confusion worse confounded.

2nd. When the intention is clear, the meaning of the words will be disregarded; and as the intention can only be gained from the words, the lawyers again rush in to complicate the matter. False English and bad Latin will not set aside a will: so that if a man devises his "worsest coat," the legatee will take the oldest coat of the testator; or if the will specifies a *jocularis bona cœna* to a party of six, it seems that a jolly good supper would pass by these words to the individuals specified.

3rd. Every part of a will must be supposed to mean something, and the law thus tries to put some meaning upon every word,—a process which often ends in making it all amount to nothing.

4th. A will must be construed as unfavourably as possible to the party making it; so that if he leaves a peg-top to A. a piece of whip-cord to spin it with would pass by such a devise, if such a piece of whip-cord should be in existence.

5th. If the words have two senses—forming, in fact, a pun—the sense most agreeable to the law will be acted upon; because it will no doubt be the most dis-agreeable to every one who has anything to do with the matter.

6th. When two clauses are repugnant to each other, the last clause is to stand; but the clauses leaving property to one, and being, therefore, repugnant to those who expected the property, are not repugnant clauses in the sense alluded to.

7th. A will is not void for want of the usual legal phrases; and it is not therefore necessary for a testator to read up all the old learning on the subject of "to wit," "whereas," "hereinafter," and the other terms which constitute the peculiar elegance of legal literature.

[We have now brought to a close the second Part of our Comic Blackstone. The third and the fourth Parts will not be given piecemeal in the pages of *Punch*, but will be published in conjunction with the second Part at a very early period; and will form, with the first part already issued, the Comic Blackstone, complete in one volume.]

The Health of the Metropolis.

THE Industrious Fleas were so indisposed last week, that they were confined for three days to their Witney blanket. NAPOLEON is still laid up with chilblains, owing to the severity of the weather. His Charger, also, is suffering from weakness in the knees, in consequence of the slipperiness of the wood pavement of the Pembroke table. They are not expected to perform again with their usual animation before the return of the Spring.

PREPARATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS.

MR. O'CONNELL is abusing the French press, and the French press is doing its best in abusing MR. O'CONNELL. So, all things considered, we think we shall have a very merry Christmas.

THE ICE.

IT has been ascertained that whatever may be the thickness of the ice, it seldom averages more than half the thickness of the heads of those who venture on to it. *Punch* took an airing, or rather an icing on the Serpentine, and was much pleased by the attention of the Humane Society, who several times tripped him up with a rope; and on his falling down, clutched at him in the most friendly manner with a large iron boat-hook.

Perhaps a visit to the ice may be made available for the purpose of obtaining a cheap luxury; for it is only necessary to break the edge of the ice, and walk into the water up to your ankles, when you are humanely dragged to a receiving-house, and placed in a warm bath; which you thus get *gratis*, instead of paying half-a-crown for it. Brandy-and-water *ad libitum* are the customary restoratives in cases of this description, and any one who does not mind a slight ducking in water, which he has ascertained to be shallow, may calculate on making out his day very pleasantly between stiff grog and hot blankets at the Humane Society's receiving-house.

Skating on private ponds ought by no means to be encouraged, for it is possible to find yourself let in for an action of trespass, and the utmost rigour of the law added to the utmost rigour of the ice are not very desirable matters to come in contact with.

"HALLO, SIR! ARE YOU AWARE YOU'RE TRESPASSING THERE?"

Can it be Jenkins?

The *Morning Post* thus discourses of M. JULLIEN!—

"What a fairy-like existence is that of M. JULLIEN! EXISTING, AS HE DOES, ON THE SIGHS OF MUSIC AND THE AROMA OF FLOWERS. A very atmosphere of sweet sounds and floral memories!"

Surely this *must* be JENKINS come again! If so, welcome, old friend!

THE (NEXT) "BLAZE OF TRIUMPH!"

IT is well known that Mr. Balfe's *Daughter of St. Mark* was a "Blaze of Triumph." There can be no doubt of it; for Mr. Bunn has avowed as much in very confident type in all the newspapers. A blaze of triumph! We can now understand why Fire Offices will not ensure theatres. With Balfe's operas, too, they are more than Doubly-hazardous. We are happy to state that the blaze passed off without doing any mischief. This fortunate event, however, is mainly attributable to the sagacity of Mr. Bunn. He had made up his mind—had prophesied it to himself—that the opera should be "a blaze," and therefore took the precaution to have a fire-engine ready at every wing. The hose was duly prepared; and might in an instant have deluged the whole orchestra, washing *Il Maestro* (as the departed Jenkins would have said) Balfe from his stool. This was perfectly right. The "blaze" originating in the brain of the composer, it was necessary to be able, at a moment, to command *that;* otherwise "the devouring element" might have produced a general conflagration. Fortunately, the peril is now all over; but two or three times the opera was thought to be in great danger. More than once the firemen were about to play upon Mr. Harrison, feeling for a moment greatly alarmed by his shake.

The English, having borrowed nearly all the plays of the French, also insist upon imitating the French custom of calling for the author, the composer, the actor, whom they delight to honour. At times, this mingled condescension and gratitude displays itself in a most enthusiastic manner, and hence their late calls for manager—hence did they drag the unwilling Bunn upon the stage, when, like the celebrated "flower," he would rather have "blushed unseen" behind the curtain. Well, after all, too much gratitude from the public is a sin upon the right side, and we will not check it. On the contrary, let us endeavour to foster the feeling. Let us hope that the time will come, when the claims of the orange and apple women of the front will not be forgotten; that the green-coated, plush-breeched domestics of the stage, the stage-door keeper, the call-boy, the bill-stickers to the theatre, the tailors, the sempstresses, the dressers,—in fact, that everybody even in the humblest way connected with the theatre, will be compelled by a clamorous and admiring public to enter and receive applause and wreaths for every "blaze" which—more or less—they may have all helped to stir up.

And *à propos* of wreaths and bouquets. Why should they not be sold by the fruit-women; so that impulsive admiration might buy its sixpenn'orth of homage upon the spot; without being compelled to purchase it outside the theatre, and then nurse it up for the enthusiastic moment? To return, however, to the "blaze." *Punch* has taken counsel with his artist, who, prophet as he is, thus portrays the effects of

THE NEXT "BLAZE OF TRIUMPH."

AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM.

The Agricultural Museum, lately opened under the auspices of the Royal Society of Agriculture, will well repay a visit to the rooms of the Society in Hanover Square. For the information of persons visiting London, we supply an imperfect catalogue, which will direct the visitor to what are certainly the Lions of the Museum.

Case 30.—Very curious, containing specimens of "The English labourer" (vulg. "The Country's pride"), natives of the various agricultural counties, presented by different boards of guardians.

No. 1. *A Buckinghamshire labourer.*—Stands six feet high—weight, nine stone—colour sallow—eyes sunk—bones very prominent. The smock-frock nine years old—breeches ragged—boots very bad—found in damp cottages. Fed upon bread and water, with a little bacon. When taken, attempted to destroy himself in the House. Mind uncultivated. Habits *sullen* and *brutal.*

No. 2. *A Norfolk labourer.*—Characteristics as above. This is one of the incendiary species.

Nos. 3, 4, 5. *Essex, Wiltshire and Somersetshire labourers.*—The curious visitor is requested to observe the clothes of these interesting specimens. The cases by the side of each contain portions of their usual food, and a week's wages.

Case 40.—Contains a treasure, which is indeed unique, and which the Society feels justly proud of:

A new Coat!! purchased by a labourer with a family, on 7*s.* a week wages! As far as the Society can learn, the only one ever exhibited!

Case 54.—The identical bat used by Lord Coningsby in the gam at cricket played by his Lordship with real labourers. There is always a crowd round this case, and no wonder.

Case 60.—A sovereign, returned by Lord Radnor to a poor tenant on quarter-day; sent from Highworth. By many considered the gem of the collection.

Case 100.—Very old "duties of property," discovered lately in Holdernesse House, by the Marquis of Londonderry. When furbished they have a very imposing appearance, and were brought out with great effect by the noble owner at a recent dinner given to his tenantry in Ireland.

Case 120.—Numerous specimens of a new invention called "the rights of labour." The ingenious patentee declares that these rights were known to our forefathers, though the secret has been lost. He expects great results from their re-introduction.

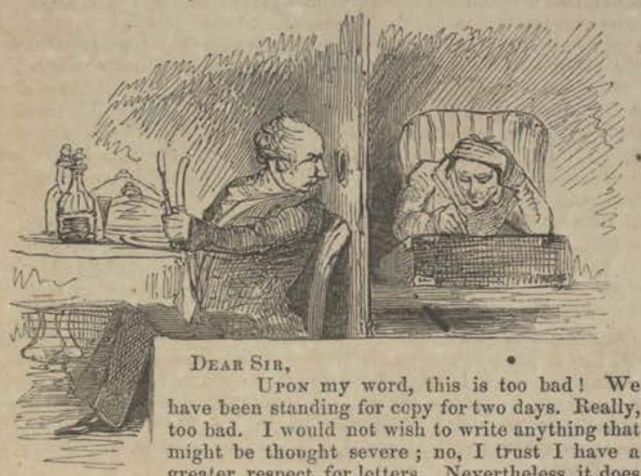
SPORTING.

A CHALLENGE!—O'CONNELL AGAINST THE WORLD!

Daniel O'Connell is willing to meet any ten coal-heavers, costermongers, cabmen—nothing can be too low for him—to have with them a fair, manly, stand-up fight of blackguardism. He will back himself fifty to one, to say more abusive words in ten minutes than any other ten can say in an hour. Daniel O'Connell is always to be heard of at the Conciliation Hall, Dublin, where he is ready (an it please the Rent) to post the money in fifties, twenties, or fives. If nobody has the money, the said Daniel O'Connell is willing to have a bout at foul words with 'em "for love," and the sake of Repeal and Old Ireland. "Hereditary bondsmen," &c.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER L.—FROM A PUBLISHER TO AN AUTHOR.



DEAR SIR,

UPON my word, this is too bad! We have been standing for copy for two days. Really, too bad. I would not wish to write anything that might be thought severe; no, I trust I have a greater respect for letters. Nevertheless, it does appear to me very strange that gentlemen authors are the only sort of people with whom there is nothing like regularity. It is never so with other tradesmen. If I want a coat, or a pair of boots, by a day—the tailor, the bootmaker never disappoints me. And yet men who write *will* take such liberties! as if pen-and-ink gave 'em a sort of license to do what no respectable tradesman ever thinks of doing. Business is business all the world over; and there should be the punctuality in making poems as in making pantaloons. When writers can't be punctual they ought to give up the trade, and seek other employment.

I do not deny that your head may have been a little bit out of order—that your spirits may have been low or desperate—that all this beautiful world, as you once very finely said to me, may have seemed to you as if it was made of wet brown paper. I don't deny this; but then what have I said to you, again and again? Ought not men who are liable to such ridiculous crotchets, to work double-tides when they are quite well, so that they may always have copy in advance of the blue devils? *I*, sir, who do not pretend to what some folks call the dignity of an author—*I* have always been in advance of the world; *I* have always caught time by the forelock in all things.

Permit me to say, there is a good deal of nonsense talked by you gentlemen authors—to the great inconvenience of the unfortunate tradesmen who deal with you—about waiting for inspiration. Pooh! It 's very like waiting for a policeman when you want him—you may wait all day, and never light upon him. Inspiration, sir, if you only persevere, comes with pen-and-ink, in the same way that a pump that seems dry gives water with pumping.

Again, some of you gentry affect to be affected by the weather—as if you wrote in quicksilver and not in ink. DOCTOR JOHNSON, sir, contained in himself as many people now called authors, as there are sticks in a faggot. And what says DOCTOR JOHNSON about the effect of season and weather? Why he growls a laugh at it. Yes, sir, that great man would have written *Paradise Lost* quite as well in a coal-mine as in Arcadia, if there is such a place. Besides, when a man has served his time to writing, it 's after all—I 'm sure of it—nothing more than a knack. Just as a woman knits garters and gossips at the same time, he can go on writing his book and think nothing at all about it. This is done every day by some people: I could only wish, sir, that, with all your talent—for you have a sort of talent, I don't deny it—you could do the same thing. It would be money in your pocket, and a very great convenience to me.

It is true you have written much; nevertheless, as I say, there is a good deal of meat upon you yet—a good deal of meat. Some people may think this a coarse phrase of mine—I don't. On the contrary, I think it significant and original. I look upon authors simply as a butcher looks upon Southdown-mutton; with merely an eye to the number of pounds to be got out of 'em. You know that my character is frankness. I have lost a great deal by it—but I can't help that.

And now, by ten to-morrow I must have the remainder of this book. Work—work: you know you can take to your bed, if necessary, when you have done it. At all events, *do* the book. And after all, as somebody says, what is a book but words—and words but breath! Really you must not be after ten to-morrow; if so, there are now, thank heaven, twelve posts a day, and I have directed BIGGS to write to you every hour.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN CURLL.

LETTER LI. (AND LAST.)

THE AUTHOR'S ANSWER.

DEAR SIR,

WITH this, you have the last of the copy. Thank heaven!

It is very true, that I have not the punctuality of either your boot-maker or your tailor: but then I am punished for my iniquity, for neither have I anything like their banker's account. It is also the misfortune of my craft to admit not of the services of either journeymen or 'prentices; otherwise, I too might be very punctual by the hands of other people.

It is very true that, for the past fortnight, I have had a certain sickness of the brain, from, I believe, over-work. It is, perhaps, possible, that even one of your horses if made to carry double might, for a time, require the repose of the stable. Not that I would think of comparing my brain to the horse-flesh that calls you master. Indeed, an author may be rather likened to an elephant,—seeing he frequently has to carry a house upon his back filled with a numerous family.

You are pleased to say I have a great deal of meat upon me. I can only say in answer, that it shall be my especial care that, for the future, none of the said meat shall be transformed into your mutton-chops.

With this determination, Sir, I remain,

Your obedient Servant,

———.

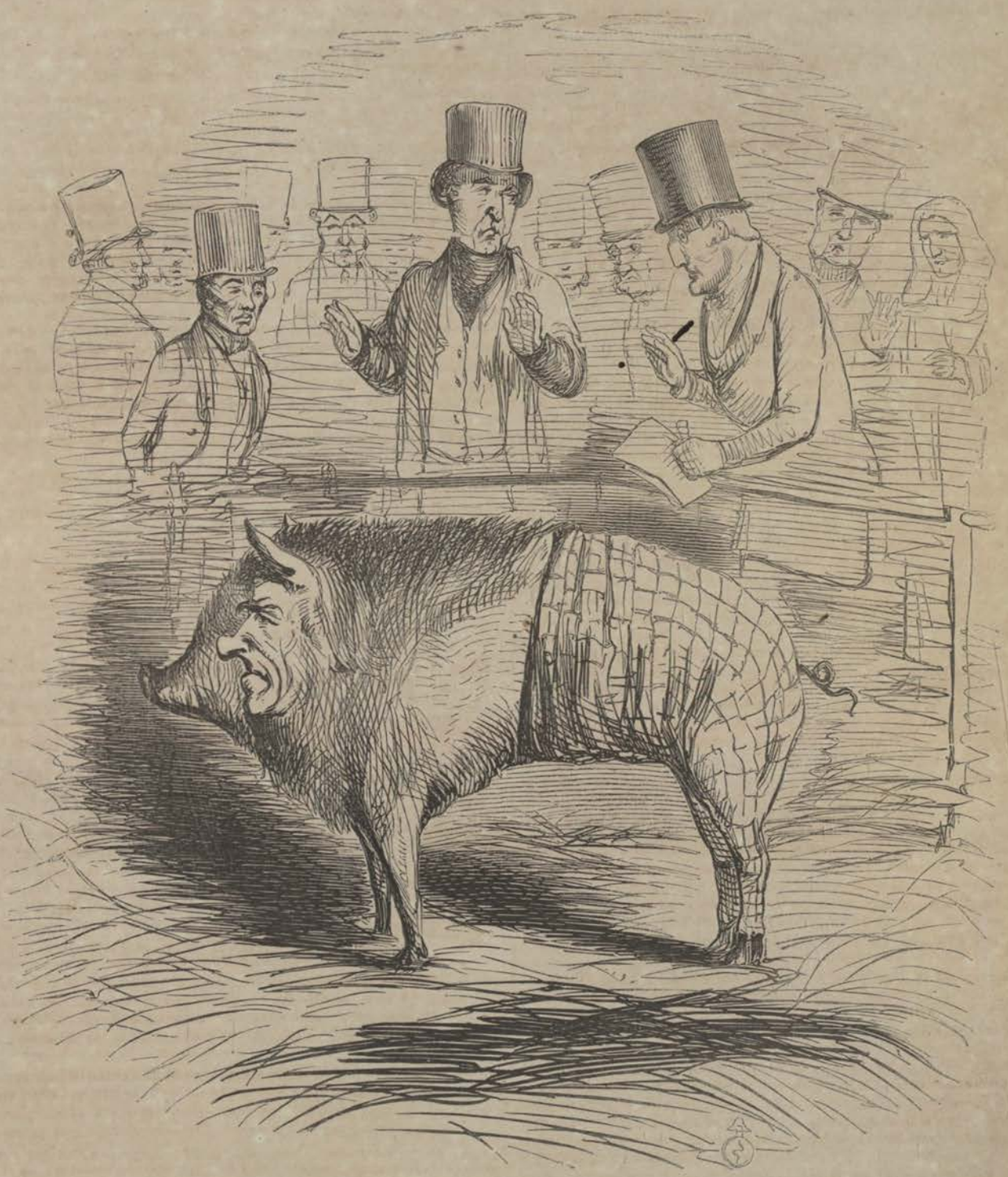
THE SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW.

PUNCH is happy to announce that the Cattle Show has far exceeded in fatness any former years, and the animals have one and all behaved with a corpulency that does the highest credit to their heads, hearts, and stomachs.

His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT has come out unusually strong, but his great force has been in pigs; and he appears to have thrown his British Farmer's heart into the pig-pen with an agricultural energy that others would have done well to imitate. His Royal Highness was not so great in the ox line, but he exhibited a pet animal of the Scotch breed, whose legs were like those of a foot-stool fastened at the bottom of a large straw palliasse placed upright, and covered over with the skins of cattle. The end of the tail had been beautifully combed out by the *perruquier* in ordinary to the Royal Cattle, and the ears had been brushed out very spruce, so that the beast had quite a foppish look as he peered at the judges through the noose of his hempen halter.

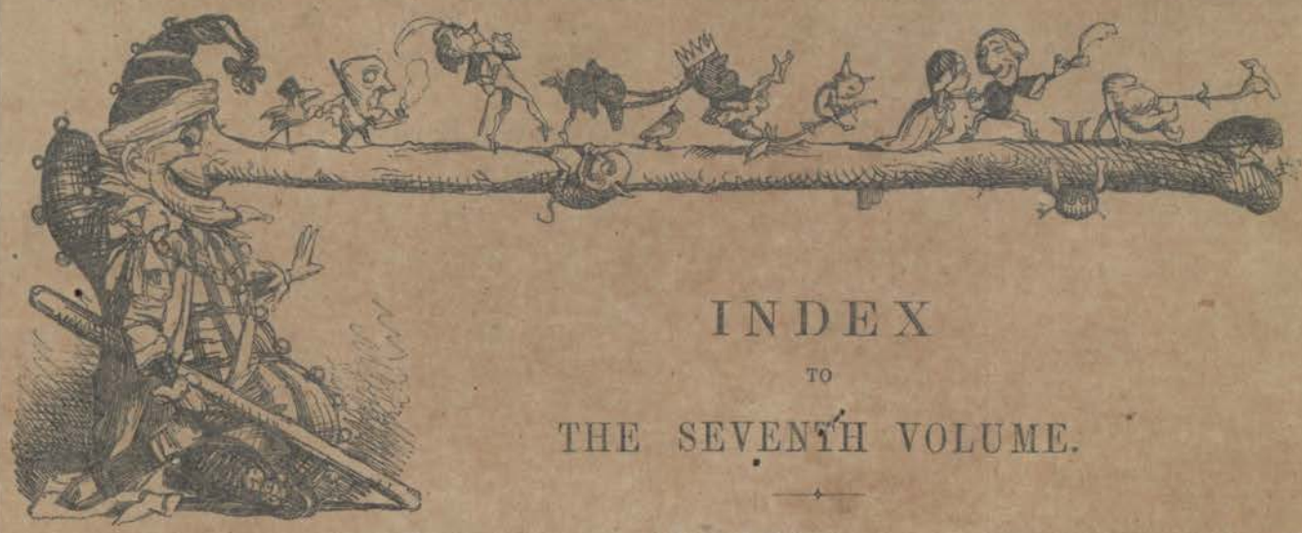
Some of the short-horned steers seemed not at all to like the impertinent staring of the Committee appointed to decide on their merits, and a three-year older, who was ultimately chosen, seemed disposed at one time to settle the matter by a toss up, while the judges were examining his points with a view to a decision. Some of PRINCE ALBERT'S sheep were the theme of universal admiration, and a long-woolled wether—the long wool being very appropriate to this we(a)ther—was loudly cheered as he tumbled over with an excess of obesity hitherto unparalleled in the annals of mutton. It was, however, in the pigs that his Royal Highness carried off the palm, and when his three Bedfordshire pigs waddled into their pen, the enthusiasm of the public was boundless. These animals seemed to be fully aware of their Royal ownership, for they attacked some adjacent porkers with savage determination, as if to show that they would bear no rival near the pig-sty.

Nothing, however, that was exhibited at Baker Street Bazaar could equal *Punch's* Prize Boar, whose portrait is given in our present number. He is a superior animal, of a cross Scotch breed, and has been accustomed to the pen from an early period.



THE GREATEST BORE IN ENGLAND.

(As Seen at the Annual Show at St. Stephens.)



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